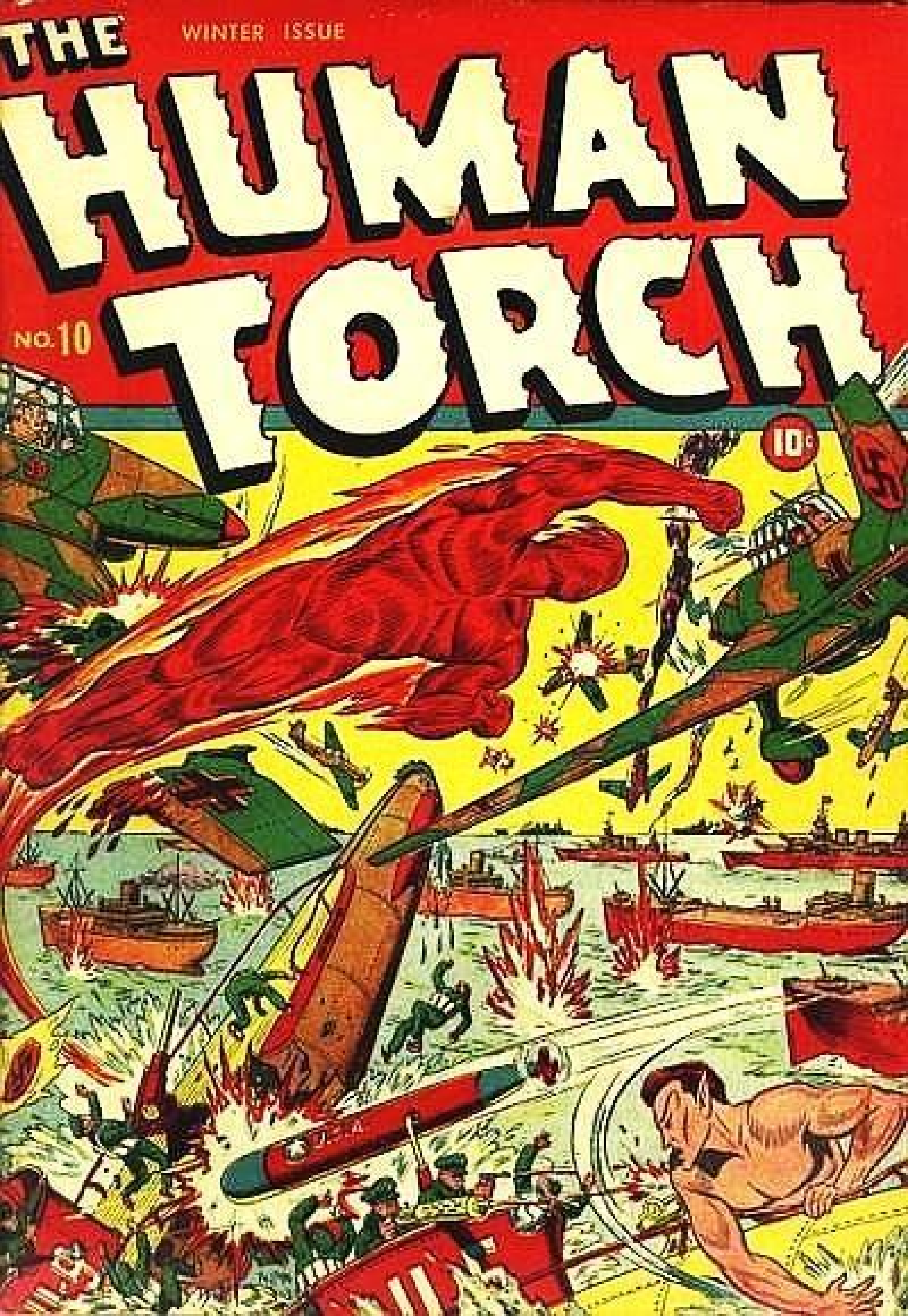
WINTER ISSUE
THE HUMAN TORCH
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10¢

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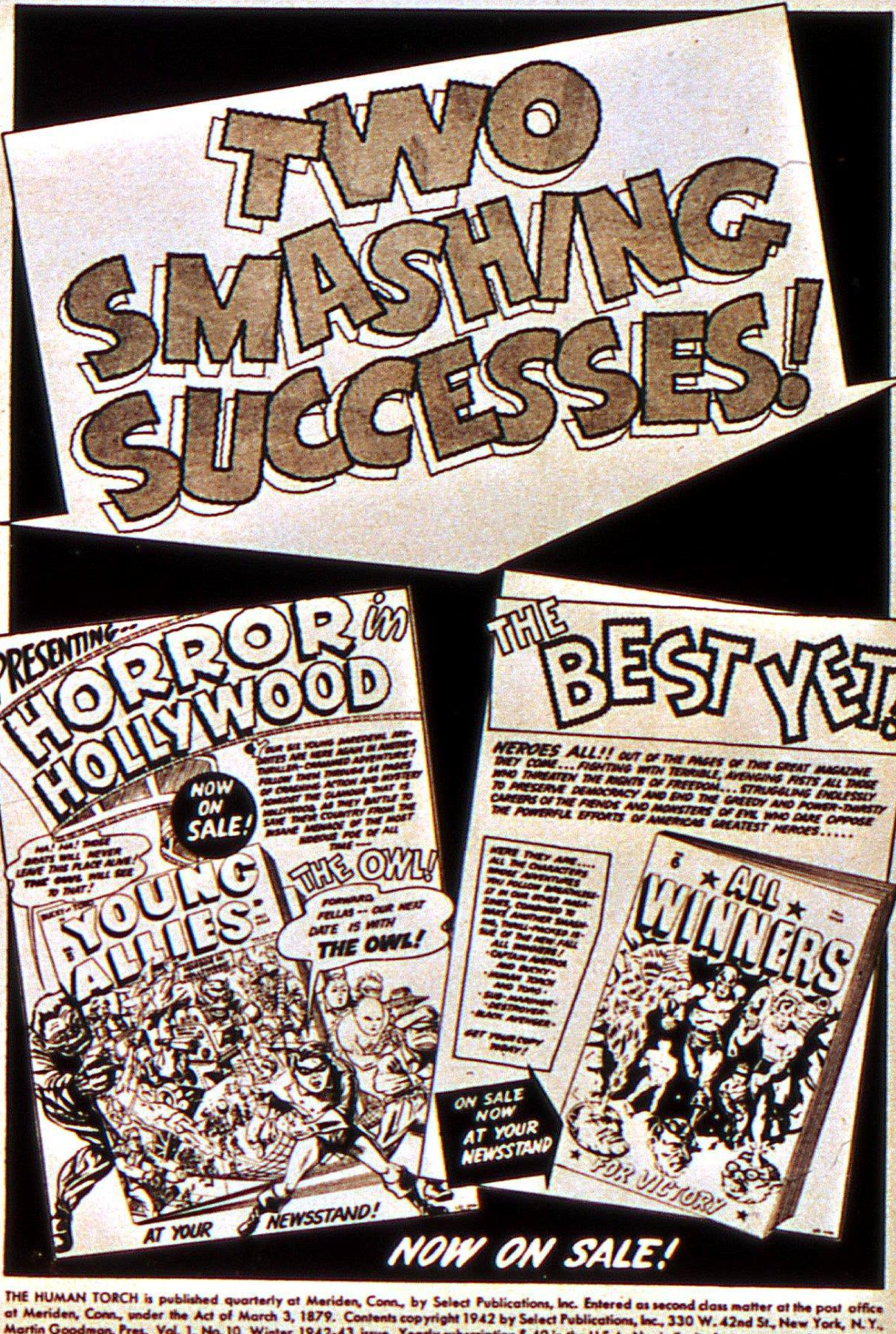
TWO SMASHING SUCCESSES!
PRESENTING...
HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
OUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL ANTI-AXITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY AGAINST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE MOST INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME —
NOW ON SALE!
HA! HA! THOSE BRATS WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE! THE OWL WILL SEE TO THAT!
YOUNG ALLIES
THE OWL!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
THE BEST YET!
HEROES ALL!! OUT OF THE PAGES OF THIS GREAT MAGAZINE THEY COME.... FIGHTING WITH TERRIBLE, AVENGING FISTS ALL THOSE WHO THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF FREEDOM.... STRUGGLING ENDLESSLY TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY AND END THE GREEDY AND POWER-THIRSTY CAREERS OF THE FIENDS AND MONSTERS OF EVIL WHO DARE OPPOSE THE POWERFUL EFFORTS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST HEROES.....
HERE THEY ARE.... ALL THE CHARACTERS WHOSE ADVENTURES YOU FOLLOW BREATHLESSLY IN OUR OTHER MAGAZINES, COMBINED TO MAKE ANOTHER SMASHING, THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF THE NEW FALL ALL WINNERS! •CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY• •HUMAN TORCH AND TORO• •SUB-MARINER• •DESTROYER• •BLACK AVENGER• GET YOUR COPY TODAY!
6
ALL WINNERS
FOR VICTORY
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
NOW ON SALE!

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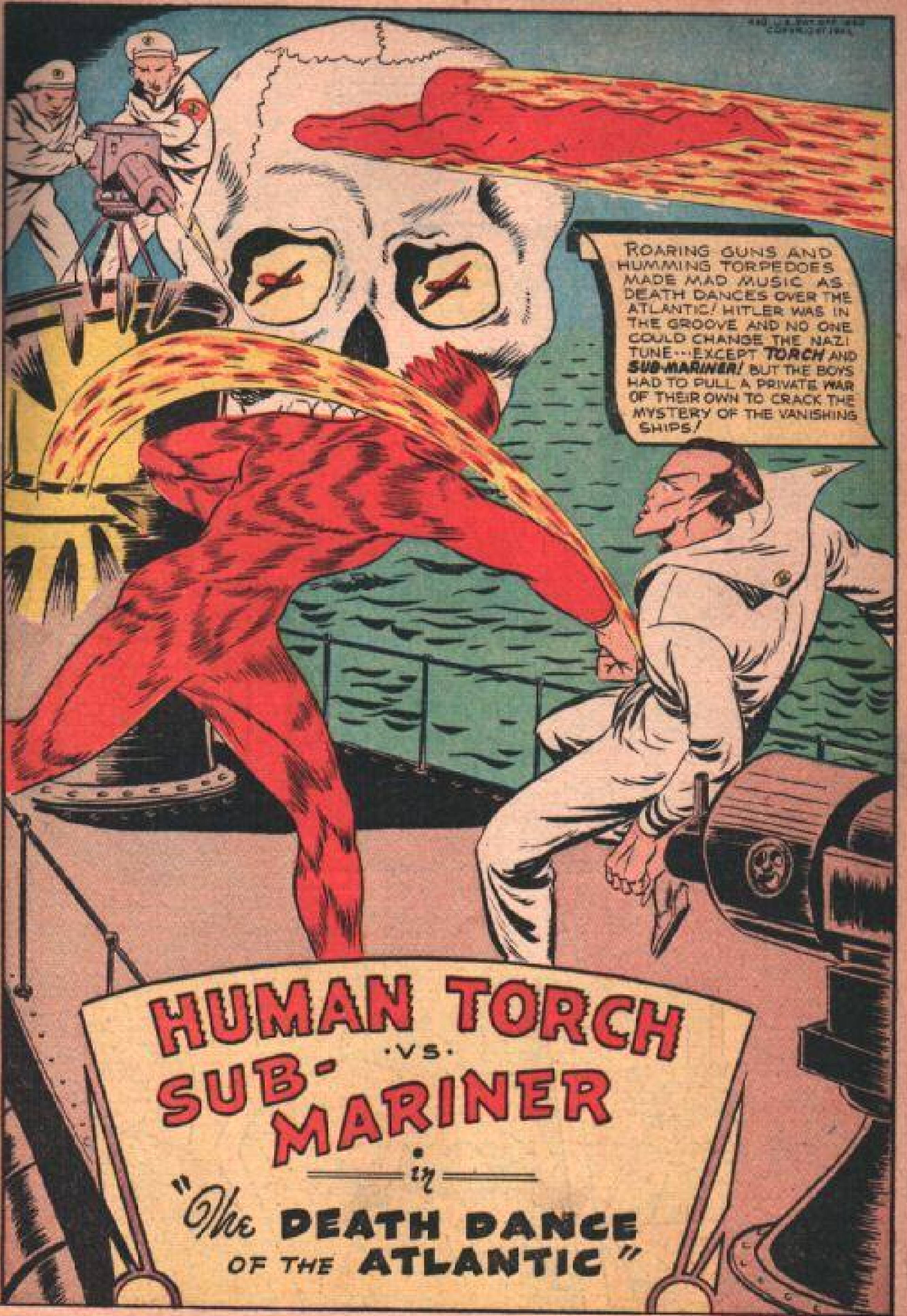
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HUMAN TORCH ·VS· SUB-MARINER
in
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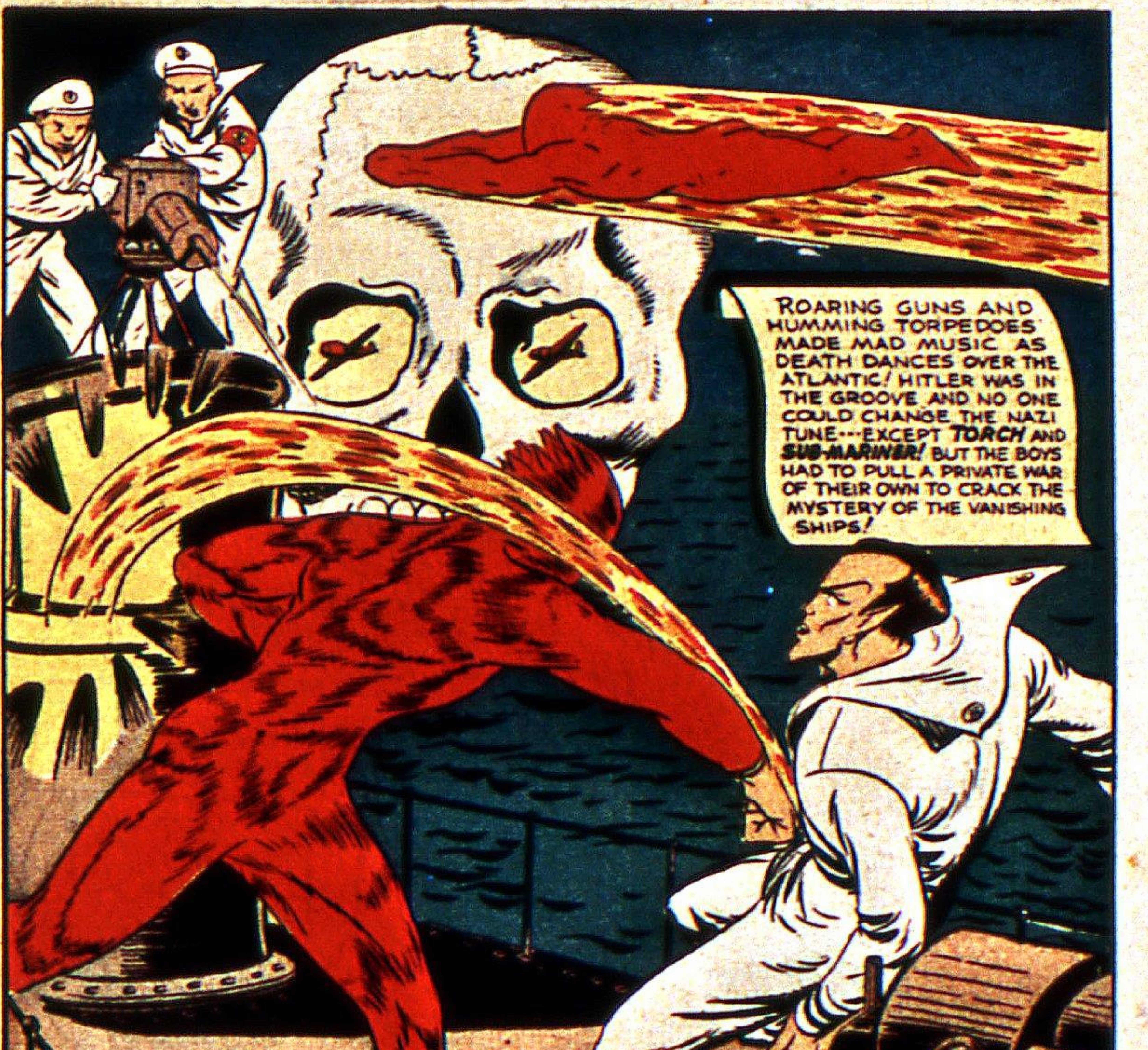
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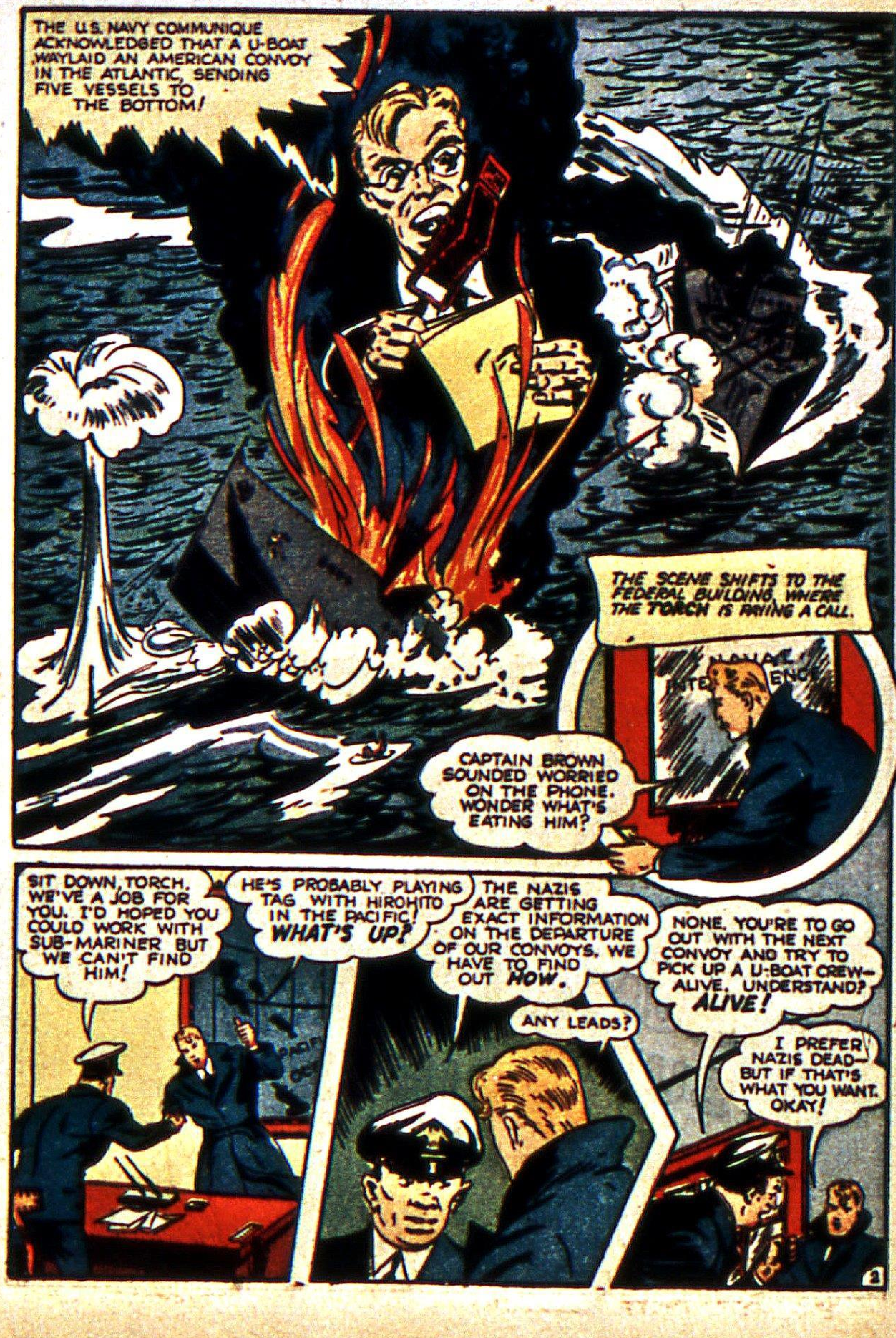
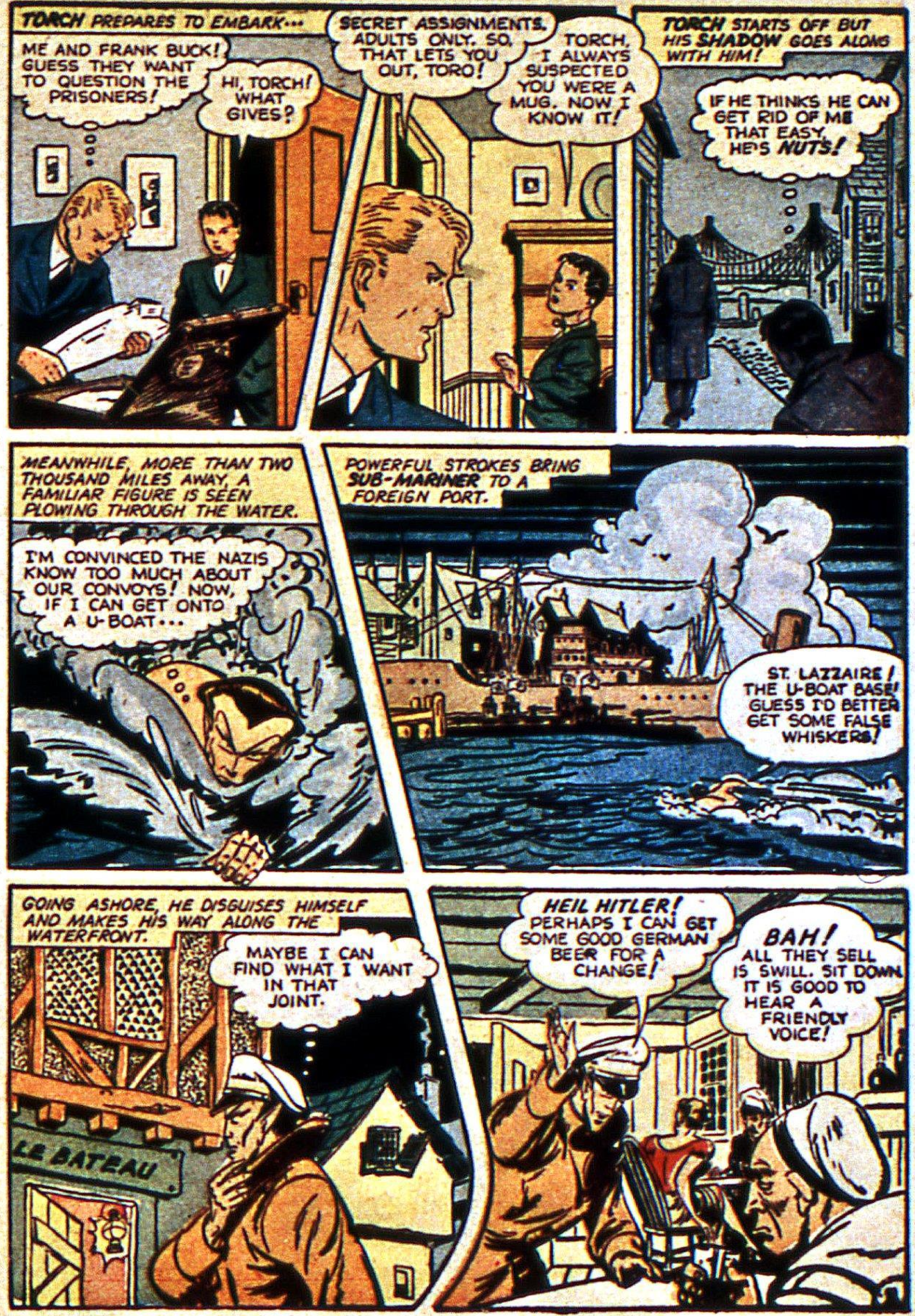
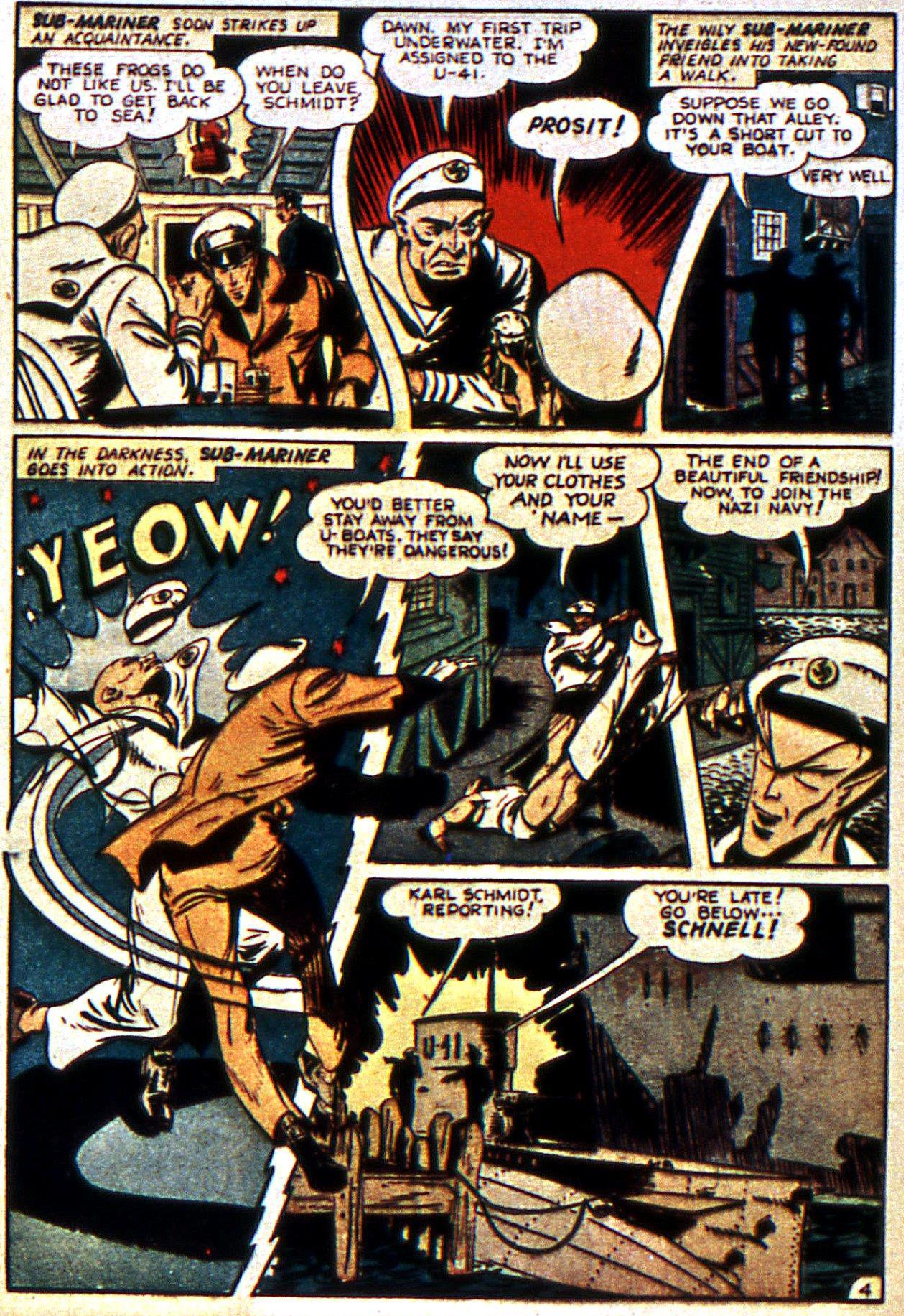
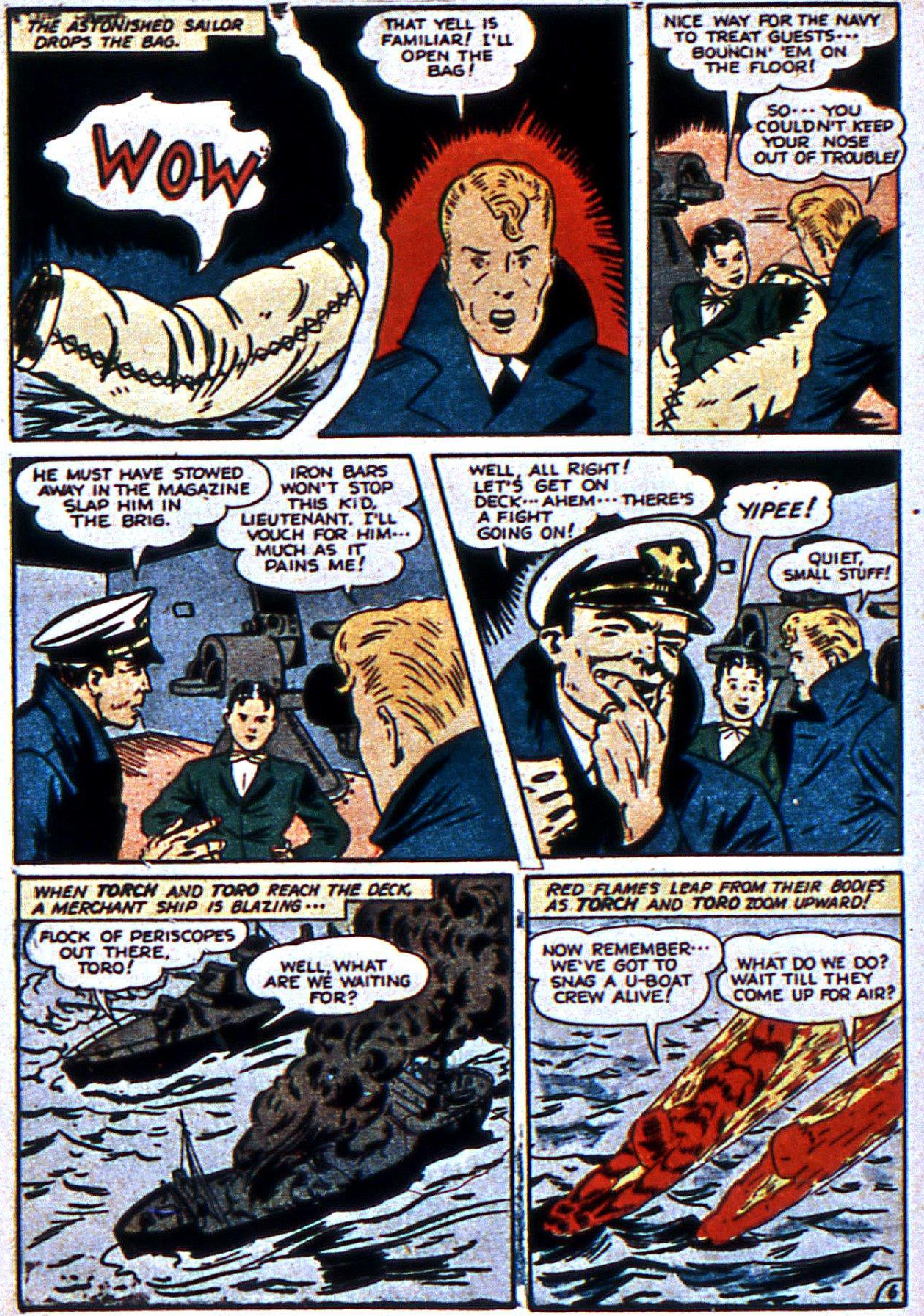
COMIC ART COLLECTION

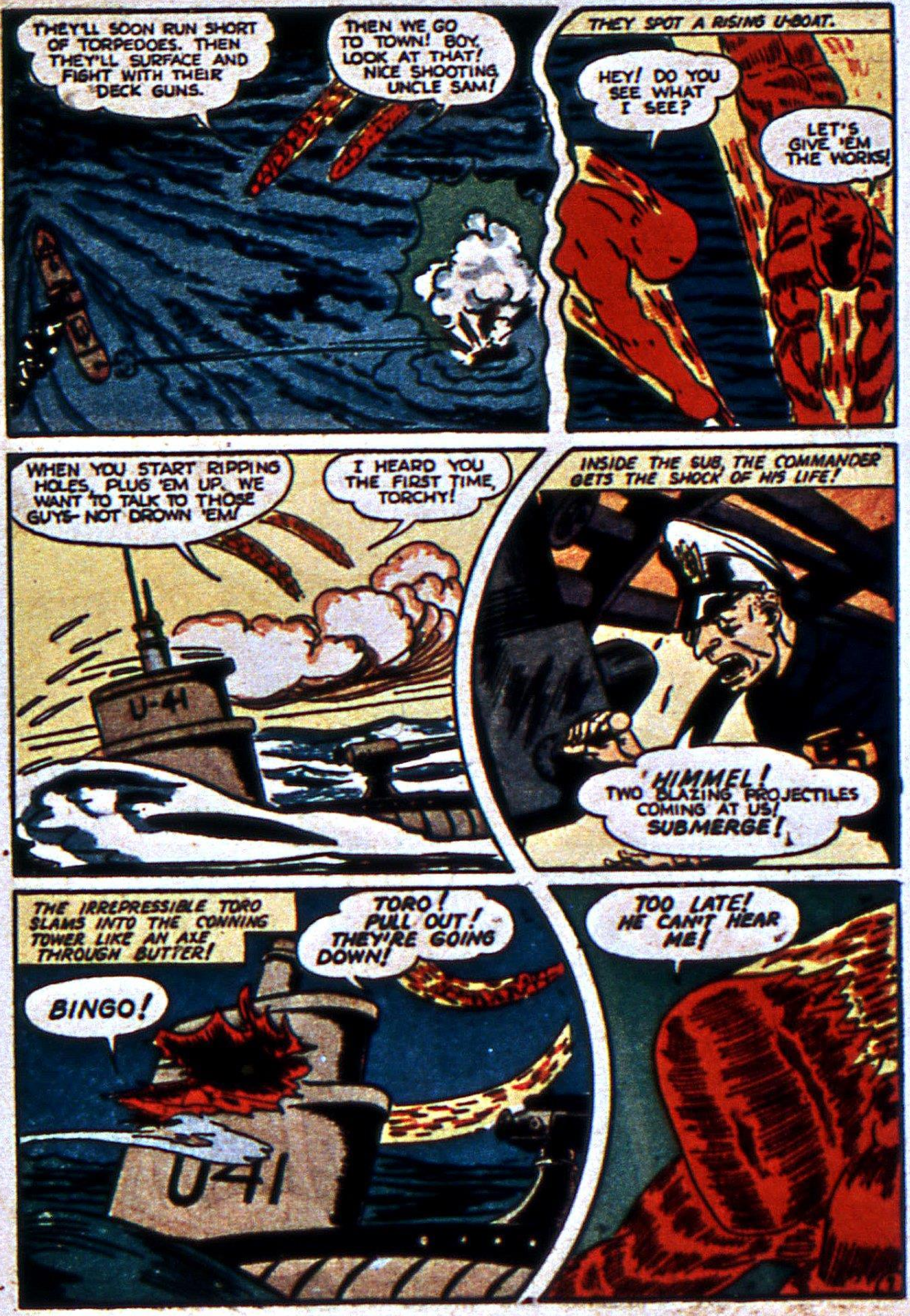

THE U.S. NAVY COMMUNIQUE ACKNOWLEDGED THAT A U-BOAT WAYLAID AN AMERICAN CONVOY IN THE ATLANTIC, SENDING FIVE VESSELS TO THE BOTTOM!
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE FEDERAL BUILDING, WHERE THE TORCH IS PAYING A CALL.
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
CAPTAIN BROWN SOUNDED WORRIED ON THE PHONE. WONDER WHAT'S EATING HIM?
SIT DOWN, TORCH. WE'VE A JOB FOR YOU. I'D HOPED YOU COULD WORK WITH SUB-MARINER BUT WE CAN'T FIND HIM!
HE'S PROBABLY PLAYING TAG WITH HIROHITO IN THE PACIFIC! WHAT'S UP?
PACIFIC OCE
THE NAZIS ARE GETTING EXACT INFORMATION ON THE DEPARTURE OF OUR CONVOYS. WE HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW.
ANY LEADS?
NONE. YOU'RE TO GO OUT WITH THE NEXT CONVOY AND TRY TO PICK UP A U-BOAT CREW—ALIVE. UNDERSTAND? ALIVE!
I PREFER NAZIS DEAD—BUT IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT. OKAY!

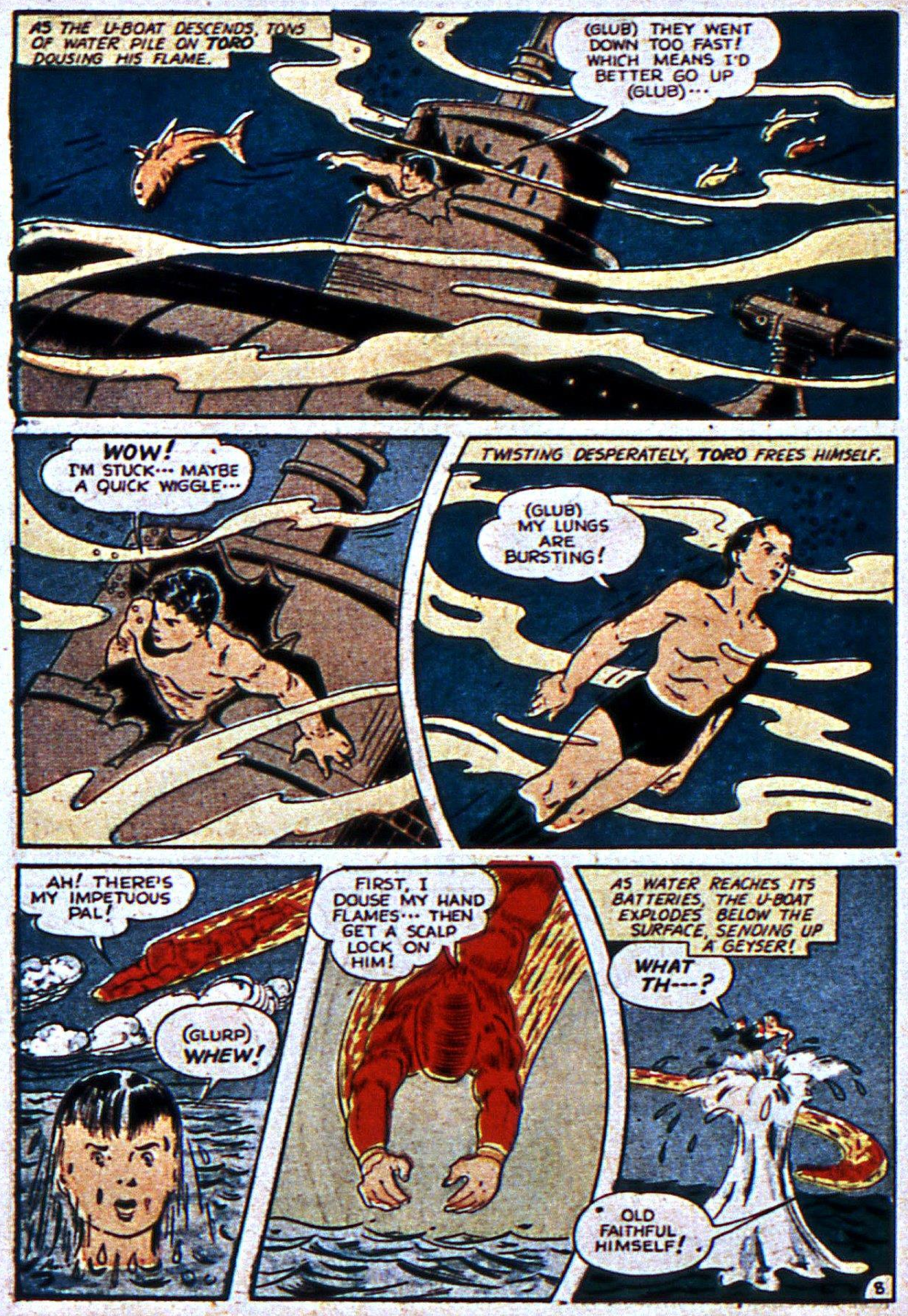

TORCH PREPARES TO EMBARK...
ME AND FRANK BUCK! GUESS THEY WANT TO QUESTION THE PRISONERS!
HI, TORCH! WHAT GIVES?
SECRET ASSIGNMENTS. ADULTS ONLY. SO, THAT LETS YOU OUT, TORO!
TORCH, I ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WERE A MUG. NOW I KNOW IT!
TORCH STARTS OFF BUT HIS SHADOW GOES ALONG WITH HIM!
IF HE THINKS HE CAN GET RID OF ME THAT EASY, HE'S NUTS!
MEANWHILE, MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS SEEN PLOWING THROUGH THE WATER.
I'M CONVINCED THE NAZIS KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT OUR CONVOYS! NOW, IF I CAN GET ONTO A U-BOAT...
POWERFUL STROKES BRING SUB-MARINER TO A FOREIGN PORT.
ST. LAZZAIRE! THE U-BOAT BASE! GUESS I'D BETTER GET SOME FALSE WHISKERS!
GOING ASHORE, HE DISGUISES HIMSELF AND MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE WATERFRONT.
MAYBE I CAN FIND WHAT I WANT IN THAT JOINT.
LE BATEAU
HEIL HITLER! PERHAPS I CAN GET SOME GOOD GERMAN BEER FOR A CHANGE!
BAH! ALL THEY SELL IS SWILL. SIT DOWN. IT IS GOOD TO HEAR A FRIENDLY VOICE!

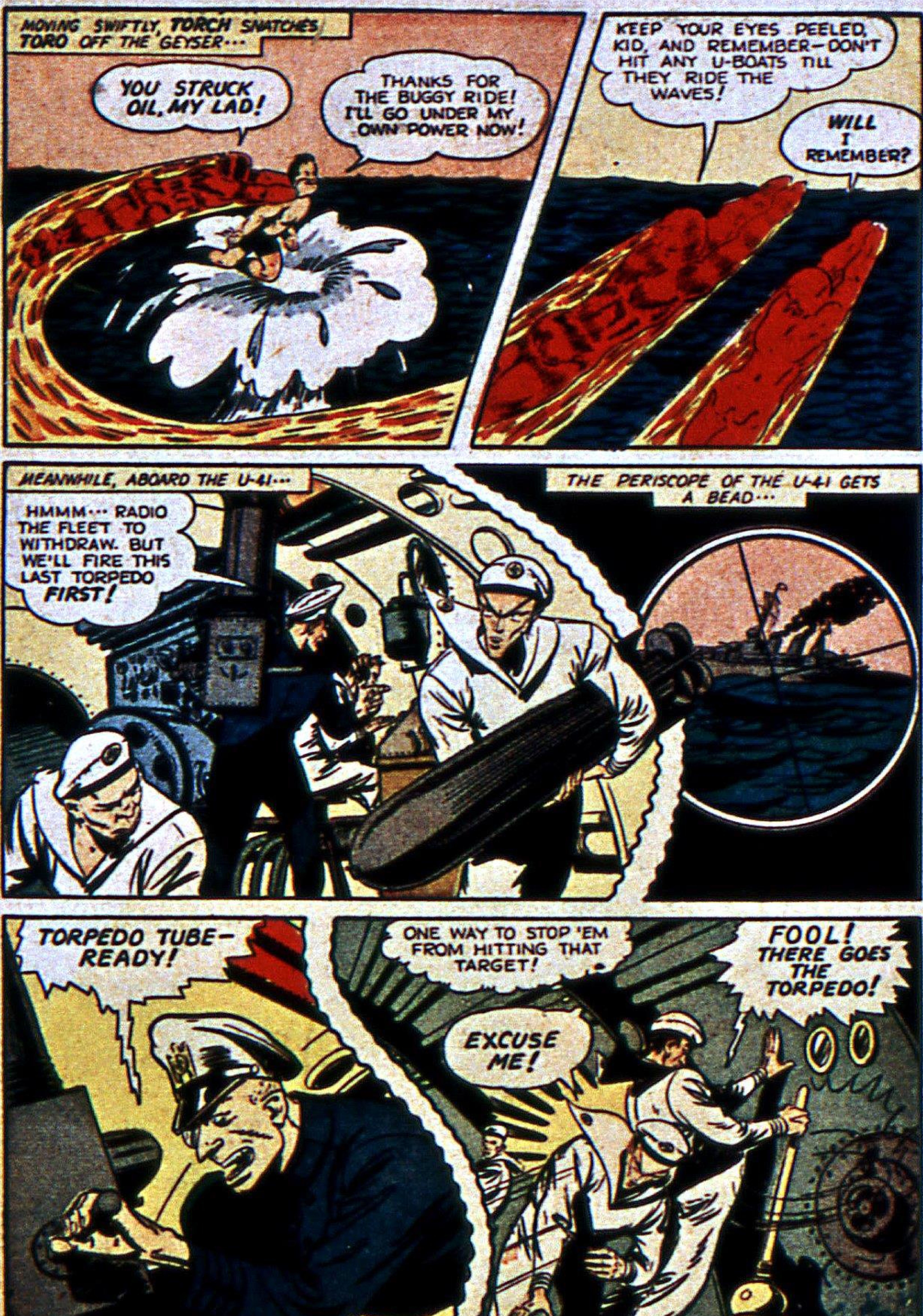

SUB-MARINER SOON STRIKES UP AN ACQUAINTANCE.
THESE FROGS DO NOT LIKE US. I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO SEA!
WHEN DO YOU LEAVE, SCHMIDT?
DAWN. MY FIRST TRIP UNDERWATER. I'M ASSIGNED TO THE U-41.
PROSIT!
THE WILY SUB-MARINER INVEIGLES HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND INTO TAKING A WALK.
SUPPOSE WE GO DOWN THAT ALLEY. IT'S A SHORT CUT TO YOUR BOAT.
VERY WELL.
IN THE DARKNESS, SUB-MARINER GOES INTO ACTION.
YEOW!
YOU'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM U-BOATS. THEY SAY THEY'RE DANGEROUS!
NOW I'LL USE YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR NAME—
THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP! NOW, TO JOIN THE NAZI NAVY!
KARL SCHMIDT, REPORTING!
YOU'RE LATE! GO BELOW... SCHNELL!
U-41

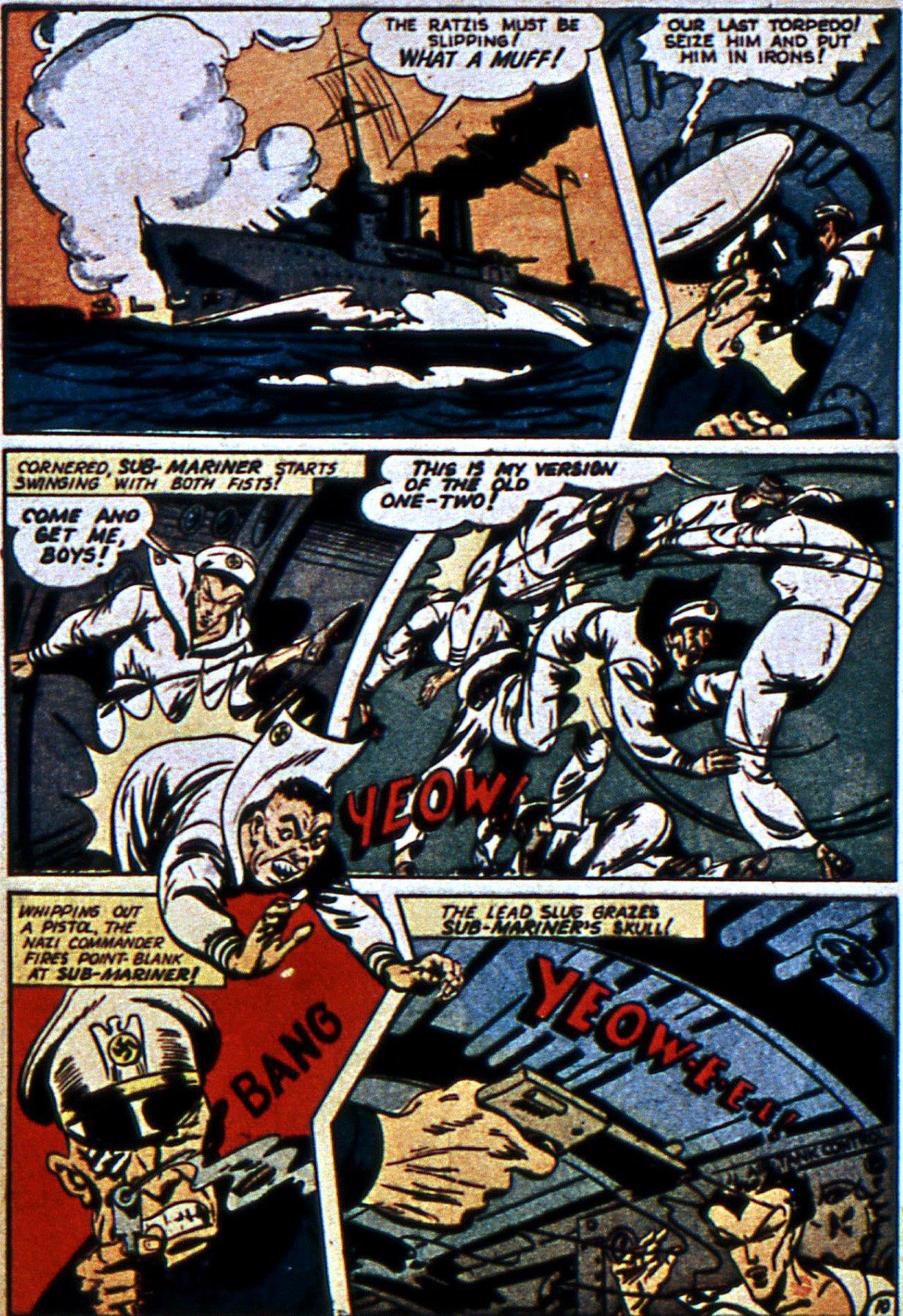
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, A BIG ALLIED CONVOY IS PULLING OUT FROM AN UNIDENTIFIED PORT ON THE EAST COAST.
HOW ABOUT LOOKING OVER THE SHIP, TORCH?
LEAD ON, LIEUTENANT!
AND NOW, SUPPOSE WE DROP INTO TURRET 3. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TURN ON THE HEAT!
DON'T WORRY- I WON'T.
THE GUN-POINTER SQUATS IN THAT CHAIR AND WE GET THE POWDER FROM THAT MAGAZINE.
AND THAT'S HOW HITLER TAKES A DOSE OF MEDICINE!
SUDDENLY THE LOOKOUT IN THE CROW'S NEST SPOTS SOMETHING OMINOUS...
PERISCOPE OFF THE PORT BOW! ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS!
HURRY UP WITH THAT POWDER BAG, JIM!
COMIN' UP!
WHAT TH--? THIS BAG'S MOVIN'- AND IT AIN'T POWDER!

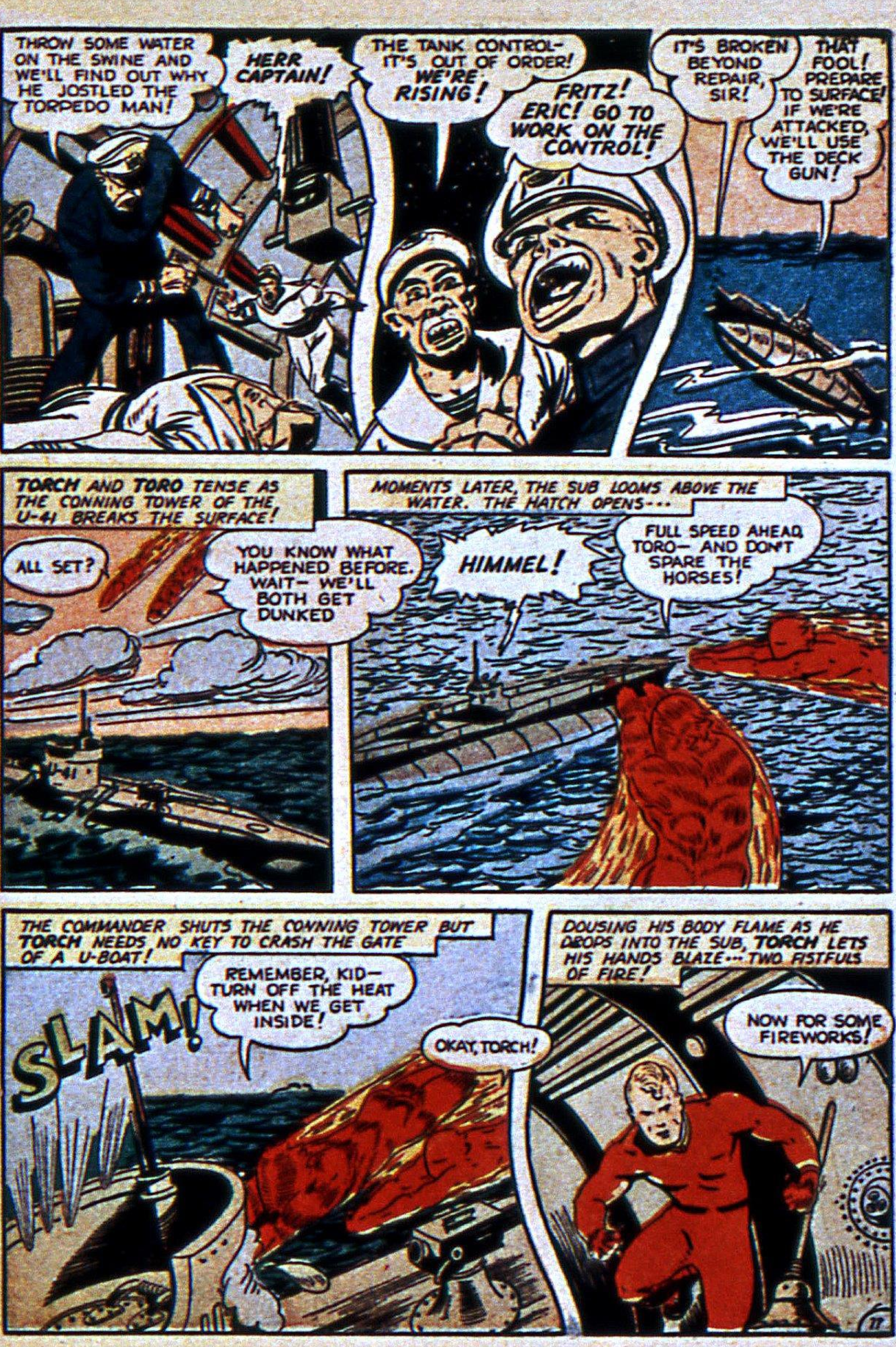

THE ASTONISHED SAILOR DROPS THE BAG.
WOW
THAT YELL IS FAMILIAR! I'LL OPEN THE BAG!
NICE WAY FOR THE NAVY TO TREAT GUESTS··· BOUNCIN' 'EM ON THE FLOOR!
SO··· YOU COULDN'T KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF TROUBLE!
HE MUST HAVE STOWED AWAY IN THE MAGAZINE SLAP HIM IN THE BRIG.
IRON BARS WON'T STOP THIS KID, LIEUTENANT. I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM··· MUCH AS IT PAINS ME!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET ON DECK··· AHEM··· THERE'S A FIGHT GOING ON!
YIPEE!
QUIET, SMALL STUFF!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO REACH THE DECK, A MERCHANT SHIP IS BLAZING···
FLOCK OF PERISCOPES OUT THERE, TORO!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
RED FLAMES LEAP FROM THEIR BODIES AS TORCH AND TORO ZOOM UPWARD!
NOW REMEMBER··· WE'VE GOT TO SNAG A U-BOAT CREW ALIVE!
WHAT DO WE DO? WAIT TILL THEY COME UP FOR AIR?

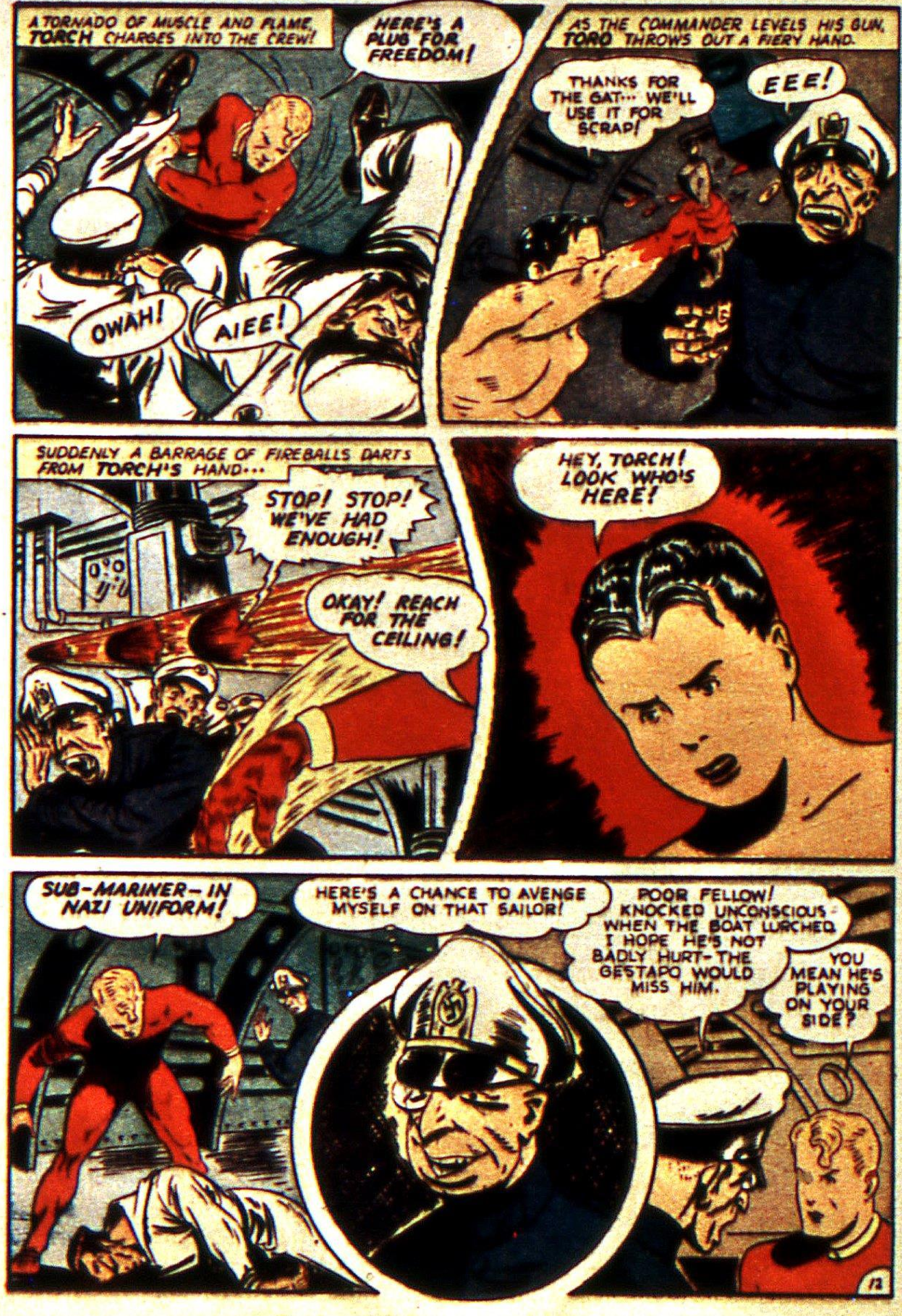

THEY'LL SOON RUN SHORT OF TORPEDOES. THEN THEY'LL SURFACE AND FIGHT WITH THEIR DECK GUNS.
THEN WE GO TO TOWN! BOY, LOOK AT THAT! NICE SHOOTING UNCLE SAM!
THEY SPOT A RISING U-BOAT.
HEY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
LET'S GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
WHEN YOU START RIPPING HOLES, PLUG 'EM UP. WE WANT TO TALK TO THOSE GUYS- NOT DROWN 'EM!
I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME, TORCHY!
U-41
INSIDE THE SUB, THE COMMANDER GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!
HIMMEL! TWO BLAZING PROJECTILES COMING AT US! SUBMERGE!
THE IRREPRESSIBLE TORO SLAMS INTO THE CONNING TOWER LIKE AN AXE THROUGH BUTTER!
TORO! PULL OUT! THEY'RE GOING DOWN!
BINGO!
U41
TOO LATE! HE CAN'T HEAR ME!

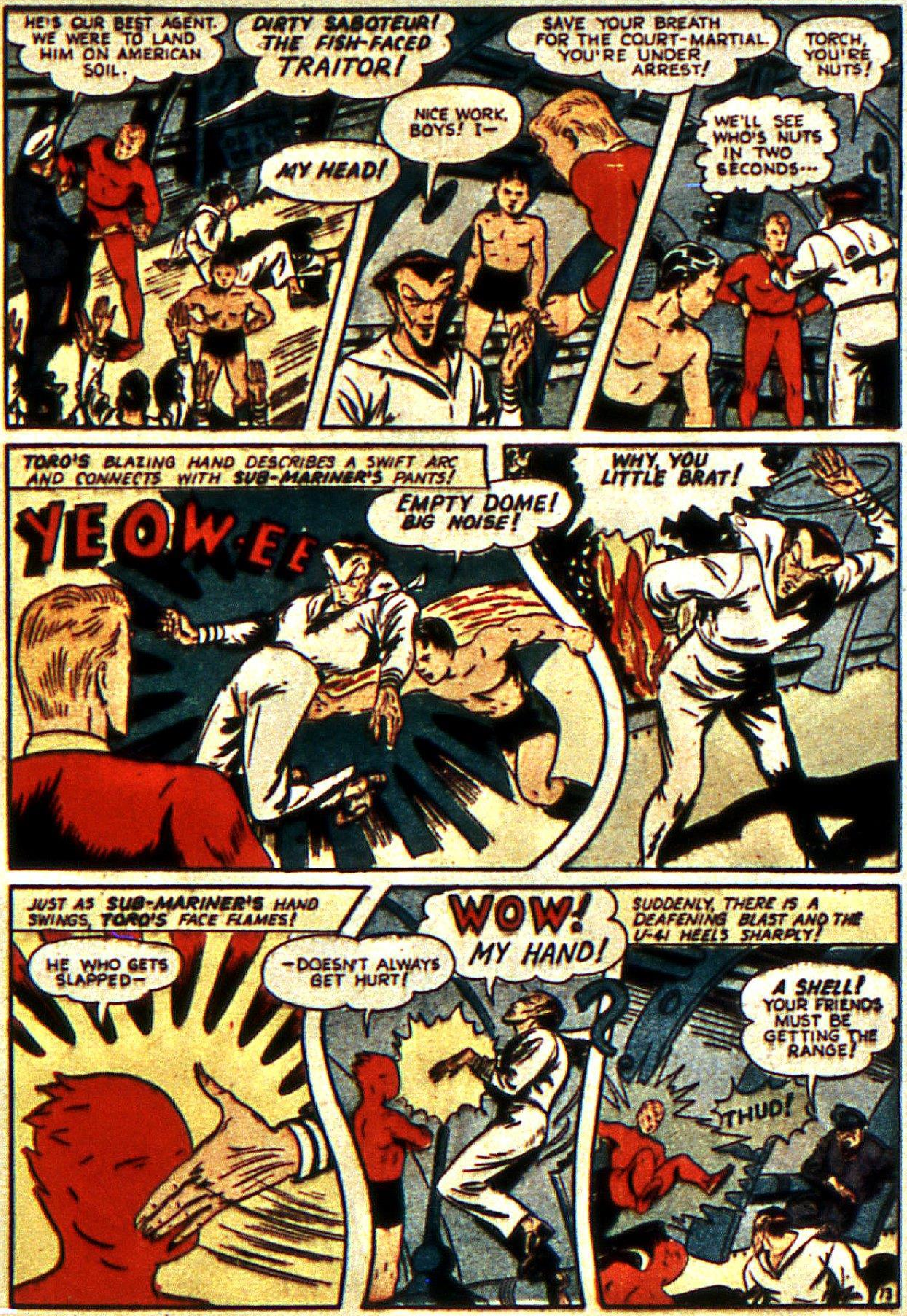

AS THE U-BOAT DESCENDS, TONS OF WATER PILE ON TORO DOUSING HIS FLAME.
(GLUB) THEY WENT DOWN TOO FAST! WHICH MEANS I'D BETTER GO UP (GLUB)···
WOW! I'M STUCK··· MAYBE A QUICK WIGGLE···
TWISTING DESPERATELY, TORO FREES HIMSELF.
(GLUB) MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING!
AH! THERE'S MY IMPETUOUS PAL!
(GLURP) WHEW!
FIRST, I DOUSE MY HAND FLAMES··· THEN GET A SCALP LOCK ON HIM!
AS WATER REACHES ITS BATTERIES, THE U-BOAT EXPLODES BELOW THE SURFACE, SENDING UP A GEYSER!
WHAT TH---?
OLD FAITHFUL HIMSELF!

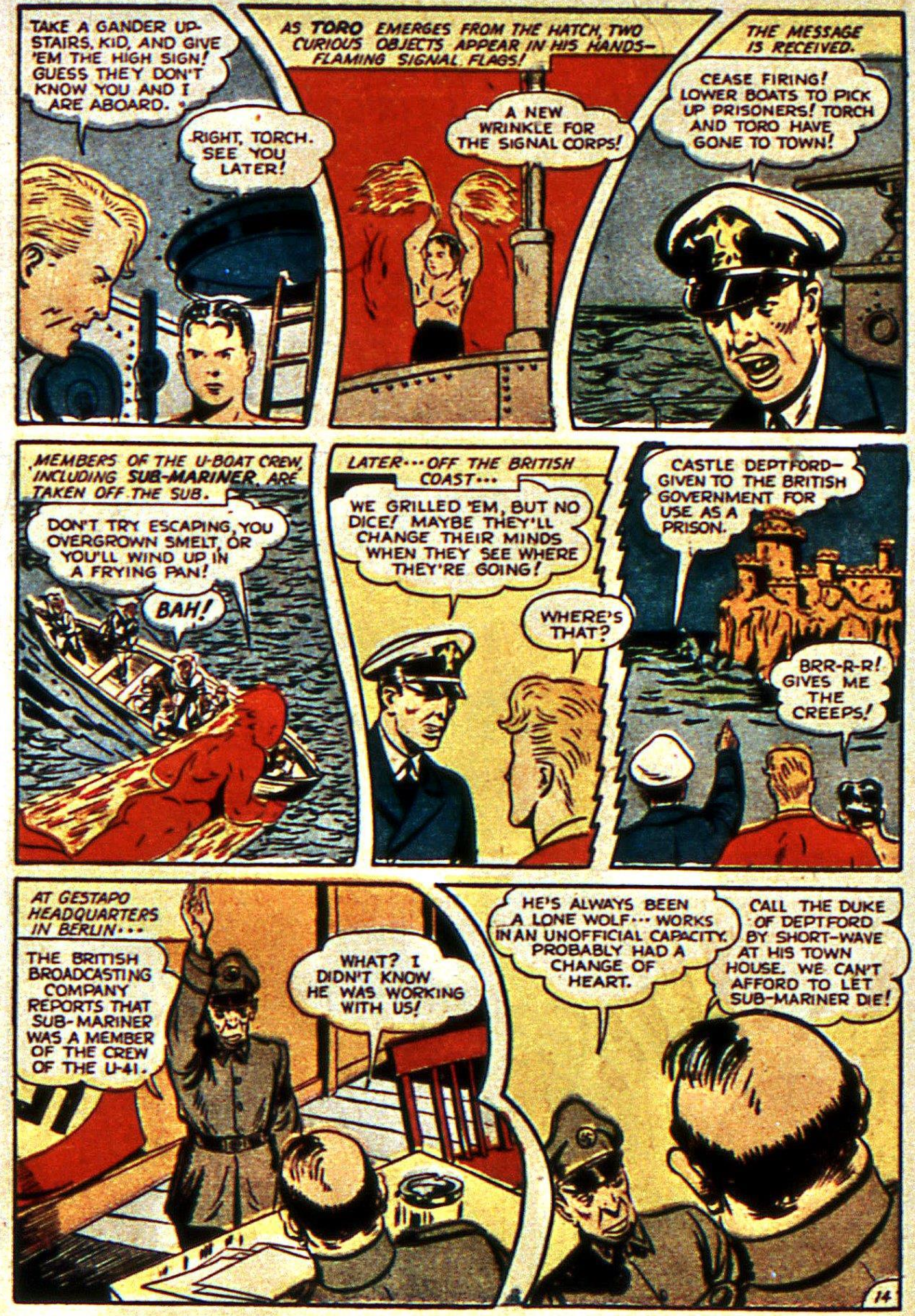

MOVING SWIFTLY, TORCH SNATCHES TORO OFF THE GEYSER...
YOU STRUCK OIL, MY LAD!
THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE! I'LL GO UNDER MY OWN POWER NOW!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, KID, AND REMEMBER—DON'T HIT ANY U-BOATS TILL THEY RIDE THE WAVES!
WILL I REMEMBER?
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE U-41...
HMMM... RADIO THE FLEET TO WITHDRAW. BUT WE'LL FIRE THIS LAST TORPEDO FIRST!
THE PERISCOPE OF THE U-41 GETS A BEAD...
TORPEDO TUBE—READY!
ONE WAY TO STOP 'EM FROM HITTING THAT TARGET!
EXCUSE ME!
FOOL! THERE GOES THE TORPEDO!

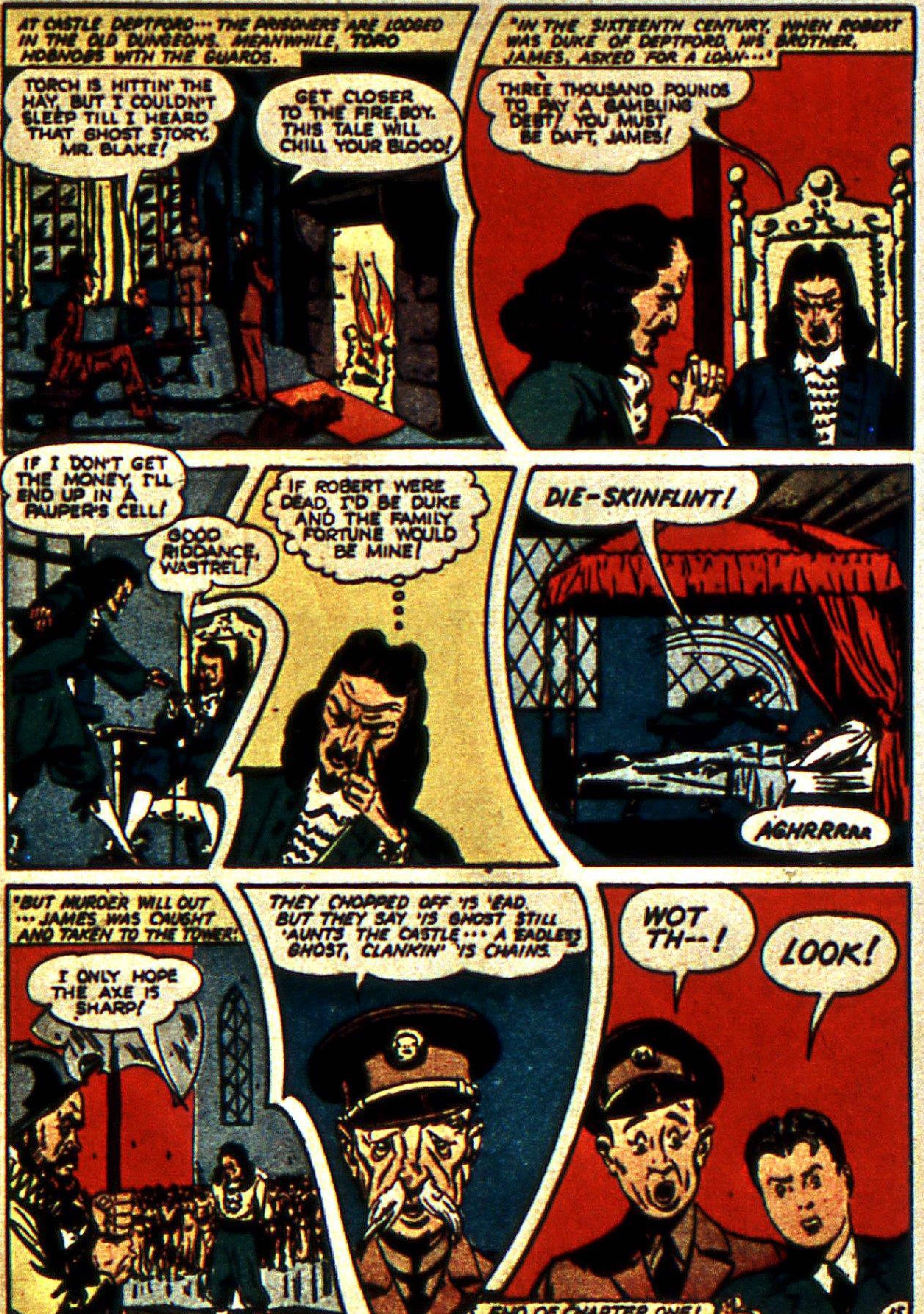

THE RATZIS MUST BE SLIPPING! WHAT A MUFF!
OUR LAST TORPEDO! SEIZE HIM AND PUT HIM IN IRONS!
CORNERED, SUB-MARINER STARTS SWINGING WITH BOTH FISTS!
COME AND GET ME, BOYS!
THIS IS MY VERSION OF THE OLD ONE-TWO!
YEOW!
WHIPPING OUT A PISTOL, THE NAZI COMMANDER FIRES POINT-BLANK AT SUB-MARINER!
BANG
THE LEAD SLUG GRAZES SUB-MARINER'S SKULL!
YEOW-E-E-E!
TANK CONTROL


THROW SOME WATER ON THE SWINE AND WE'LL FIND OUT WHY HE JOSTLED THE TORPEDO MAN!
HERR CAPTAIN!
THE TANK CONTROL- IT'S OUT OF ORDER! WE'RE RISING!
FRITZ! ERIC! GO TO WORK ON THE CONTROL!
IT'S BROKEN BEYOND REPAIR, SIR!
THAT FOOL! PREPARE TO SURFACE! IF WE'RE ATTACKED, WE'LL USE THE DECK GUN!
TORCH AND TORO TENSE AS THE CONNING TOWER OF THE U-41 BREAKS THE SURFACE!
ALL SET?
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE. WAIT- WE'LL BOTH GET DUNKED
U-41
MOMENTS LATER, THE SUB LOOMS ABOVE THE WATER. THE HATCH OPENS---
HIMMEL!
FULL SPEED AHEAD, TORO- AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
THE COMMANDER SHUTS THE CONNING TOWER BUT TORCH NEEDS NO KEY TO CRASH THE GATE OF A U-BOAT!
SLAM!
REMEMBER, KID- TURN OFF THE HEAT WHEN WE GET INSIDE!
OKAY, TORCH!
DOUSING HIS BODY FLAME AS HE DROPS INTO THE SUB, TORCH LETS HIS HANDS BLAZE--- TWO FISTFULS OF FIRE!
NOW FOR SOME FIREWORKS!


A TORNADO OF MUSCLE AND FLAME, TORCH CHARGES INTO THE CREW!
HERE'S A PLUG FOR FREEDOM!
OWAH!
AIEE!
AS THE COMMANDER LEVELS HIS GUN, TORO THROWS OUT A FIERY HAND.
THANKS FOR THE GAT... WE'LL USE IT FOR SCRAP!
EEE!
SUDDENLY A BARRAGE OF FIREBALLS DARTS FROM TORCH'S HAND...
STOP! STOP! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
OKAY! REACH FOR THE CEILING!
HEY, TORCH! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
SUB-MARINER—IN NAZI UNIFORM!
HERE'S A CHANCE TO AVENGE MYSELF ON THAT SAILOR!
POOR FELLOW! KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE BOAT LURCHED. I HOPE HE'S NOT BADLY HURT—THE GESTAPO WOULD MISS HIM.
YOU MEAN HE'S PLAYING ON YOUR SIDE?

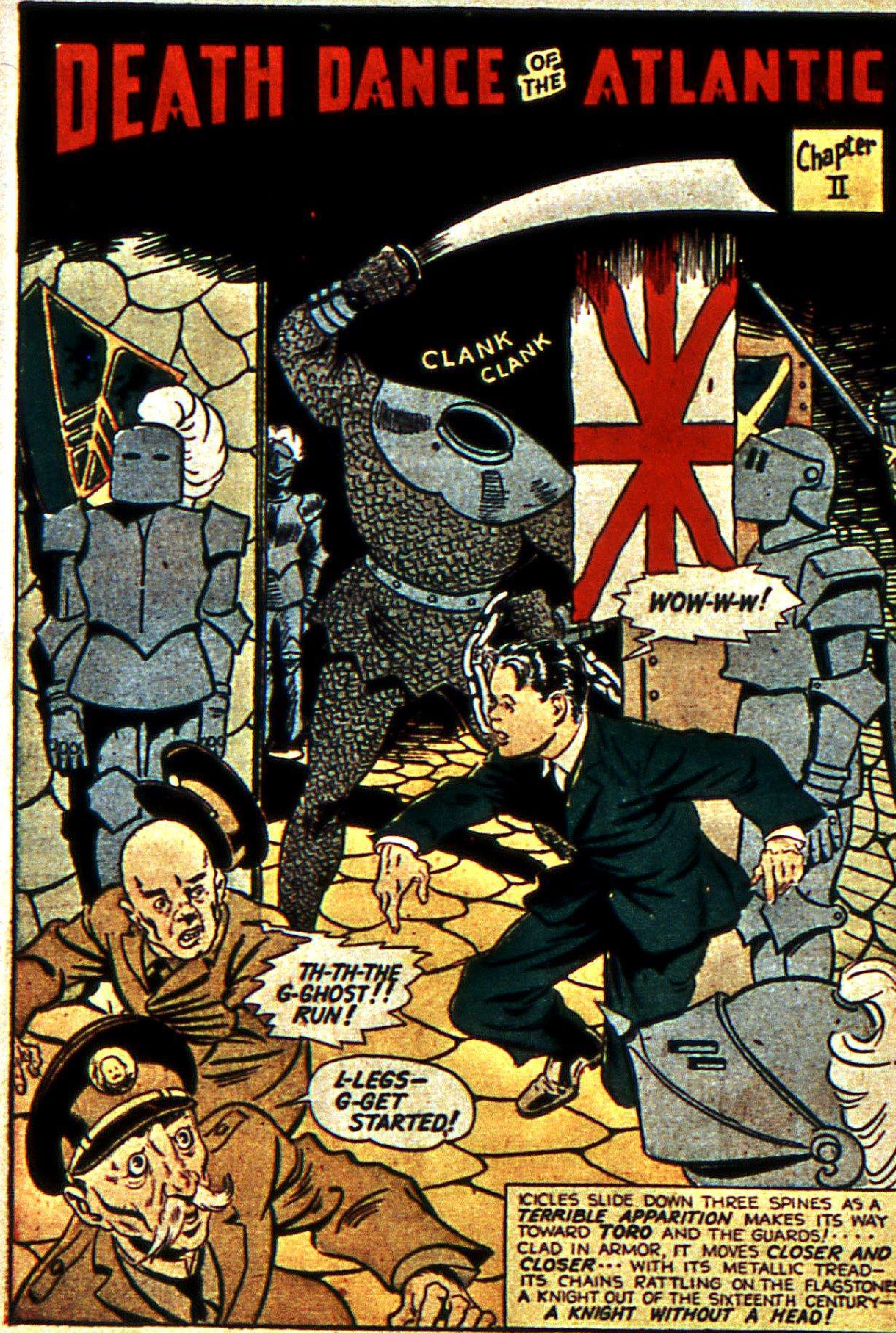

HE'S OUR BEST AGENT. WE WERE TO LAND HIM ON AMERICAN SOIL.
DIRTY SABOTEUR! THE FISH-FACED TRAITOR!
MY HEAD!
NICE WORK, BOYS! I—
SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR THE COURT-MARTIAL. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
TORCH, YOU'RE NUTS!
WE'LL SEE WHO'S NUTS IN TWO SECONDS...
TORO'S BLAZING HAND DESCRIBES A SWIFT ARC AND CONNECTS WITH SUB-MARINER'S PANTS!
YEOW-EE
EMPTY DOME! BIG NOISE!
WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT!
JUST AS SUB-MARINER'S HAND SWINGS, TORO'S FACE FLAMES!
HE WHO GETS SLAPPED—
-DOESN'T ALWAYS GET HURT!
WOW! MY HAND!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A DEAFENING BLAST AND THE U-41 HEELS SHARPLY!
A SHELL! YOUR FRIENDS MUST BE GETTING THE RANGE!
THUD!

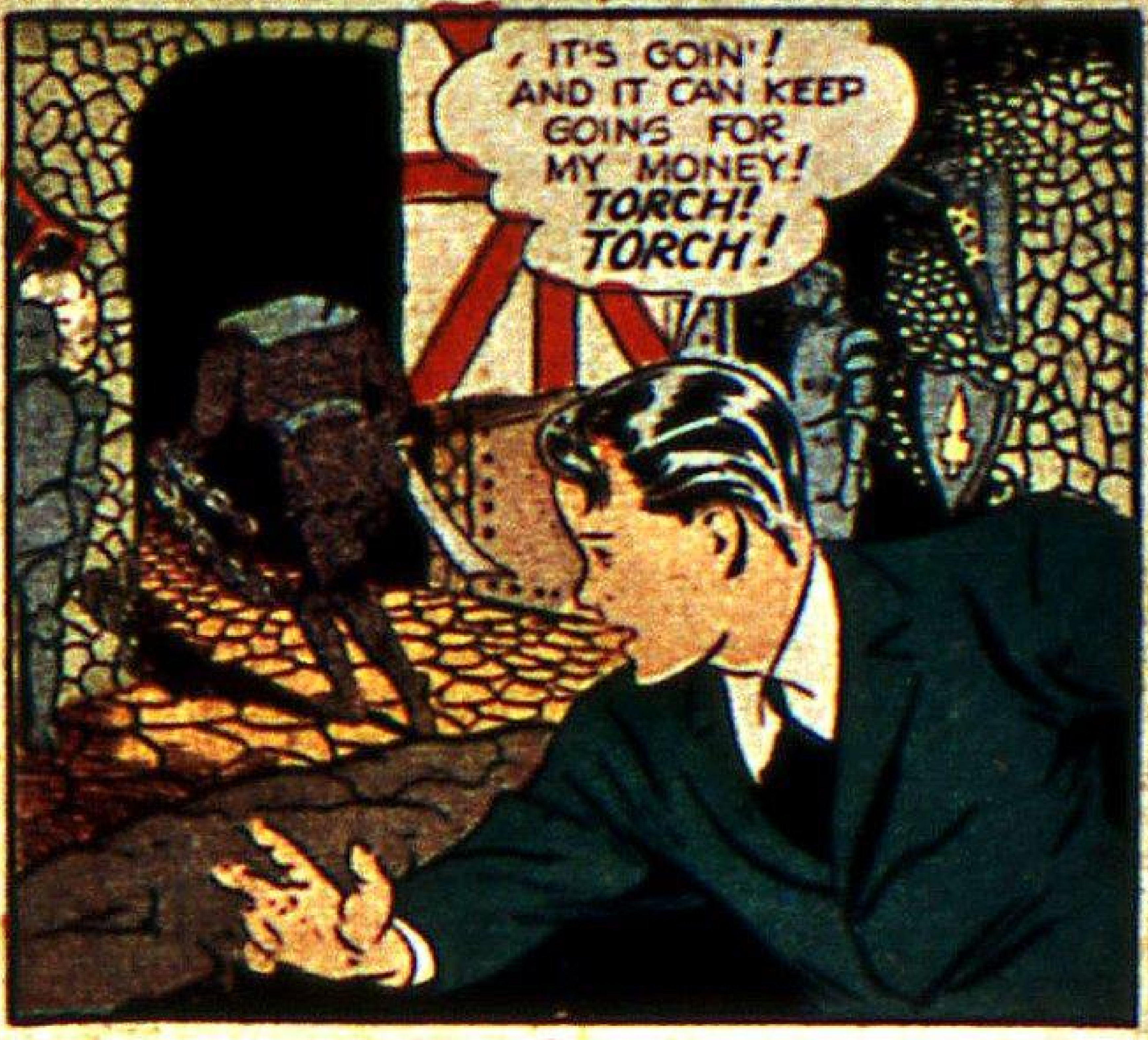

TAKE A GANDER UPSTAIRS, KID, AND GIVE 'EM THE HIGH SIGN! GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW YOU AND I ARE ABOARD.
RIGHT, TORCH. SEE YOU LATER!
AS TORO EMERGES FROM THE HATCH, TWO CURIOUS OBJECTS APPEAR IN HIS HANDS— FLAMING SIGNAL FLAGS!
A NEW WRINKLE FOR THE SIGNAL CORPS!
THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED.
CEASE FIRING! LOWER BOATS TO PICK UP PRISONERS! TORCH AND TORO HAVE GONE TO TOWN!
MEMBERS OF THE U-BOAT CREW, INCLUDING SUB-MARINER, ARE TAKEN OFF THE SUB.
DON'T TRY ESCAPING, YOU OVERGROWN SMELT, OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN A FRYING PAN!
BAH!
LATER··· OFF THE BRITISH COAST···
WE GRILLED 'EM, BUT NO DICE! MAYBE THEY'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS WHEN THEY SEE WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
WHERE'S THAT?
CASTLE DEPTFORD— GIVEN TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FOR USE AS A PRISON.
BRR-R-R! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN···
THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY REPORTS THAT SUB-MARINER WAS A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE U-41.
WHAT? I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS WORKING WITH US!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A LONE WOLF··· WORKS IN AN UNOFFICIAL CAPACITY. PROBABLY HAD A CHANGE OF HEART.
CALL THE DUKE OF DEPTFORD BY SHORT-WAVE AT HIS TOWN HOUSE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET SUB-MARINER DIE!

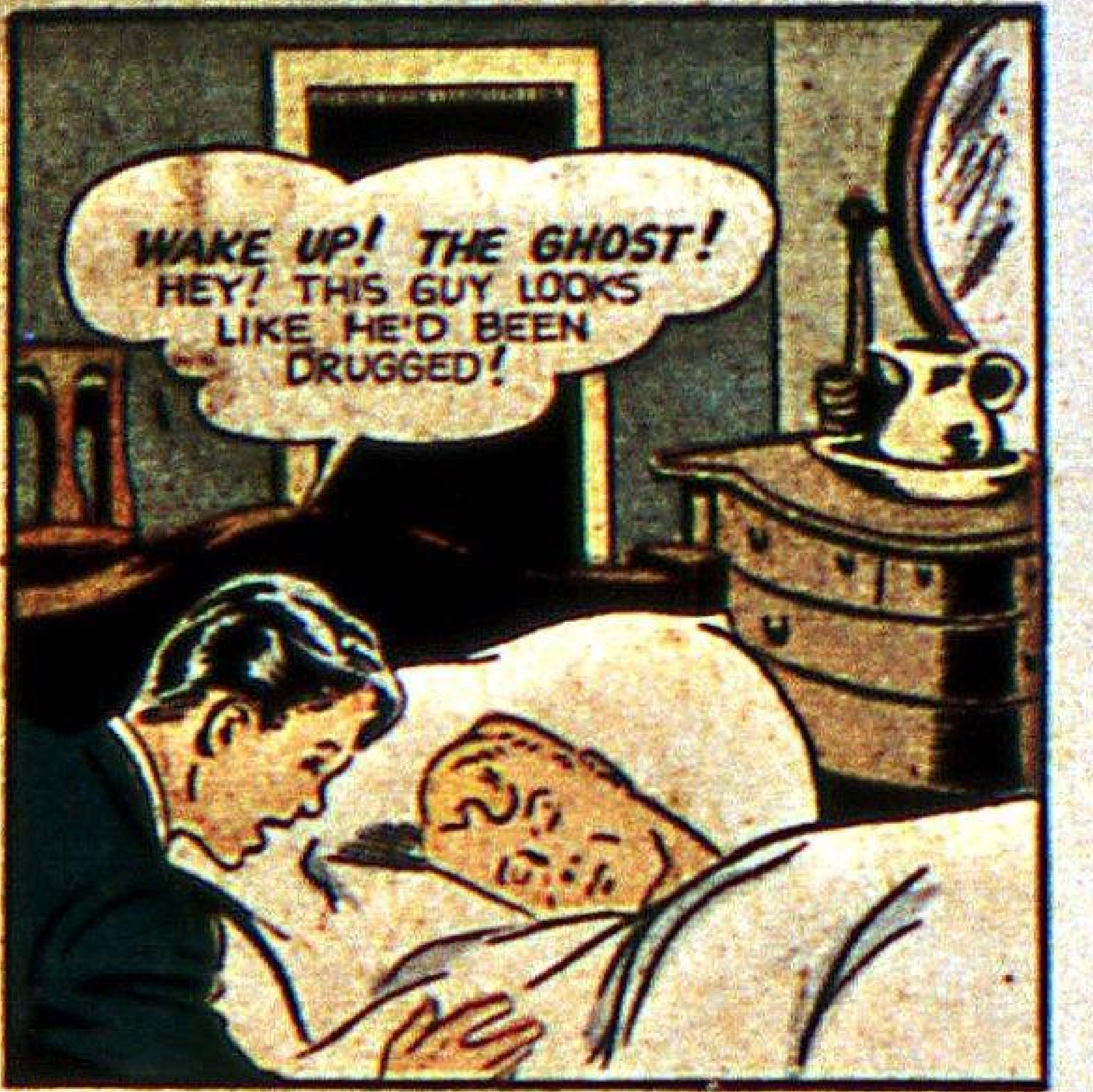

AT CASTLE DEPTFORD... THE PRISONERS ARE LODGED IN THE OLD DUNGEONS. MEANWHILE, TORO HOBNOBS WITH THE GUARDS.
TORCH IS HITTIN' THE HAY, BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP TILL I HEARD THAT GHOST STORY, MR. BLAKE!
GET CLOSER TO THE FIRE, BOY. THIS TALE WILL CHILL YOUR BLOOD!
"IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WHEN ROBERT WAS DUKE OF DEPTFORD, HIS BROTHER, JAMES, ASKED FOR A LOAN..."
THREE THOUSAND POUNDS TO PAY A GAMBLING DEBT? YOU MUST BE DAFT, JAMES!
IF I DON'T GET THE MONEY, I'LL END UP IN A PAUPER'S CELL!
GOOD RIDDANCE, WASTREL!
IF ROBERT WERE DEAD, I'D BE DUKE AND THE FAMILY FORTUNE WOULD BE MINE!
DIE—SKINFLINT!
AGHRRRaa
"BUT MURDER WILL OUT ... JAMES WAS CAUGHT AND TAKEN TO THE TOWER!"
I ONLY HOPE THE AXE IS SHARP!
THEY CHOPPED OFF 'IS 'EAD. BUT THEY SAY 'IS GHOST STILL 'AUNTS THE CASTLE... A 'EADLESS GHOST, CLANKIN' 'IS CHAINS.
WOT TH--!
LOOK!
END OF CHAPTER ONE!

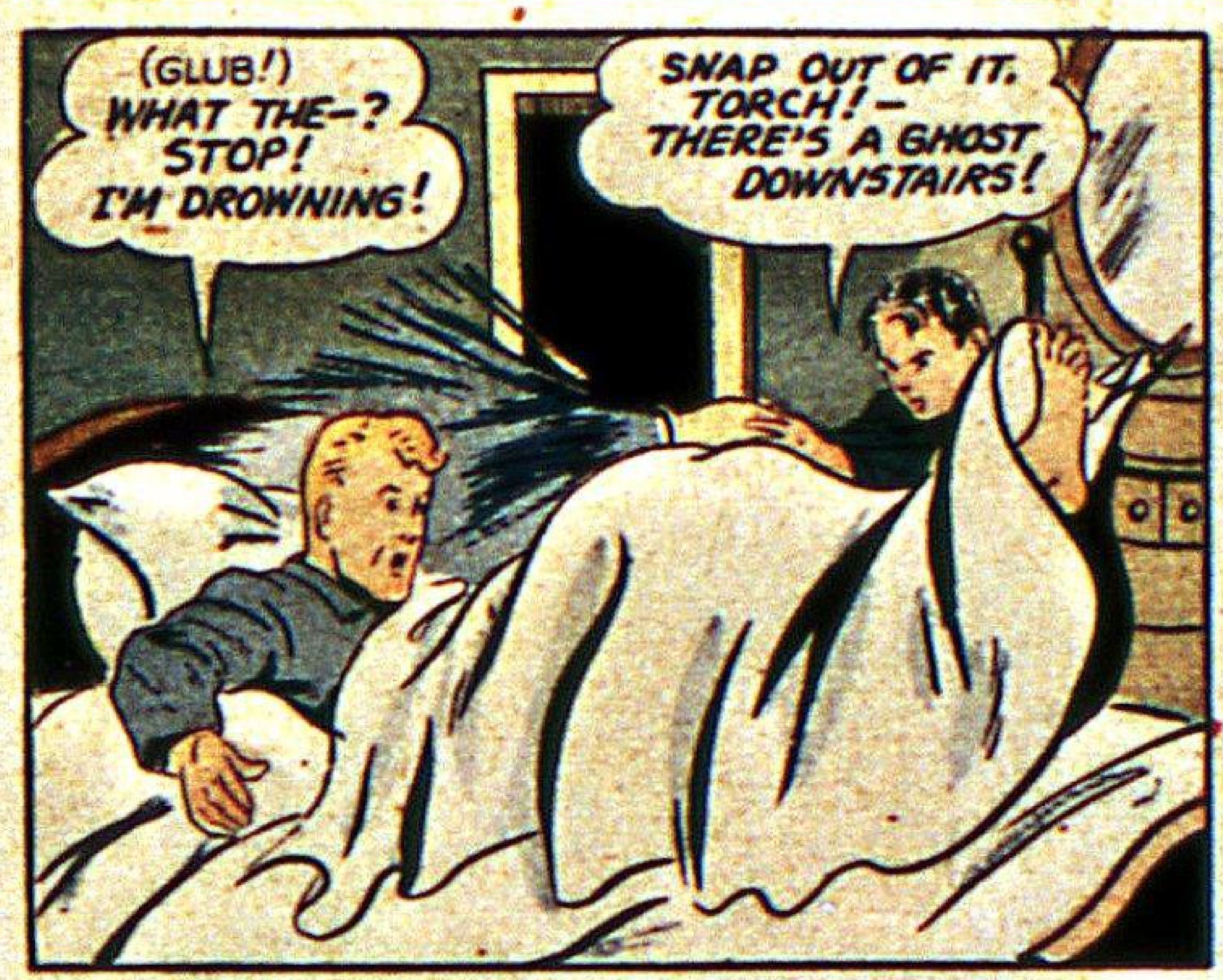
DEATH DANCE OF THE ATLANTIC

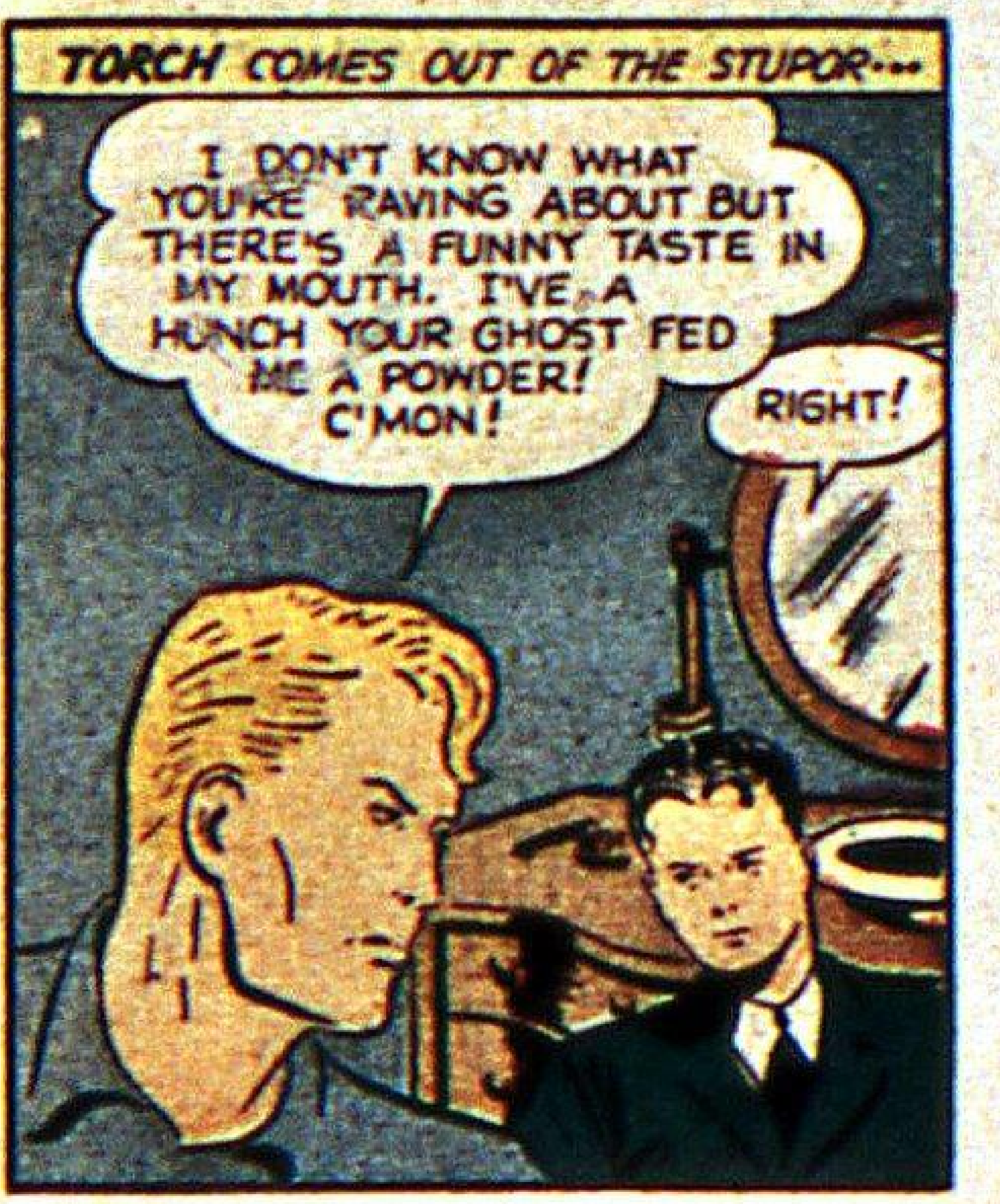
Chapter II

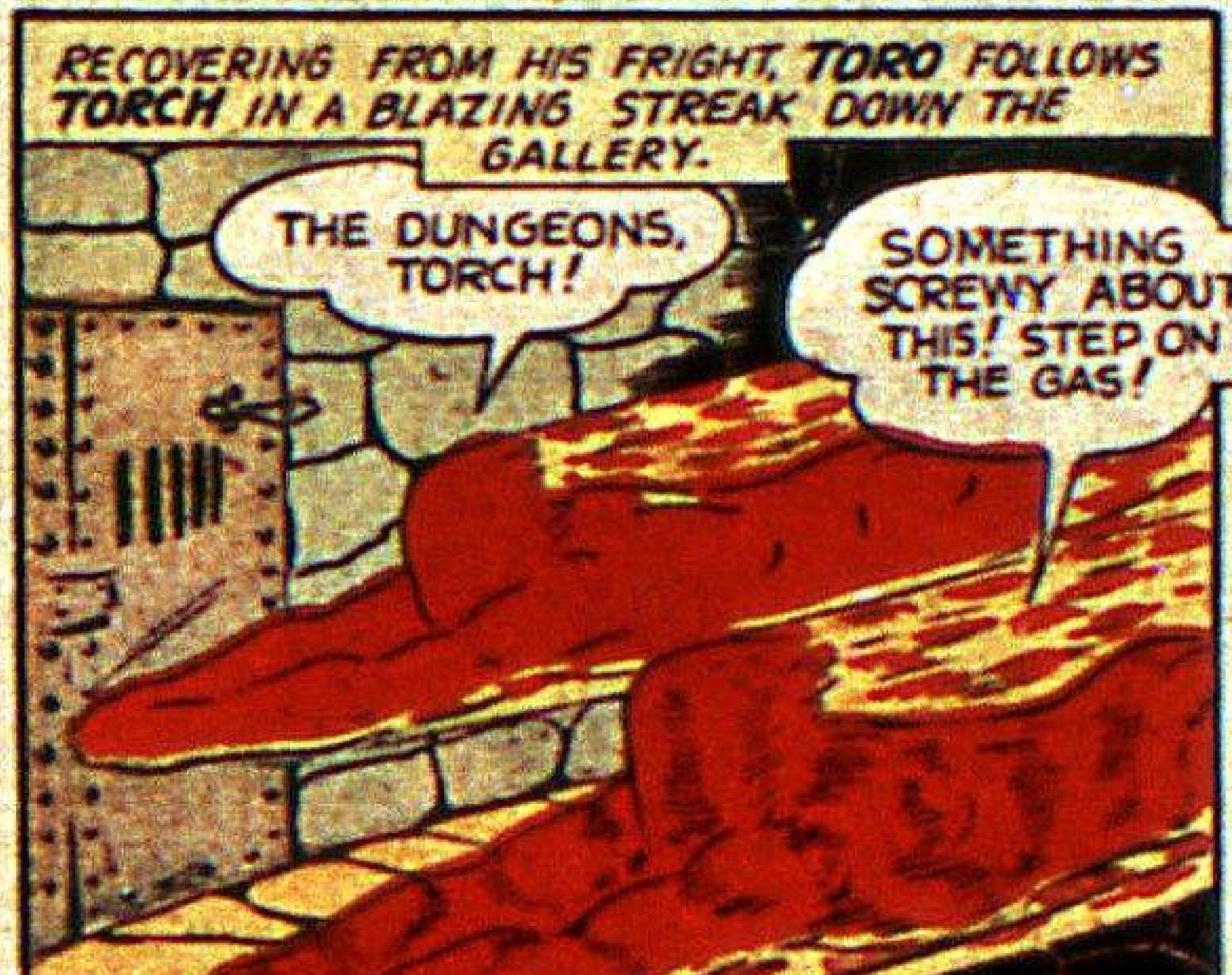

CLANK CLANK
WOW-W-W!
TH-TH-THE G-GHOST!! RUN!
L-LEGS- G-GET STARTED!
ICICLES SLIDE DOWN THREE SPINES AS A TERRIBLE APPARITION MAKES ITS WAY TOWARD TORO AND THE GUARDS!... CLAD IN ARMOR, IT MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER... WITH ITS METALLIC TREAD— ITS CHAINS RATTLING ON THE FLAGSTONES. A KNIGHT OUT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY— A KNIGHT WITHOUT A HEAD!

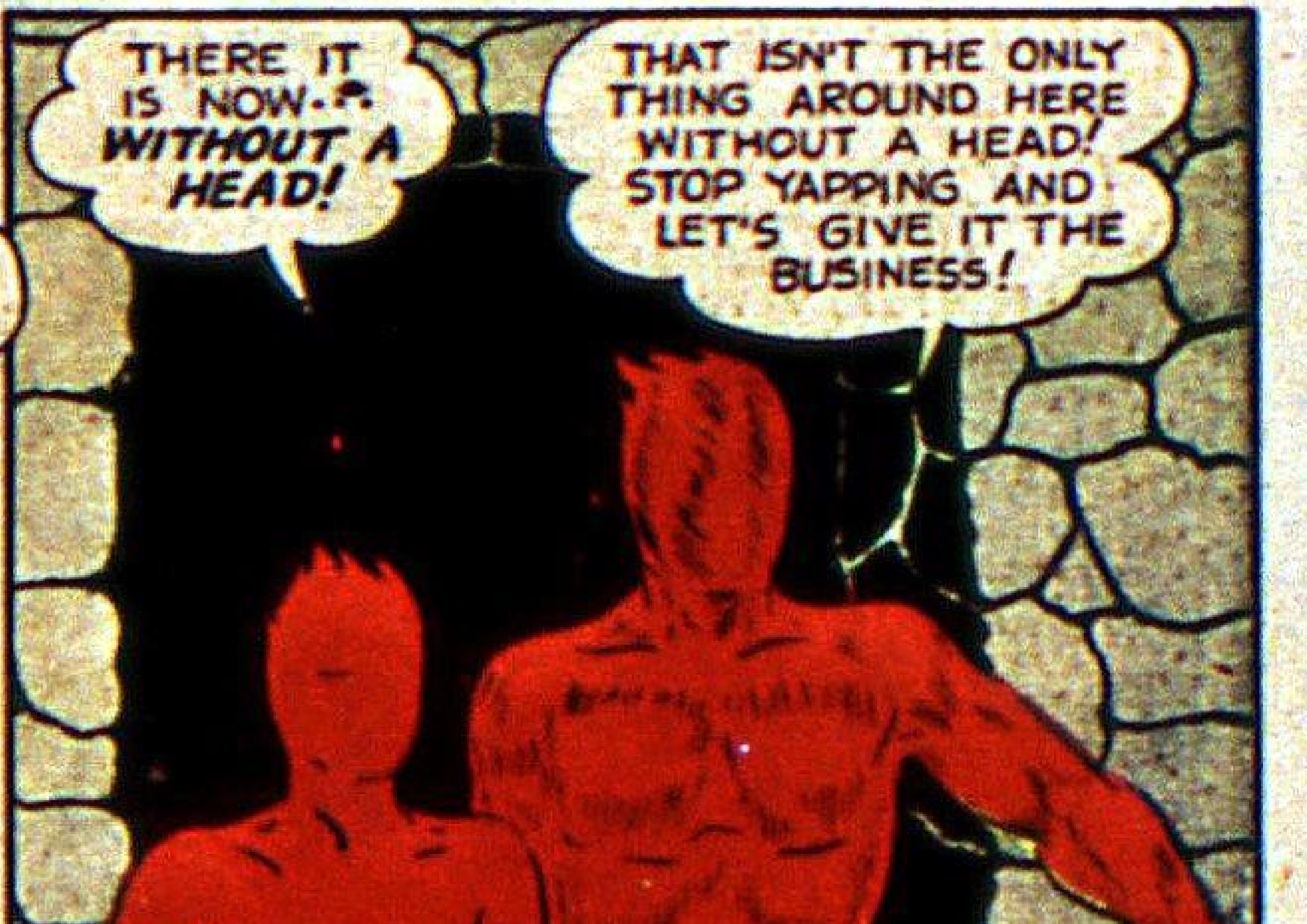

IT'S GOIN'! AND IT CAN KEEP GOING FOR MY MONEY! TORCH! TORCH!

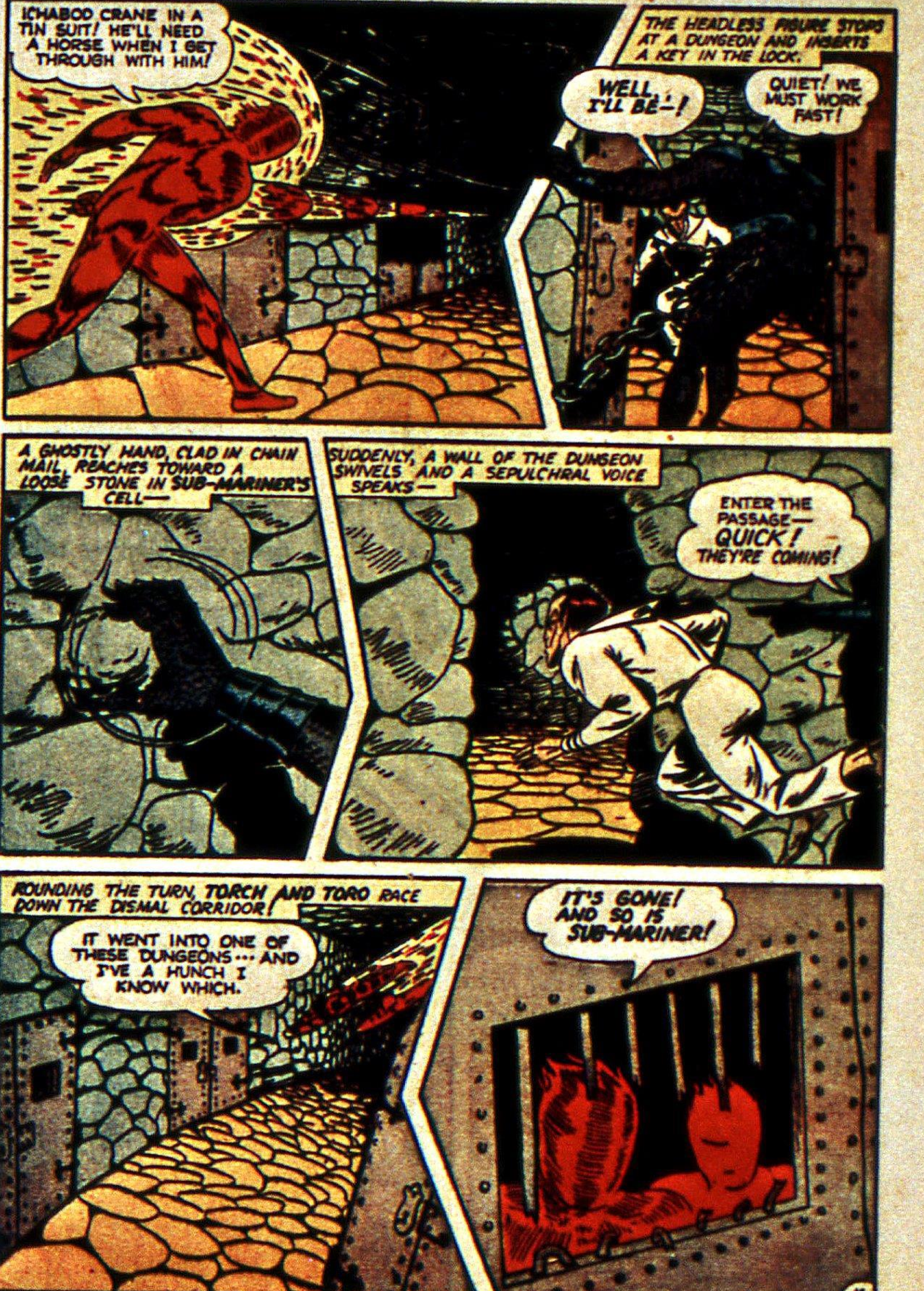

WAKE UP! THE GHOST! HEY! THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE HE'D BEEN DRUGGED!

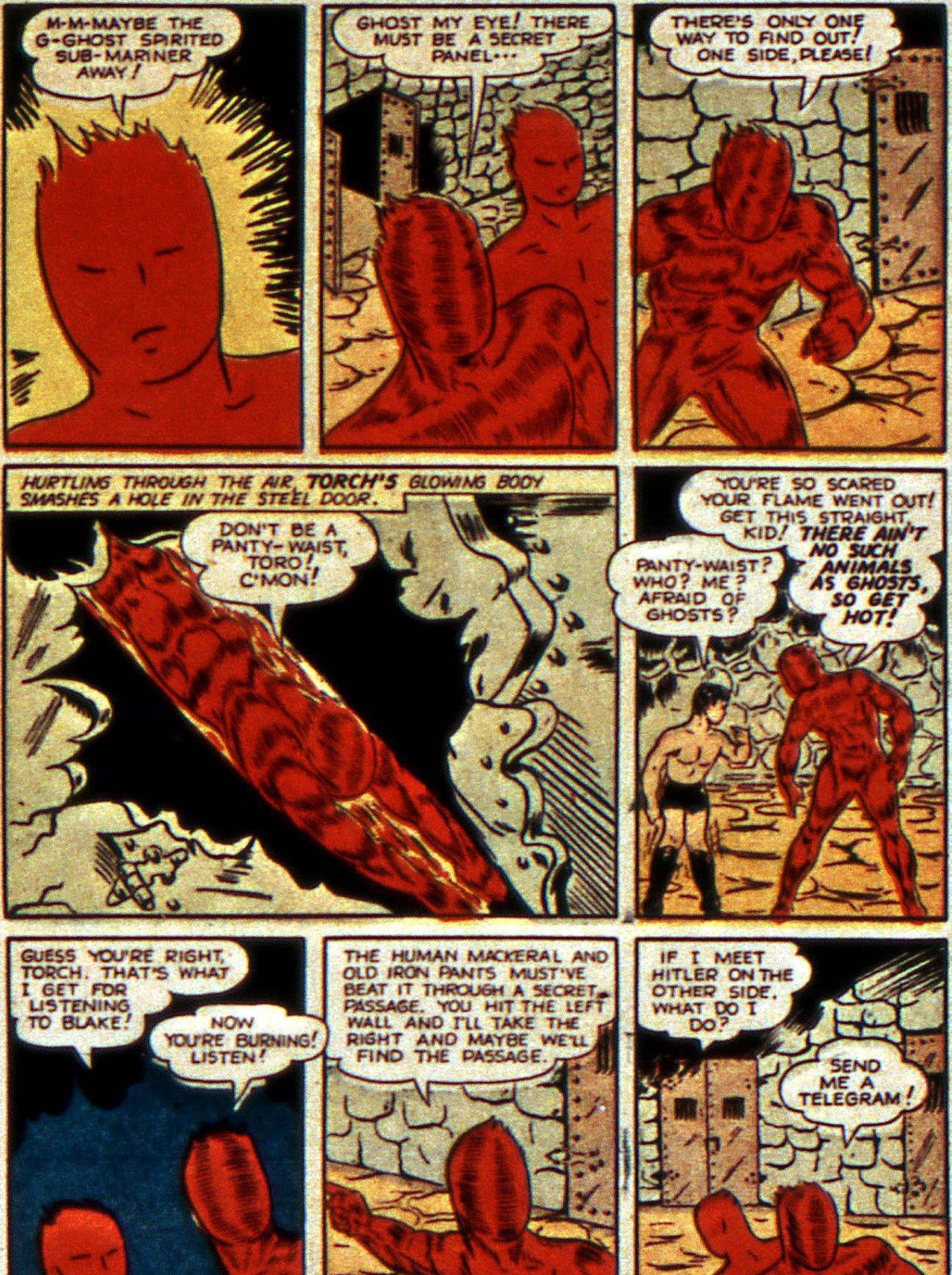

(GLUB!) WHAT THE-? STOP! I'M DROWNING!
SNAP OUT OF IT. TORCH!– THERE'S A GHOST DOWNSTAIRS!

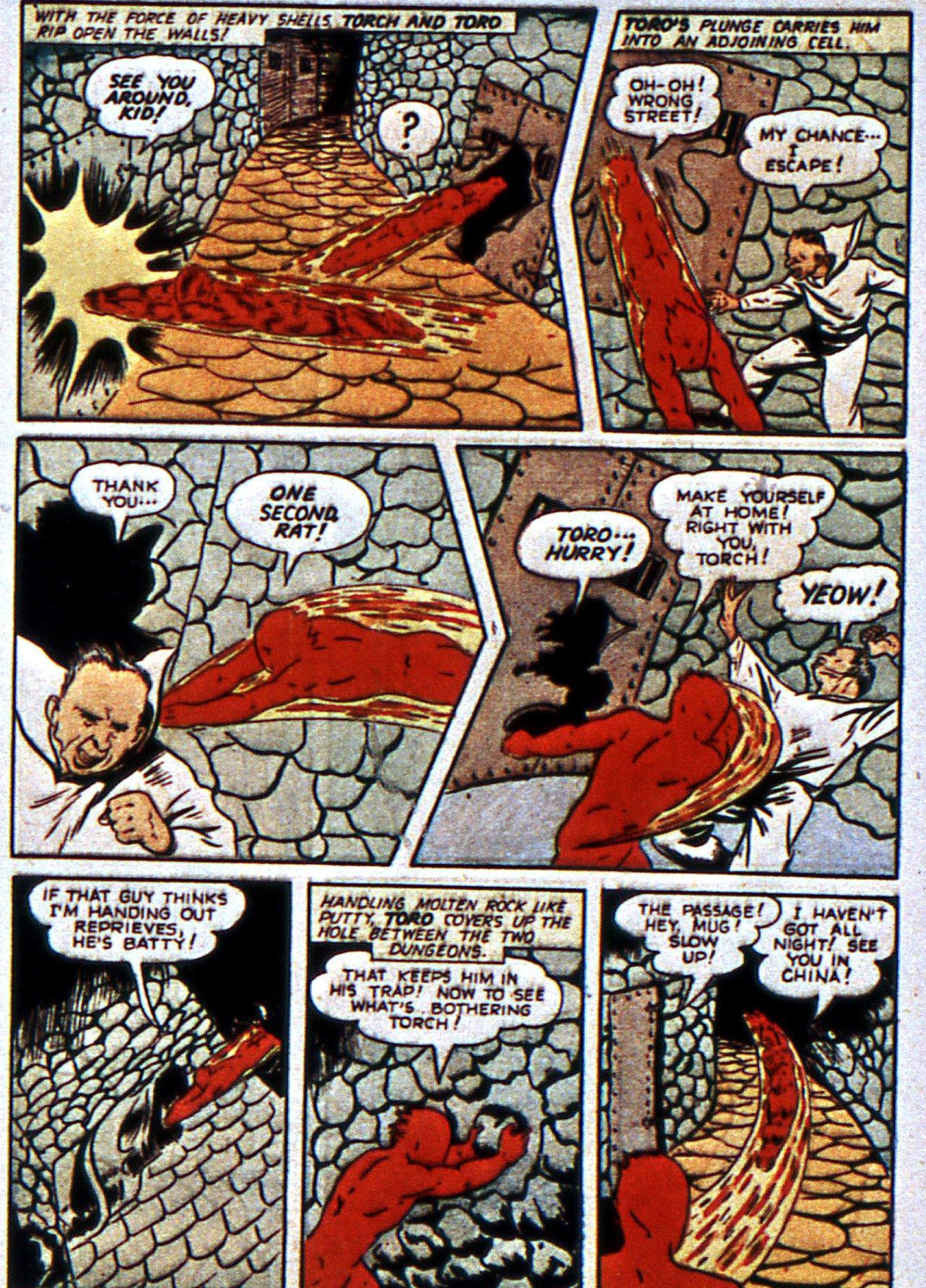

TORCH COMES OUT OF THE STUPOR...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE RAVING ABOUT BUT THERE'S A FUNNY TASTE IN MY MOUTH. I'VE A HUNCH YOUR GHOST FED ME A POWDER! C'MON!
RIGHT!

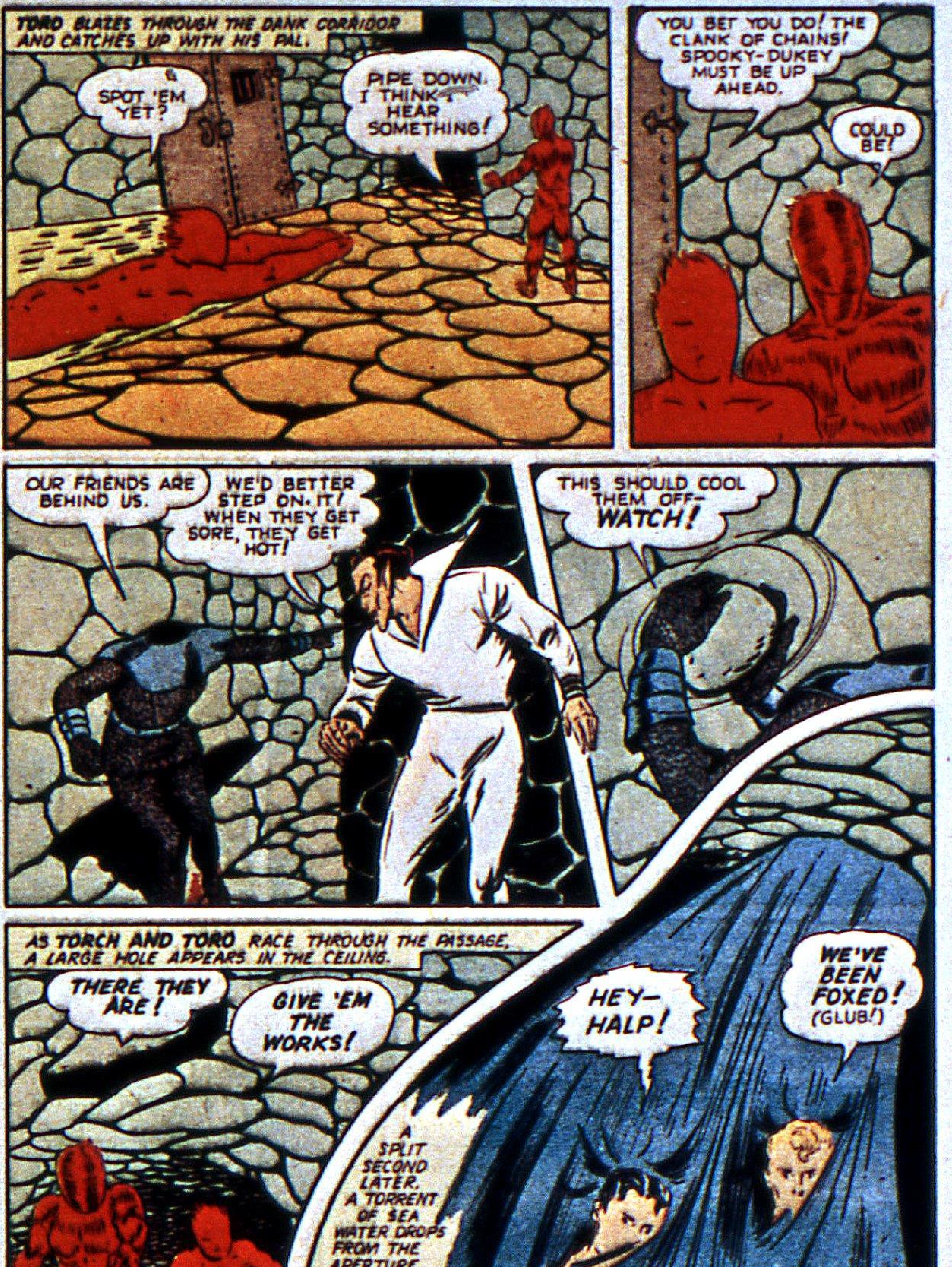

RECOVERING FROM HIS FRIGHT, TORO FOLLOWS TORCH IN A BLAZING STREAK DOWN THE GALLERY.
THE DUNGEONS, TORCH!
SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! STEP ON THE GAS!

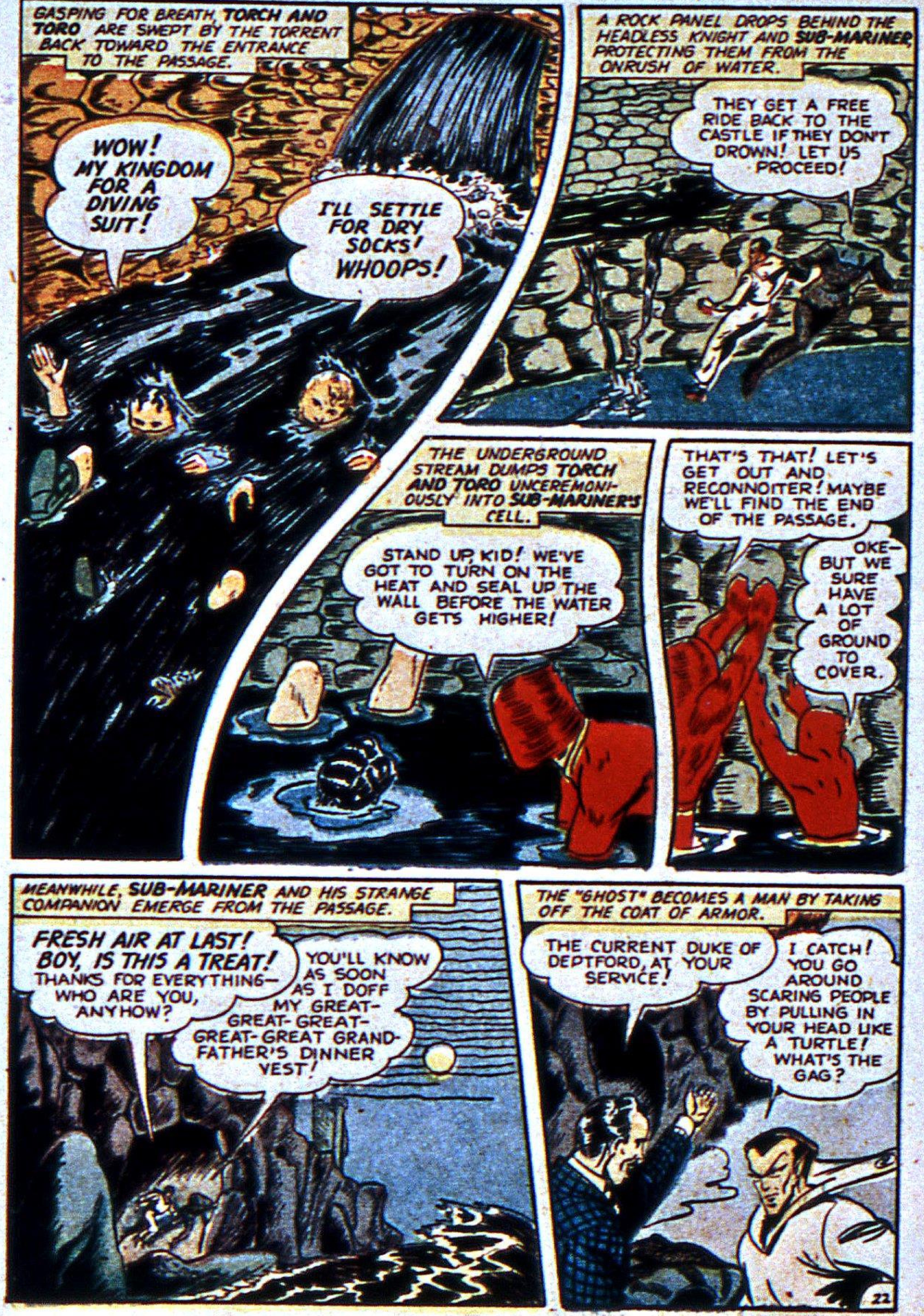

THERE IT IS NOW... WITHOUT A HEAD!
THAT ISN'T THE ONLY THING AROUND HERE WITHOUT A HEAD! STOP YAPPING AND LET'S GIVE IT THE BUSINESS!

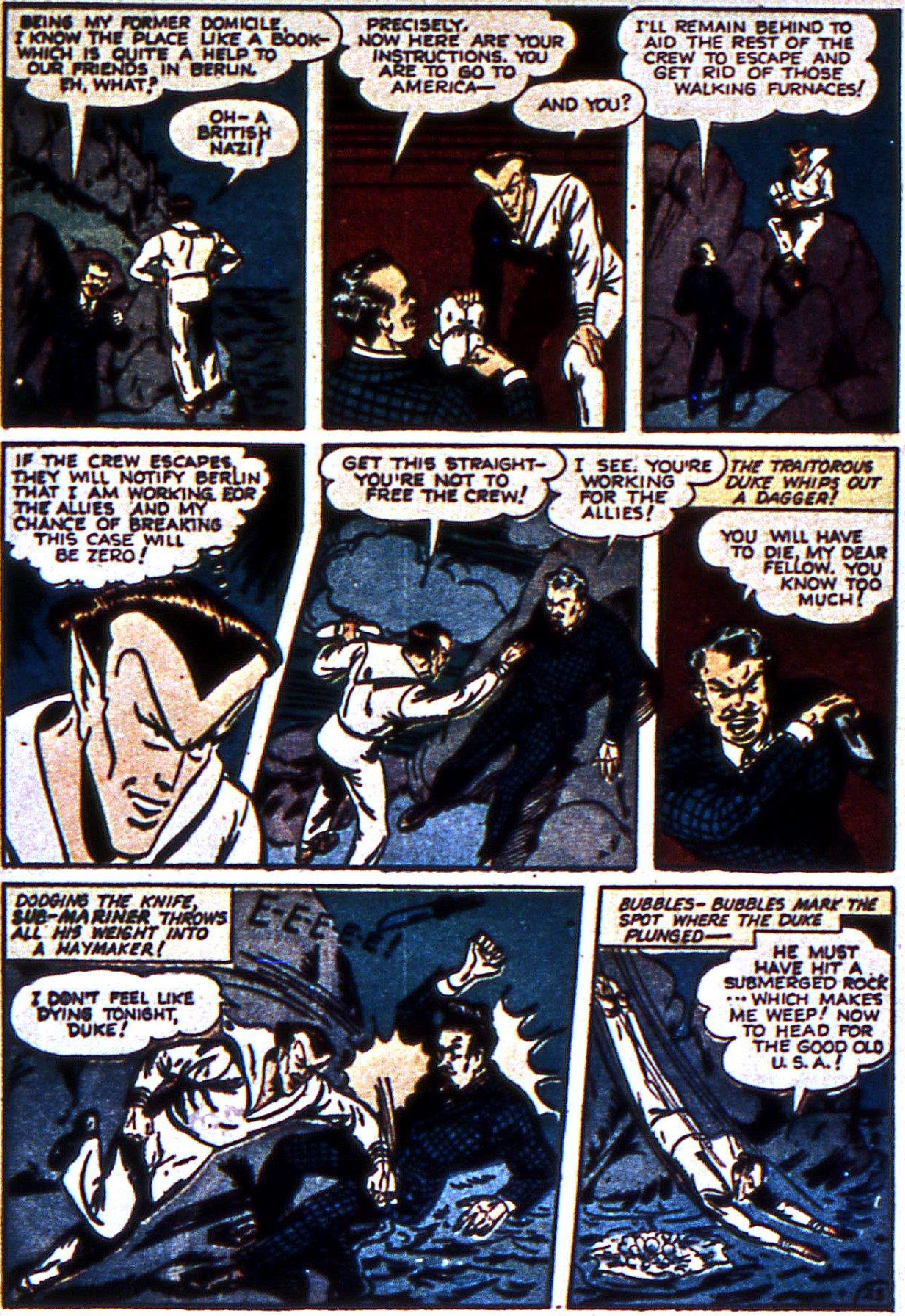

ICHABOD CRANE IN A TIN SUIT! HE'LL NEED A HORSE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
THE HEADLESS FIGURE STOPS AT A DUNGEON AND INSERTS A KEY IN THE LOCK.
WELL, I'LL BE—!
QUIET! WE MUST WORK FAST!
A GHOSTLY HAND, CLAD IN CHAIN MAIL, REACHES TOWARD A LOOSE STONE IN SUB-MARINER'S CELL—
SUDDENLY, A WALL OF THE DUNGEON SWIVELS AND A SEPULCHRAL VOICE SPEAKS—
ENTER THE PASSAGE— QUICK! THEY'RE COMING!
ROUNDING THE TURN, TORCH AND TORO RACE DOWN THE DISMAL CORRIDOR!
IT WENT INTO ONE OF THESE DUNGEONS... AND I'VE A HUNCH I KNOW WHICH.
IT'S GONE! AND SO IS SUB-MARINER!

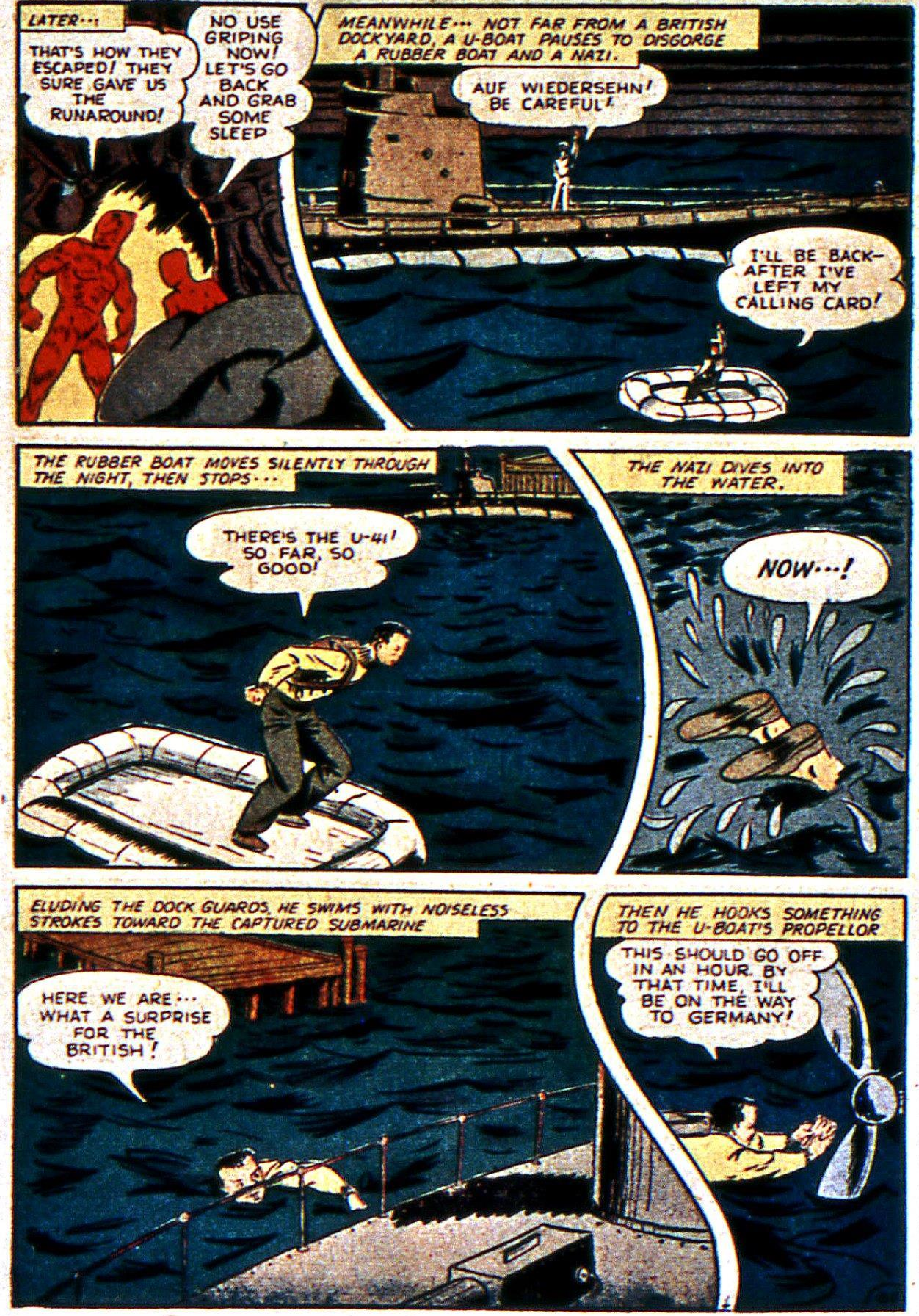

M-M-MAYBE THE G-GHOST SPIRITED SUB-MARINER AWAY!
GHOST MY EYE! THERE MUST BE A SECRET PANEL...
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! ONE SIDE, PLEASE!
HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR, TORCH'S GLOWING BODY SMASHES A HOLE IN THE STEEL DOOR.
DON'T BE A PANTY-WAIST, TORO! C'MON!
YOU'RE SO SCARED YOUR FLAME WENT OUT! GET THIS STRAIGHT, KID! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMALS AS GHOSTS, SO GET HOT!
PANTY-WAIST? WHO? ME? AFRAID OF GHOSTS?
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH. THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR LISTENING TO BLAKE!
NOW YOU'RE BURNING! LISTEN!
THE HUMAN MACKERAL AND OLD IRON PANTS MUST'VE BEAT IT THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE. YOU HIT THE LEFT WALL AND I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE PASSAGE.
IF I MEET HITLER ON THE OTHER SIDE, WHAT DO I DO?
SEND ME A TELEGRAM!

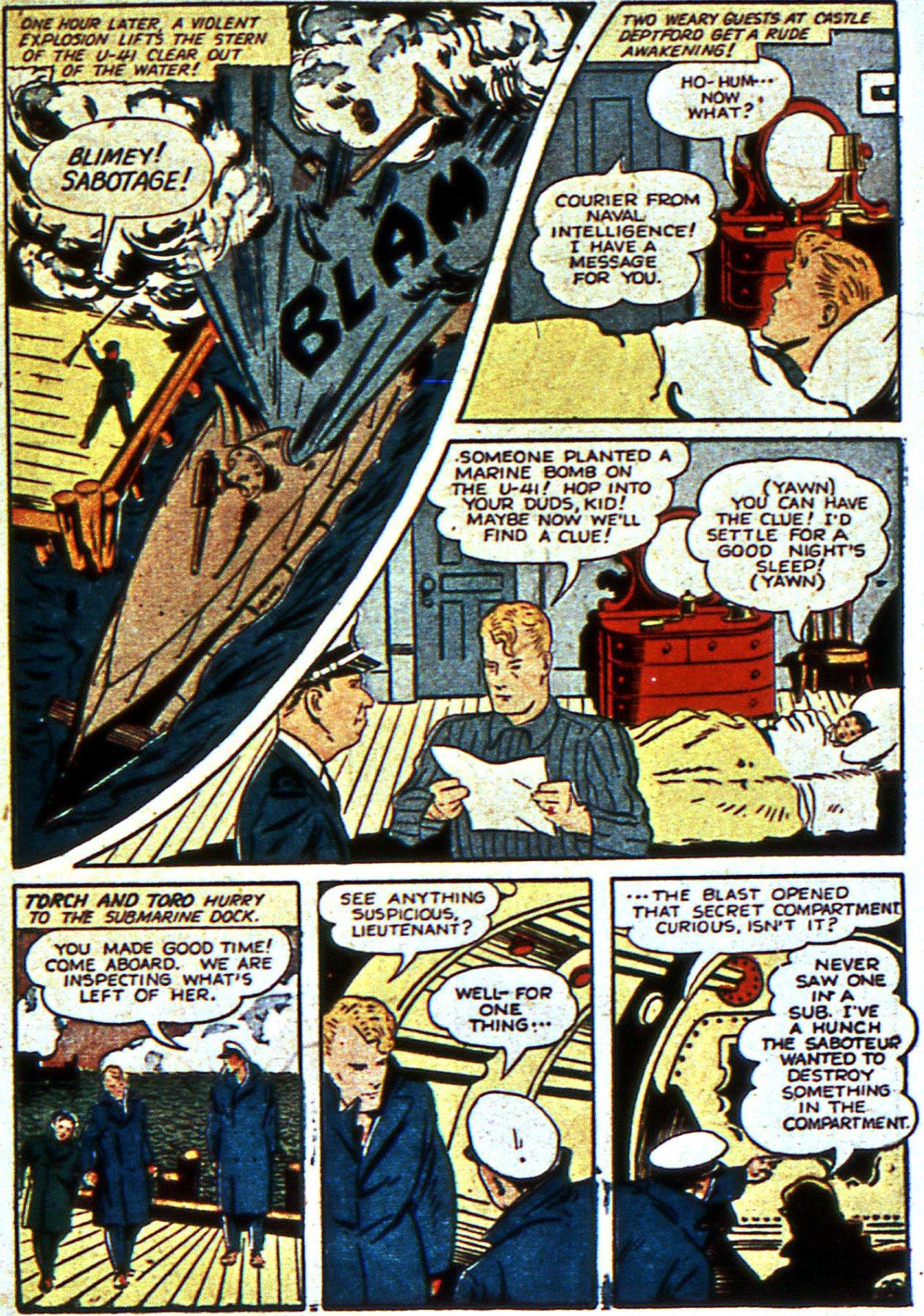

WITH THE FORCE OF HEAVY SHELLS TORCH AND TORO RIP OPEN THE WALLS!
SEE YOU AROUND, KID!
?
TORO'S PLUNGE CARRIES HIM INTO AN ADJOINING CELL.
OH-OH! WRONG STREET!
MY CHANCE... I ESCAPE!
THANK YOU...
ONE SECOND, RAT!
TORO... HURRY!
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME! RIGHT WITH YOU, TORCH!
YEOW!
IF THAT GUY THINKS I'M HANDING OUT REPRIEVES, HE'S BATTY!
HANDLING MOLTEN ROCK LIKE PUTTY, TORO COVERS UP THE HOLE BETWEEN THE TWO DUNGEONS.
THAT KEEPS HIM IN HIS TRAP! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S BOTHERING TORCH!
THE PASSAGE! HEY, MUG! SLOW UP!
I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! SEE YOU IN CHINA!

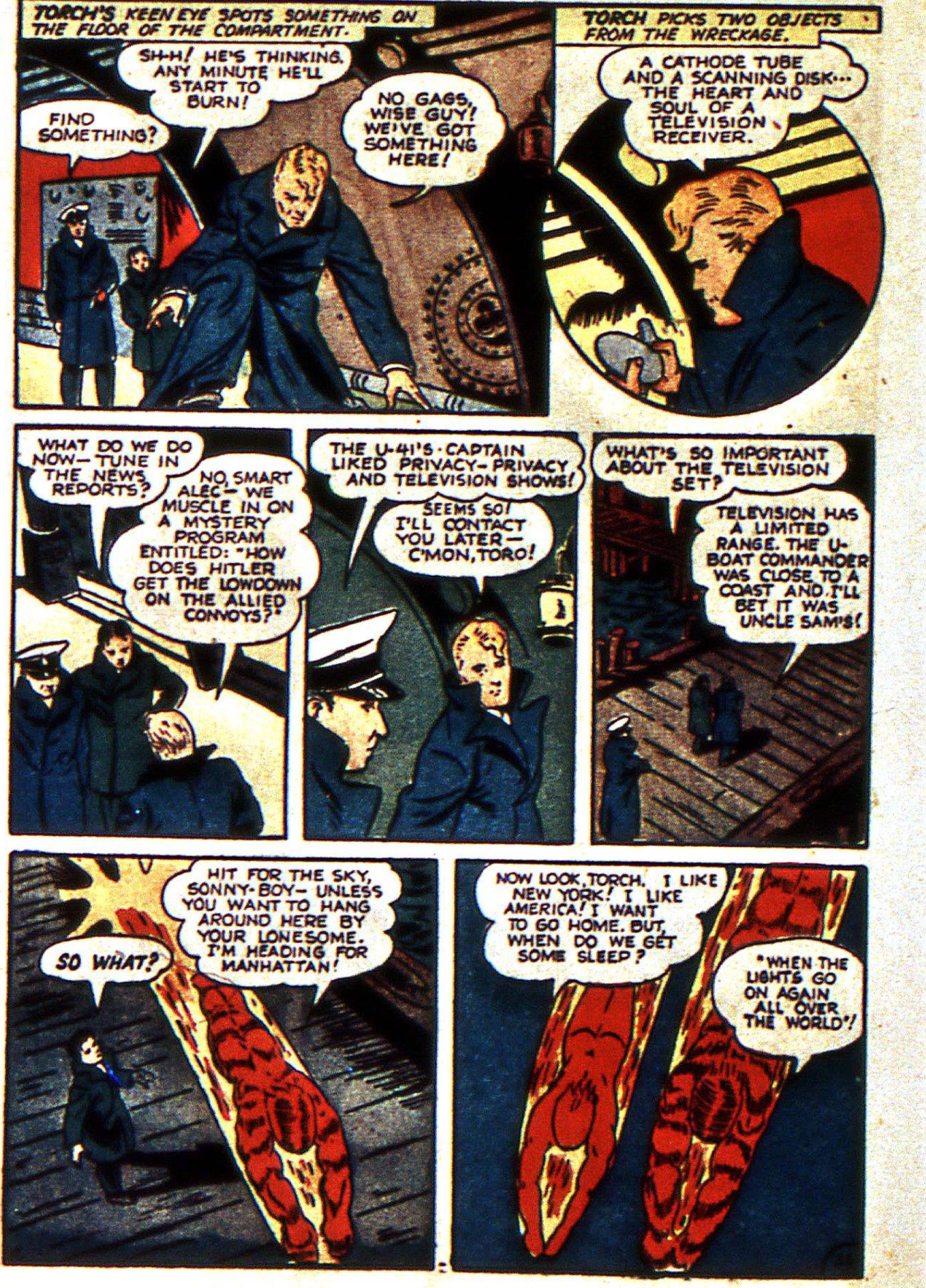

TORO BLAZES THROUGH THE DANK CORRIDOR AND CATCHES UP WITH HIS PAL.
SPOT 'EM YET?
PIPE DOWN. I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!
YOU BET YOU DO! THE CLANK OF CHAINS! SPOOKY-DUKEY MUST BE UP AHEAD.
COULD BE!
OUR FRIENDS ARE BEHIND US.
WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! WHEN THEY GET SORE, THEY GET HOT!
THIS SHOULD COOL THEM OFF— WATCH!
AS TORCH AND TORO RACE THROUGH THE PASSAGE, A LARGE HOLE APPEARS IN THE CEILING.
THERE THEY ARE!
GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, A TORRENT OF SEA WATER DROPS FROM THE APERTURE DELUGING THE TWO "HOT SHOTS"!
HEY— HALP!
WE'VE BEEN FOXED! (GLUB!)

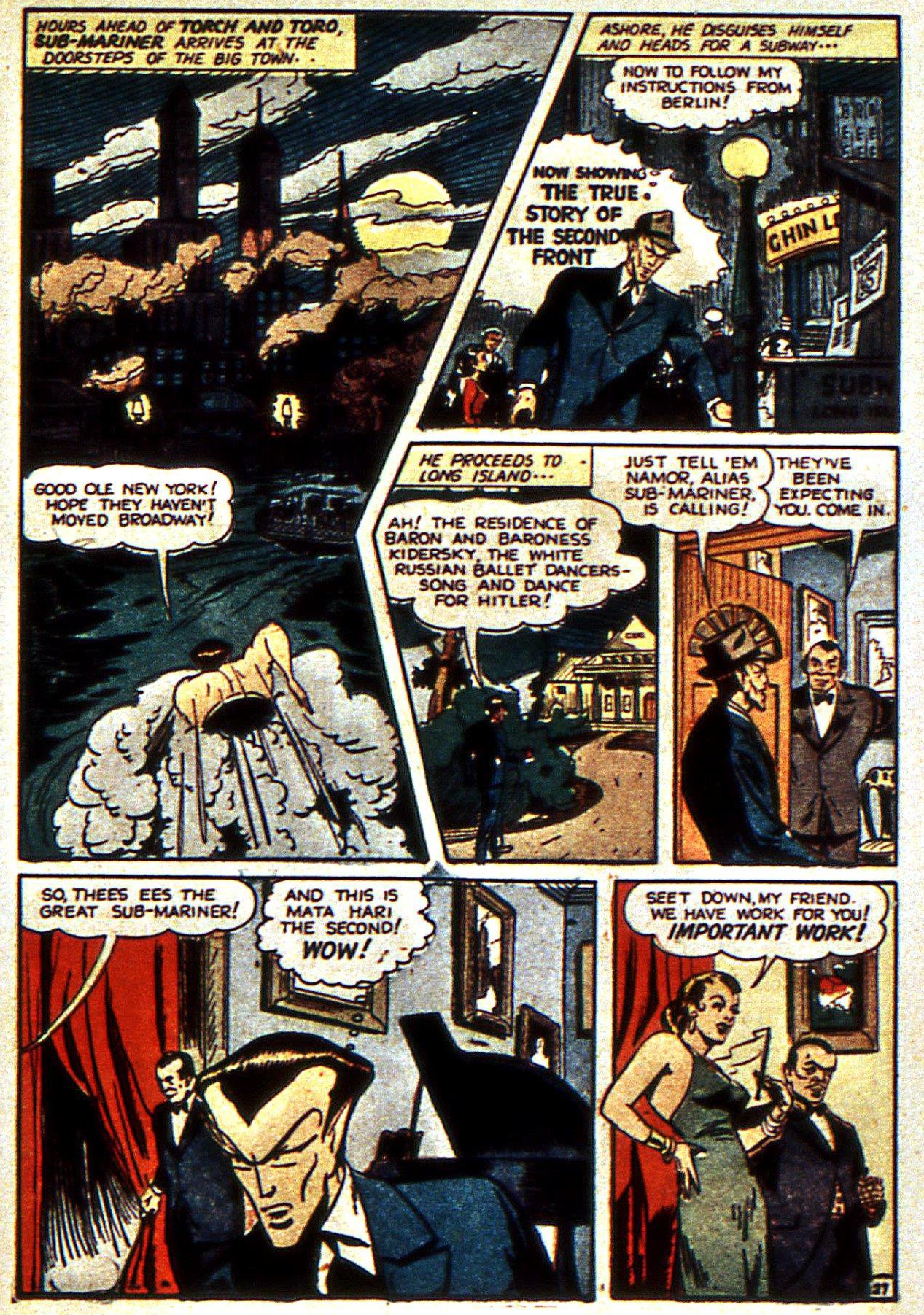

GASPING FOR BREATH, TORCH AND TORO ARE SWEPT BY THE TORRENT BACK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASSAGE.
WOW! MY KINGDOM FOR A DIVING SUIT!
I'LL SETTLE FOR DRY SOCKS! WHOOPS!
A ROCK PANEL DROPS BEHIND THE HEADLESS KNIGHT AND SUB-MARINER, PROTECTING THEM FROM THE ONRUSH OF WATER.
THEY GET A FREE RIDE BACK TO THE CASTLE IF THEY DON'T DROWN! LET US PROCEED!
THE UNDERGROUND STREAM DUMPS TORCH AND TORO UNCEREMONIOUSLY INTO SUB-MARINER'S CELL.
STAND UP, KID! WE'VE GOT TO TURN ON THE HEAT AND SEAL UP THE WALL BEFORE THE WATER GETS HIGHER!
THAT'S THAT! LET'S GET OUT AND RECONNOITER! MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE END OF THE PASSAGE.
OKE— BUT WE SURE HAVE A LOT OF GROUND TO COVER.
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER AND HIS STRANGE COMPANION EMERGE FROM THE PASSAGE.
FRESH AIR AT LAST! BOY, IS THIS A TREAT! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING— WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?
YOU'LL KNOW AS SOON AS I DOFF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRAND-FATHER'S DINNER VEST!
THE "GHOST" BECOMES A MAN BY TAKING OFF THE COAT OF ARMOR.
THE CURRENT DUKE OF DEPTFORD, AT YOUR SERVICE!
I CATCH! YOU GO AROUND SCARING PEOPLE BY PULLING IN YOUR HEAD LIKE A TURTLE! WHAT'S THE GAG?

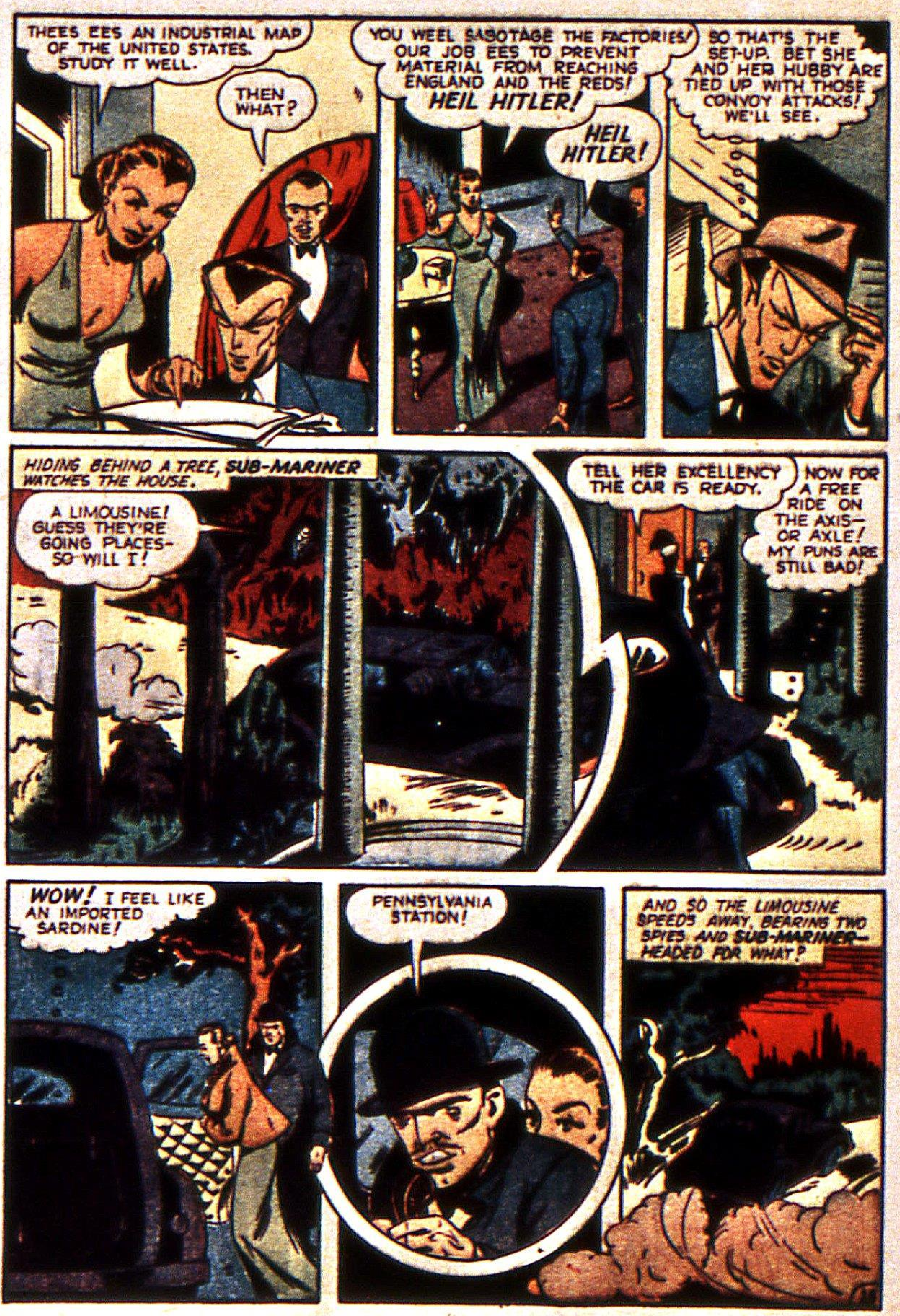

BEING MY FORMER DOMICILE, I KNOW THE PLACE LIKE A BOOK—WHICH IS QUITE A HELP TO OUR FRIENDS IN BERLIN. EH, WHAT?
OH—A BRITISH NAZI!
PRECISELY. NOW HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. YOU ARE TO GO TO AMERICA—
AND YOU?
I'LL REMAIN BEHIND TO AID THE REST OF THE CREW TO ESCAPE AND GET RID OF THOSE WALKING FURNACES!
IF THE CREW ESCAPES, THEY WILL NOTIFY BERLIN THAT I AM WORKING FOR THE ALLIES AND MY CHANCE OF BREAKING THIS CASE WILL BE ZERO!
GET THIS STRAIGHT—YOU'RE NOT TO FREE THE CREW!
I SEE. YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE ALLIES!
THE TRAITOROUS DUKE WHIPS OUT A DAGGER!
YOU WILL HAVE TO DIE, MY DEAR FELLOW. YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!
DODGING THE KNIFE, SUB-MARINER THROWS ALL HIS WEIGHT INTO A HAYMAKER!
E-E-E-E-E!
I DON'T FEEL LIKE DYING TONIGHT, DUKE!
BUBBLES—BUBBLES MARK THE SPOT WHERE THE DUKE PLUNGED—
HE MUST HAVE HIT A SUBMERGED ROCK ... WHICH MAKES ME WEEP! NOW TO HEAD FOR THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.!

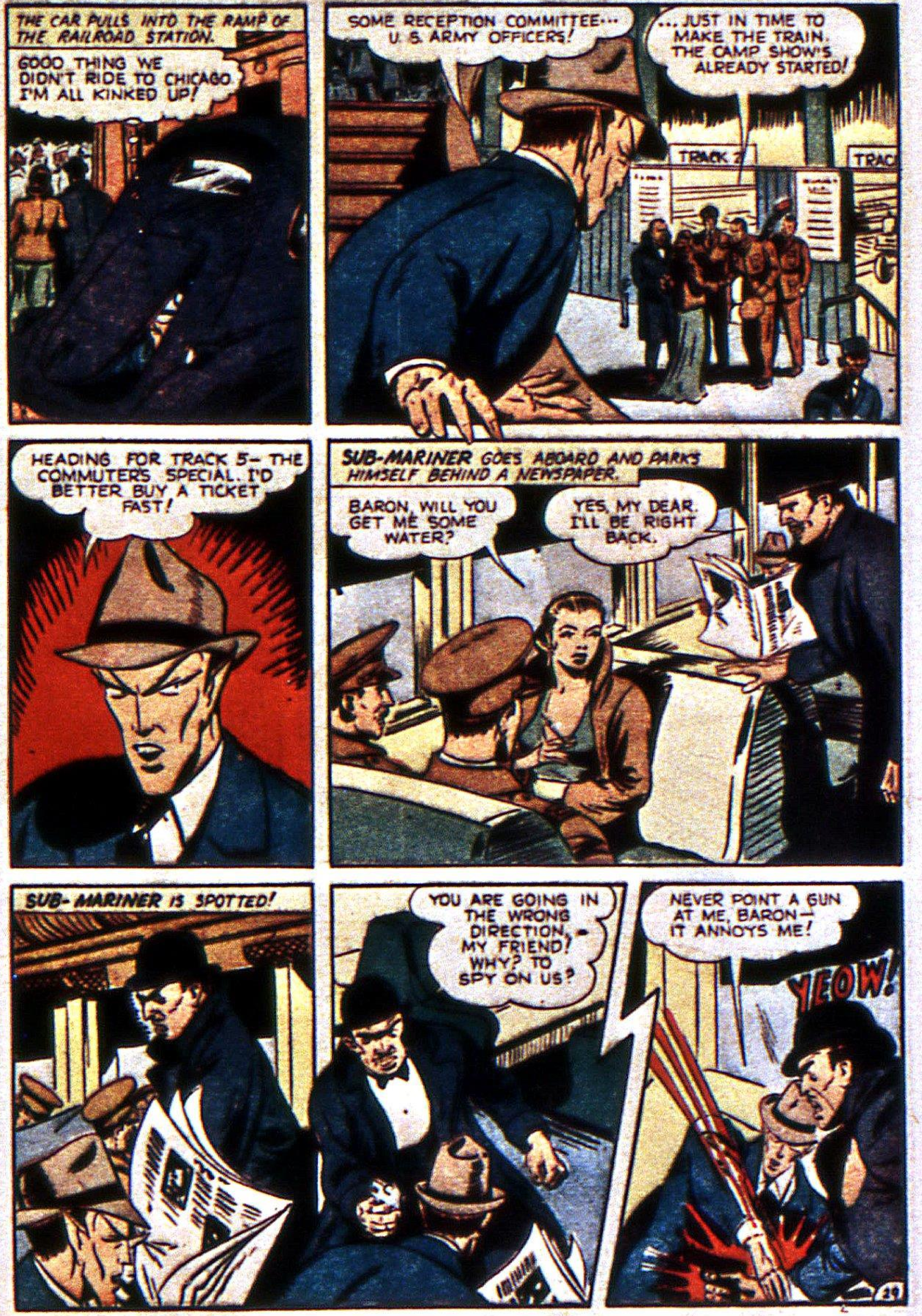

LATER...:
THAT'S HOW THEY ESCAPED! THEY SURE GAVE US THE RUNAROUND!
NO USE GRIPING NOW! LET'S GO BACK AND GRAB SOME SLEEP
MEANWHILE... NOT FAR FROM A BRITISH DOCKYARD, A U-BOAT PAUSES TO DISGORGE A RUBBER BOAT AND A NAZI.
AUF WIEDERSEHN! BE CAREFUL!
I'LL BE BACK— AFTER I'VE LEFT MY CALLING CARD!
THE RUBBER BOAT MOVES SILENTLY THROUGH THE NIGHT, THEN STOPS...
THERE'S THE U-41! SO FAR, SO GOOD!
THE NAZI DIVES INTO THE WATER.
NOW...!
ELUDING THE DOCK GUARDS, HE SWIMS WITH NOISELESS STROKES TOWARD THE CAPTURED SUBMARINE
HERE WE ARE... WHAT A SURPRISE FOR THE BRITISH!
THEN HE HOOKS SOMETHING TO THE U-BOAT'S PROPELLOR
THIS SHOULD GO OFF IN AN HOUR. BY THAT TIME, I'LL BE ON THE WAY TO GERMANY!


ONE HOUR LATER, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION LIFTS THE STERN OF THE U-41 CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER!
BLIMEY! SABOTAGE!
BLAM
TWO WEARY GUESTS AT CASTLE DEPTFORD GET A RUDE AWAKENING!
HO-HUM... NOW WHAT?
COURIER FROM NAVAL INTELLIGENCE! I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU.
SOMEONE PLANTED A MARINE BOMB ON THE U-41! HOP INTO YOUR DUDS, KID! MAYBE NOW WE'LL FIND A CLUE!
(YAWN) YOU CAN HAVE THE CLUE! I'D SETTLE FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP! (YAWN)
TORCH AND TORO HURRY TO THE SUBMARINE DOCK.
YOU MADE GOOD TIME! COME ABOARD. WE ARE INSPECTING WHAT'S LEFT OF HER.
SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, LIEUTENANT?
WELL- FOR ONE THING...
...THE BLAST OPENED THAT SECRET COMPARTMENT! CURIOUS, ISN'T IT?
NEVER SAW ONE IN A SUB. I'VE A HUNCH THE SABOTEUR WANTED TO DESTROY SOMETHING IN THE COMPARTMENT.


TORCH'S KEEN EYE SPOTS SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR OF THE COMPARTMENT.
SH-H! HE'S THINKING. ANY MINUTE HE'LL START TO BURN!
FIND SOMETHING?
NO GAGS, WISE GUY! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!
TORCH PICKS TWO OBJECTS FROM THE WRECKAGE.
A CATHODE TUBE AND A SCANNING DISK... THE HEART AND SOUL OF A TELEVISION RECEIVER.
WHAT DO WE DO NOW—TUNE IN THE NEWS REPORTS?
NO, SMART ALEC—WE MUSCLE IN ON A MYSTERY PROGRAM ENTITLED: "HOW DOES HITLER GET THE LOWDOWN ON THE ALLIED CONVOYS?"
THE U-41'S CAPTAIN LIKED PRIVACY—PRIVACY AND TELEVISION SHOWS!
SEEMS SO! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER—C'MON, TORO!
WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THE TELEVISION SET?
TELEVISION HAS A LIMITED RANGE. THE U-BOAT COMMANDER WAS CLOSE TO A COAST AND I'LL BET IT WAS UNCLE SAM'S!
HIT FOR THE SKY, SONNY-BOY—UNLESS YOU WANT TO HANG AROUND HERE BY YOUR LONESOME. I'M HEADING FOR MANHATTAN!
SO WHAT?
NOW LOOK, TORCH. I LIKE NEW YORK! I LIKE AMERICA! I WANT TO GO HOME. BUT, WHEN DO WE GET SOME SLEEP?
"WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ALL OVER THE WORLD"!


HOURS AHEAD OF **TORCH AND TORO**, **SUB-MARINER** ARRIVES AT THE DOORSTEPS OF THE BIG TOWN.
GOOD OLE NEW YORK! HOPE THEY HAVEN'T MOVED BROADWAY!
ASHORE, HE DISGUISES HIMSELF AND HEADS FOR A SUBWAY...
NOW TO FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS FROM BERLIN!
NOW SHOWING THE TRUE STORY OF THE SECOND FRONT
GHIN L
SUBW
HE PROCEEDS TO LONG ISLAND...
AH! THE RESIDENCE OF BARON AND BARONESS KIDERSKY, THE WHITE RUSSIAN BALLET DANCERS-SONG AND DANCE FOR HITLER!
JUST TELL 'EM NAMOR, ALIAS SUB-MARINER, IS CALLING!
THEY'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. COME IN.
SO, THEES EES THE GREAT SUB-MARINER!
AND THIS IS MATA HARI THE SECOND! *WOW!*
SEET DOWN, MY FRIEND. WE HAVE WORK FOR YOU! *IMPORTANT WORK!*

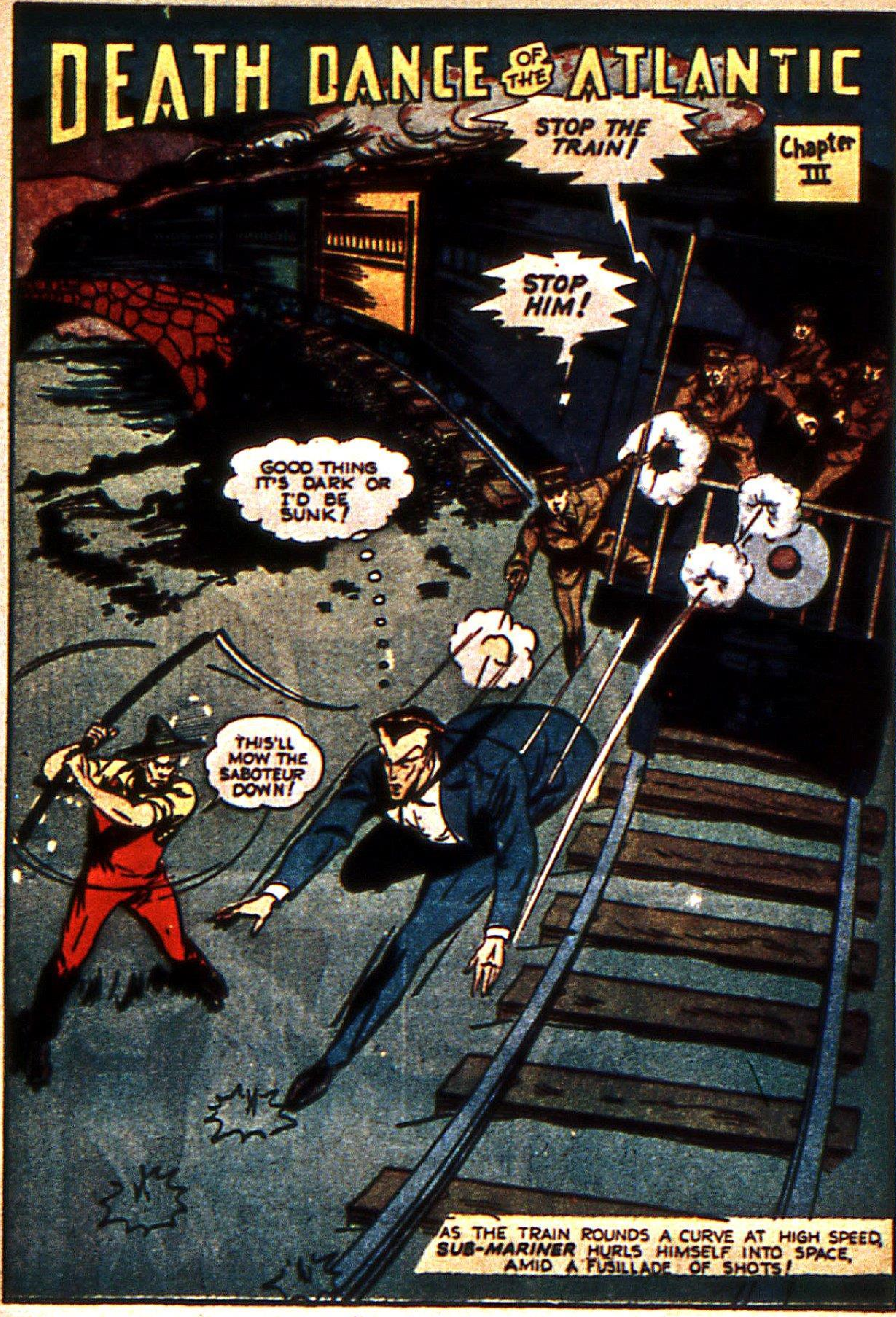

THEE'S EE'S AN INDUSTRIAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. STUDY IT WELL.
THEN WHAT?
YOU WEEL SABOTAGE THE FACTORIES! OUR JOB EES TO PREVENT MATERIAL FROM REACHING ENGLAND AND THE REDS! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
SO THAT'S THE SET-UP. BET SHE AND HER HUBBY ARE TIED UP WITH THOSE CONVOY ATTACKS! WE'LL SEE.
HIDING BEHIND A TREE, SUB-MARINER WATCHES THE HOUSE.
A LIMOUSINE! GUESS THEY'RE GOING PLACES-SO WILL I!
TELL HER EXCELLENCY THE CAR IS READY.
NOW FOR A FREE RIDE ON THE AXIS-OR AXLE! MY PUNS ARE STILL BAD!
WOW! I FEEL LIKE AN IMPORTED SARDINE!
PENNSYLVANIA STATION!
AND SO THE LIMOUSINE SPEEDS AWAY, BEARING TWO SPIES AND SUB-MARINER-HEADED FOR WHAT?

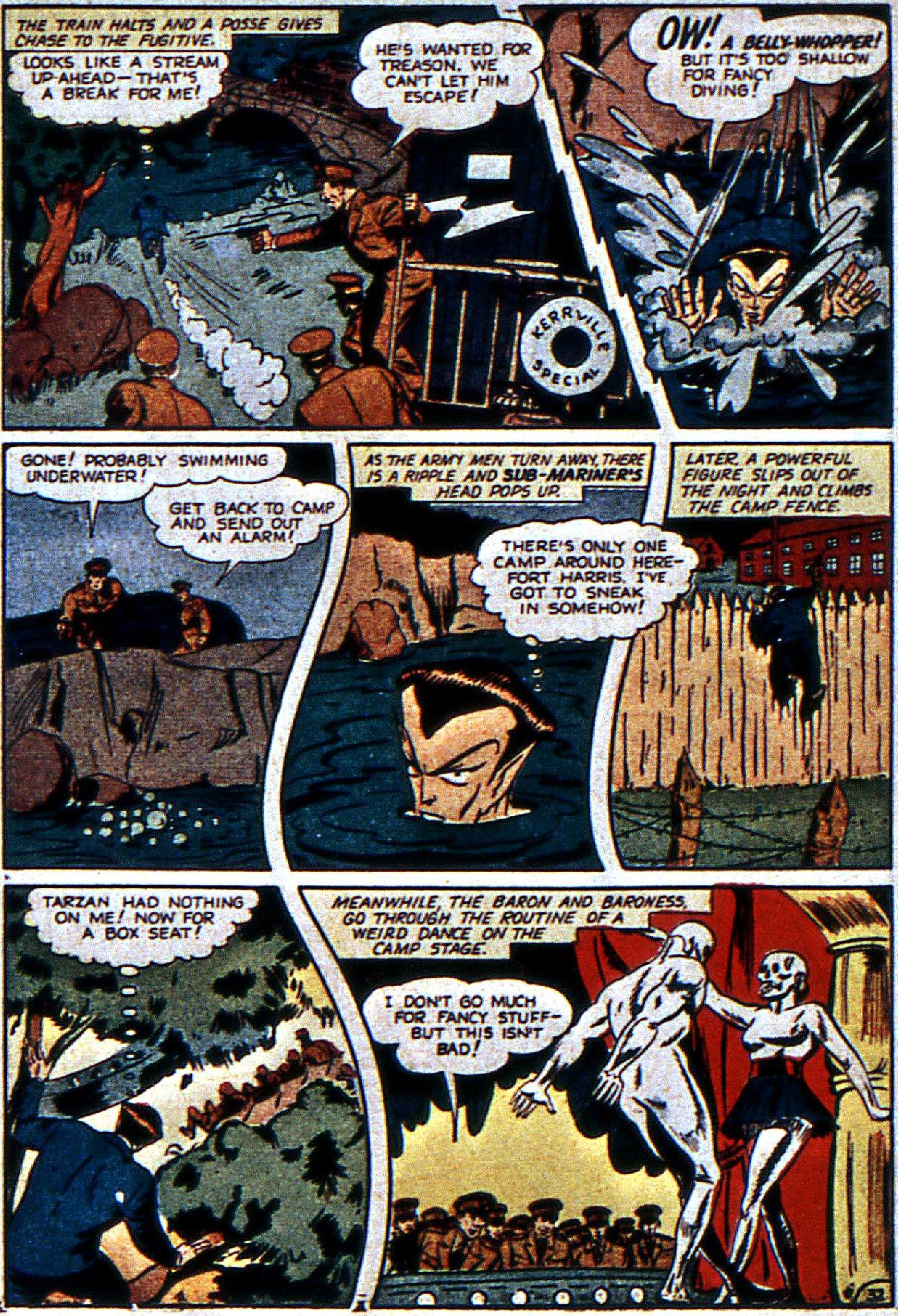

THE CAR PULLS INTO THE RAMP OF THE RAILROAD STATION.
GOOD THING WE DIDN'T RIDE TO CHICAGO. I'M ALL KINKED UP!
SOME RECEPTION COMMITTEE... U. S. ARMY OFFICERS!
...JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THE TRAIN. THE CAMP SHOW'S ALREADY STARTED!
TRACK 2
TRAC
HEADING FOR TRACK 5– THE COMMUTERS SPECIAL. I'D BETTER BUY A TICKET FAST!
SUB-MARINER GOES ABOARD AND PARKS HIMSELF BEHIND A NEWSPAPER.
BARON, WILL YOU GET ME SOME WATER?
YES, MY DEAR. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
SUB-MARINER IS SPOTTED!
YOU ARE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, MY FRIEND! WHY? TO SPY ON US?
NEVER POINT A GUN AT ME, BARON— IT ANNOYS ME!
YEOW!

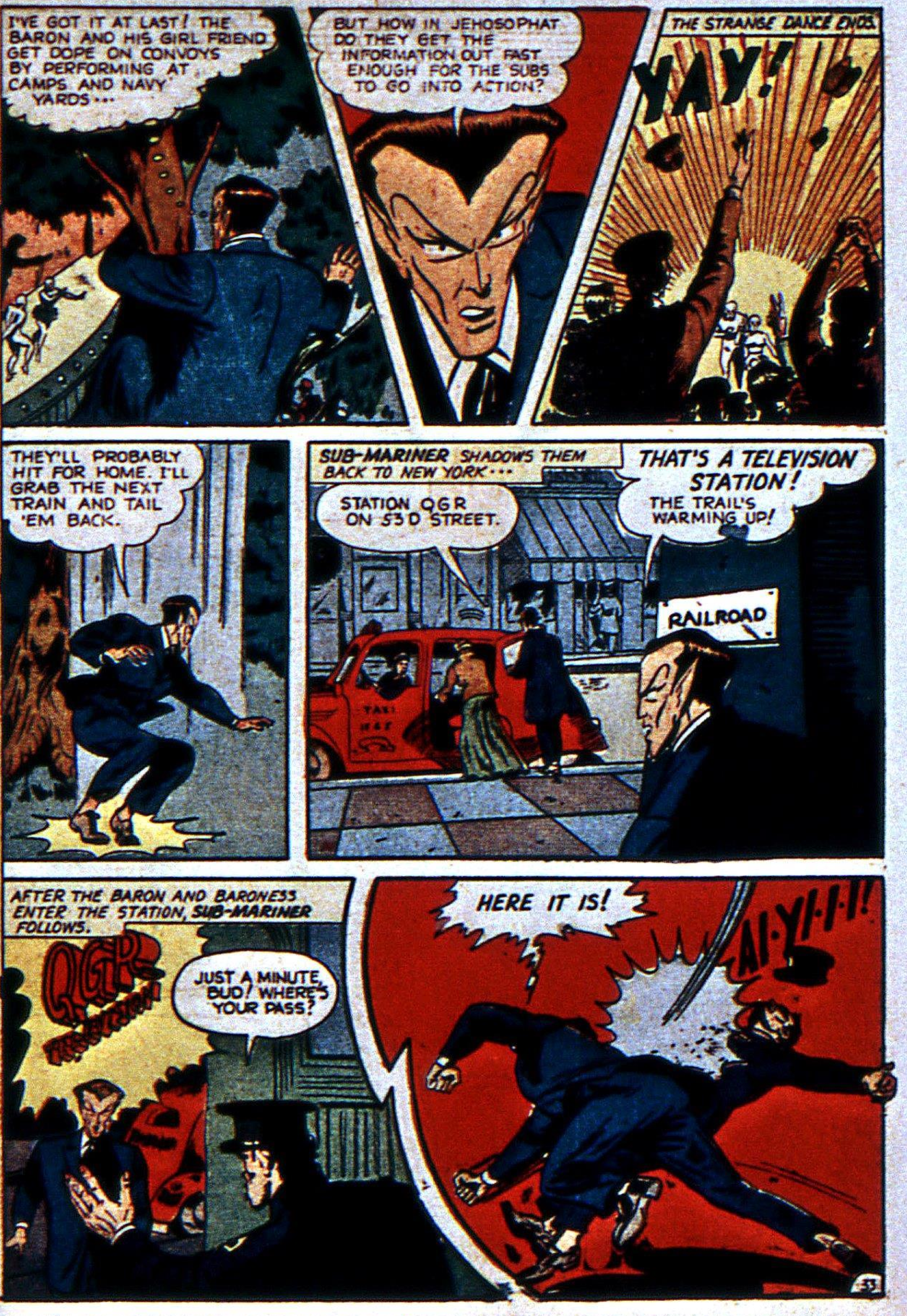
SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH TO THE BARON'S JAW!
KISS THE CARPET, BUM!
W-WHAT EES GOING ON?
ON THE FLOOR, THE BARON MAKES A DESPERATE CLUTCH FOR THE PISTOL.
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
SUB-MARINER'S FOOT SWINGS!
YEOW!
ONE OF THE OFFICERS PITCHES INTO THE FRAY...
JUST A MINUTE!
I HATE TO CRACK AN AMERICAN ON THE SNOOT BUT...
E-E-E-E!
SUB-MARINER SMASHES HIS WAY TO THE END OF THE CAR.
NOW I'M IN FOR IT! I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE ARMY ON MY TAIL!
HE EES SUB-MARINER, A NAZI SPY!
END OF CHAPTER TWO!

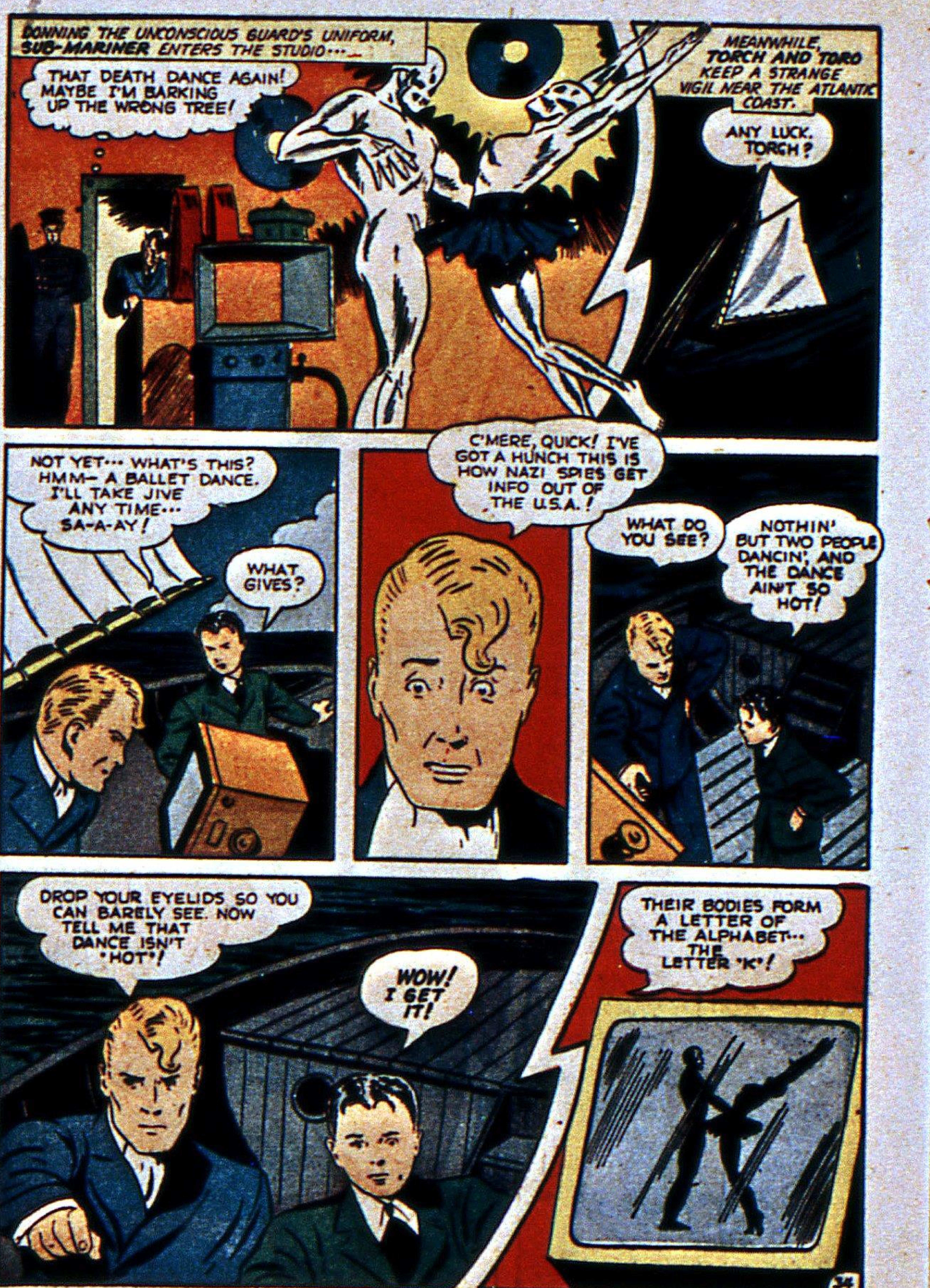
DEATH DANCE OF THE ATLANTIC

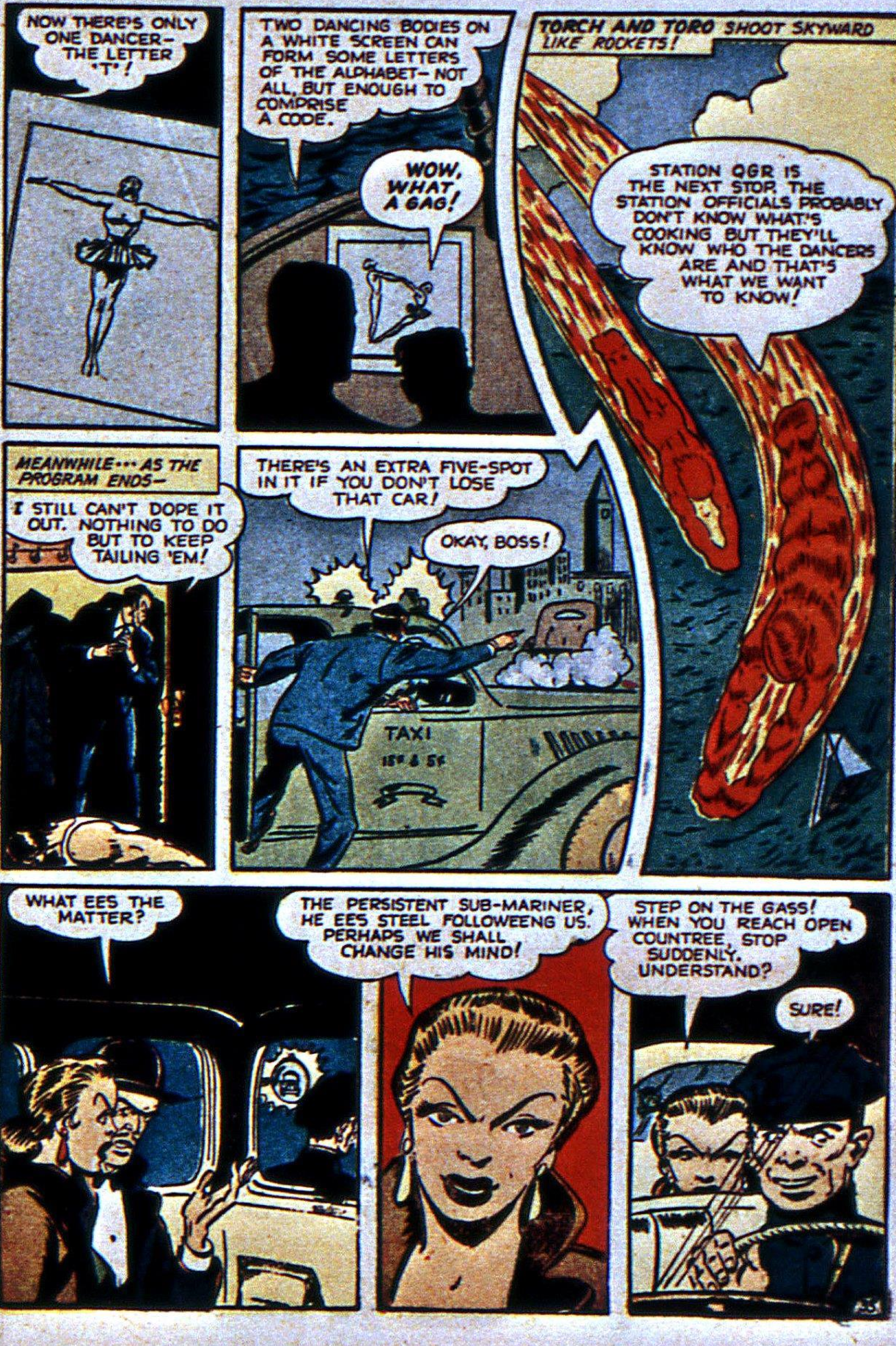
Chapter III

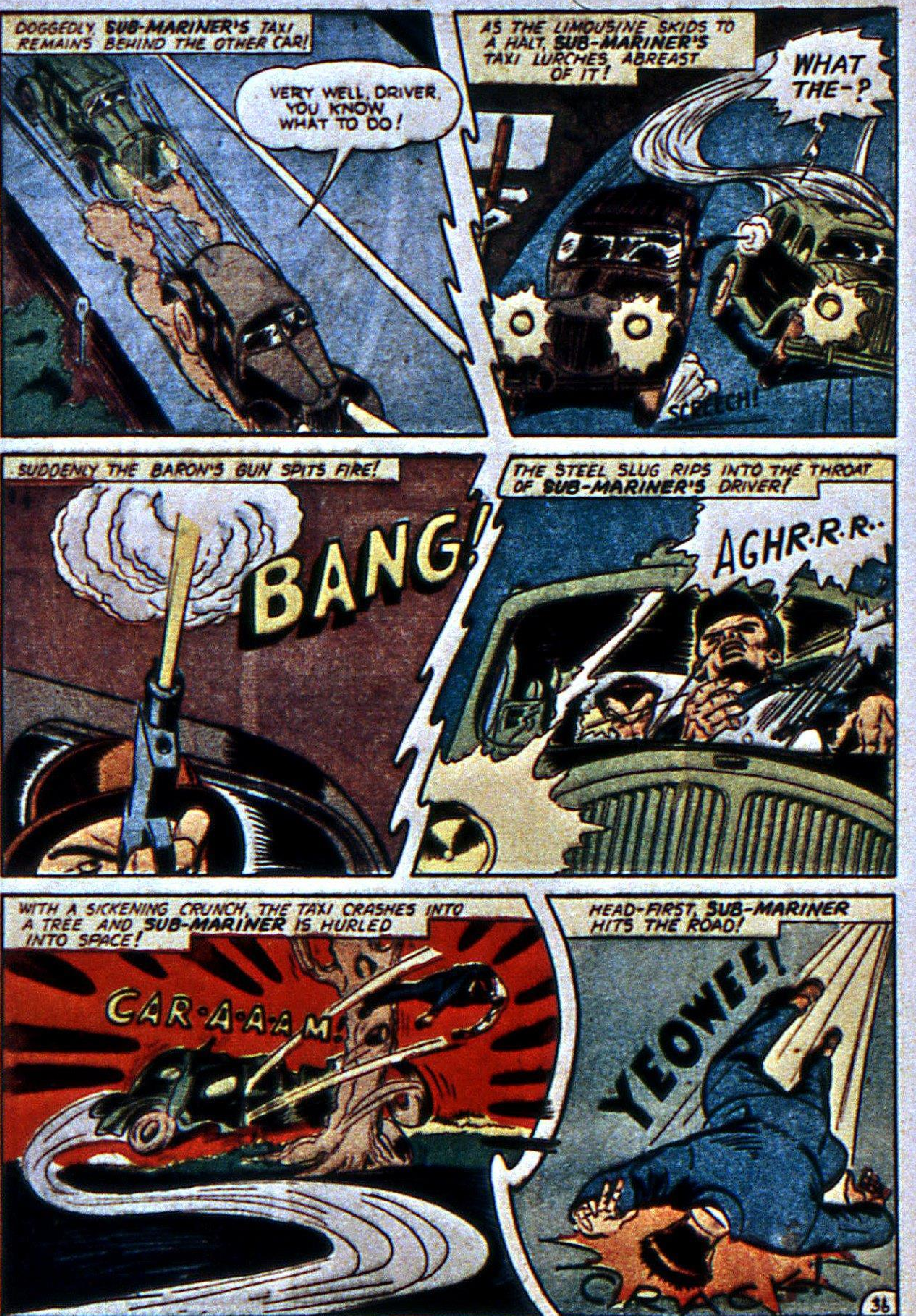

STOP THE TRAIN!
STOP HIM!
GOOD THING IT'S DARK OR I'D BE SUNK!
THIS'LL MOW THE SABOTEUR DOWN!
AS THE TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE AT HIGH SPEED, SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF INTO SPACE, AMID A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS!

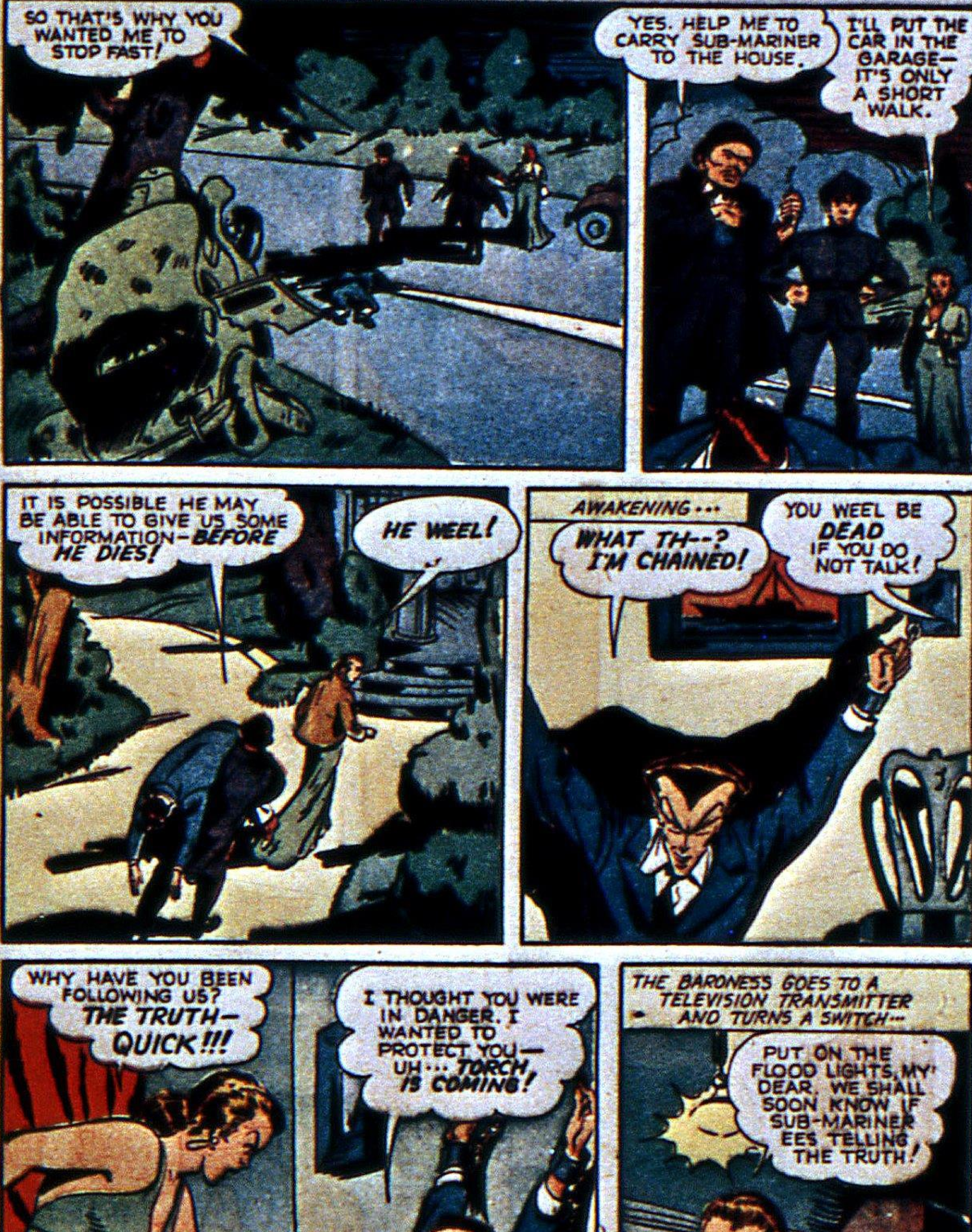

THE TRAIN HALTS AND A POSSE GIVES CHASE TO THE FUGITIVE.
LOOKS LIKE A STREAM UP AHEAD—THAT'S A BREAK FOR ME!
HE'S WANTED FOR TREASON. WE CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
KERRVILLE SPECIAL
OW! A BELLY-WHOPPER! BUT IT'S TOO SHALLOW FOR FANCY DIVING!
GONE! PROBABLY SWIMMING UNDERWATER!
GET BACK TO CAMP AND SEND OUT AN ALARM!
AS THE ARMY MEN TURN AWAY, THERE IS A RIPPLE AND SUB-MARINER'S HEAD POPS UP.
THERE'S ONLY ONE CAMP AROUND HERE—FORT HARRIS. I'VE GOT TO SNEAK IN SOMEHOW!
LATER, A POWERFUL FIGURE SLIPS OUT OF THE NIGHT AND CLIMBS THE CAMP FENCE.
TARZAN HAD NOTHING ON ME! NOW FOR A BOX SEAT!
MEANWHILE, THE BARON AND BARONESS, GO THROUGH THE ROUTINE OF A WEIRD DANCE ON THE CAMP STAGE.
I DON'T GO MUCH FOR FANCY STUFF—BUT THIS ISN'T BAD!

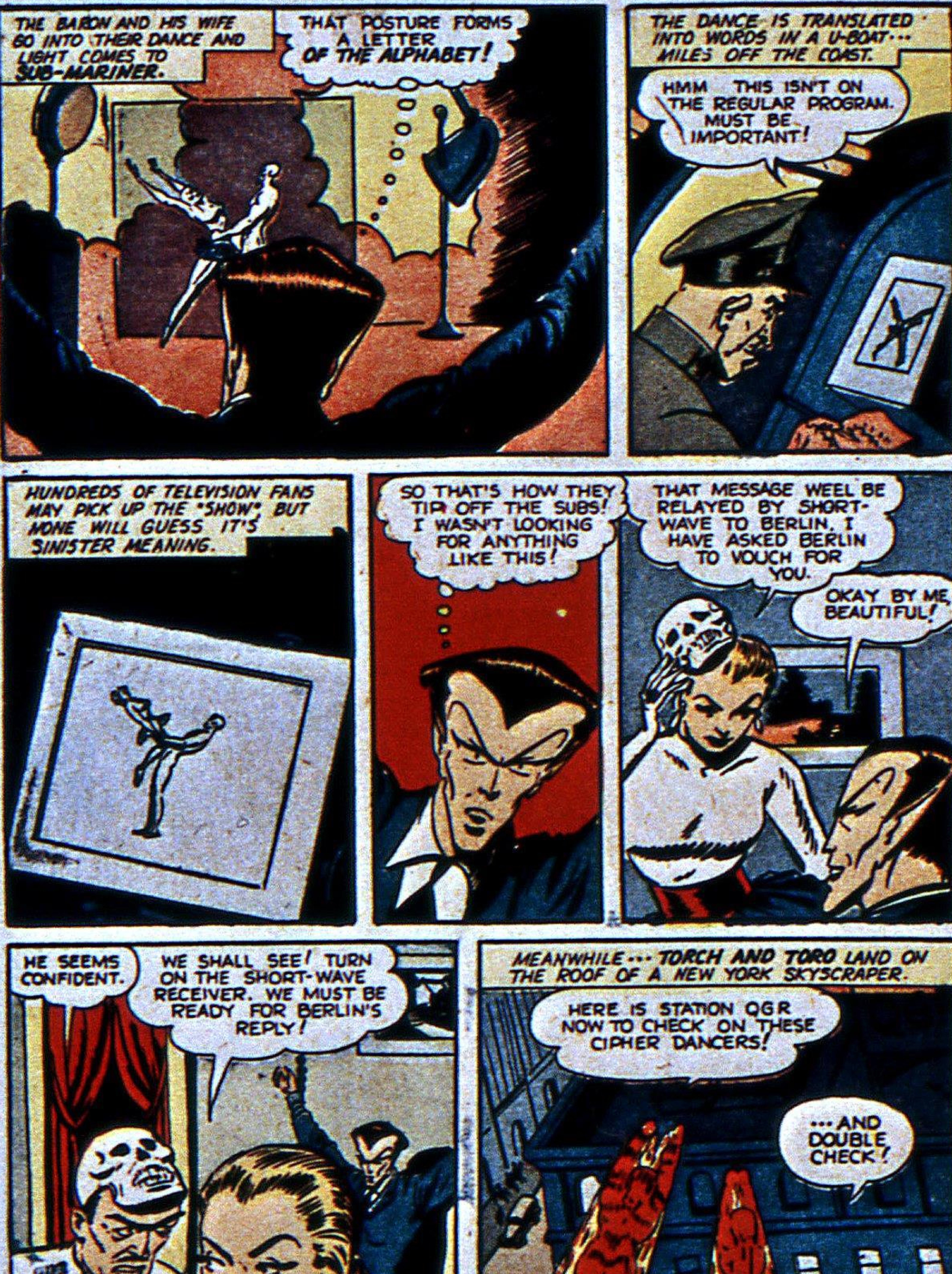

I'VE GOT IT AT LAST! THE BARON AND HIS GIRL FRIEND GET DOPE ON CONVOYS BY PERFORMING AT CAMPS AND NAVY YARDS...
BUT HOW IN JEHOSOPHAT DO THEY GET THE INFORMATION OUT FAST ENOUGH FOR THE SUBS TO GO INTO ACTION?
THE STRANGE DANCE ENDS.
YAY!
THEY'LL PROBABLY HIT FOR HOME. I'LL GRAB THE NEXT TRAIN AND TAIL 'EM BACK.
SUB-MARINER SHADOWS THEM BACK TO NEW YORK...
STATION QGR ON 53D STREET.
THAT'S A TELEVISION STATION! THE TRAIL'S WARMING UP!
RAILROAD
TAXI
AFTER THE BARON AND BARONESS ENTER THE STATION, SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS.
QGR TELEVISION
JUST A MINUTE, BUD! WHERE'S YOUR PASS?
HERE IT IS!
AI-YI-I-I!

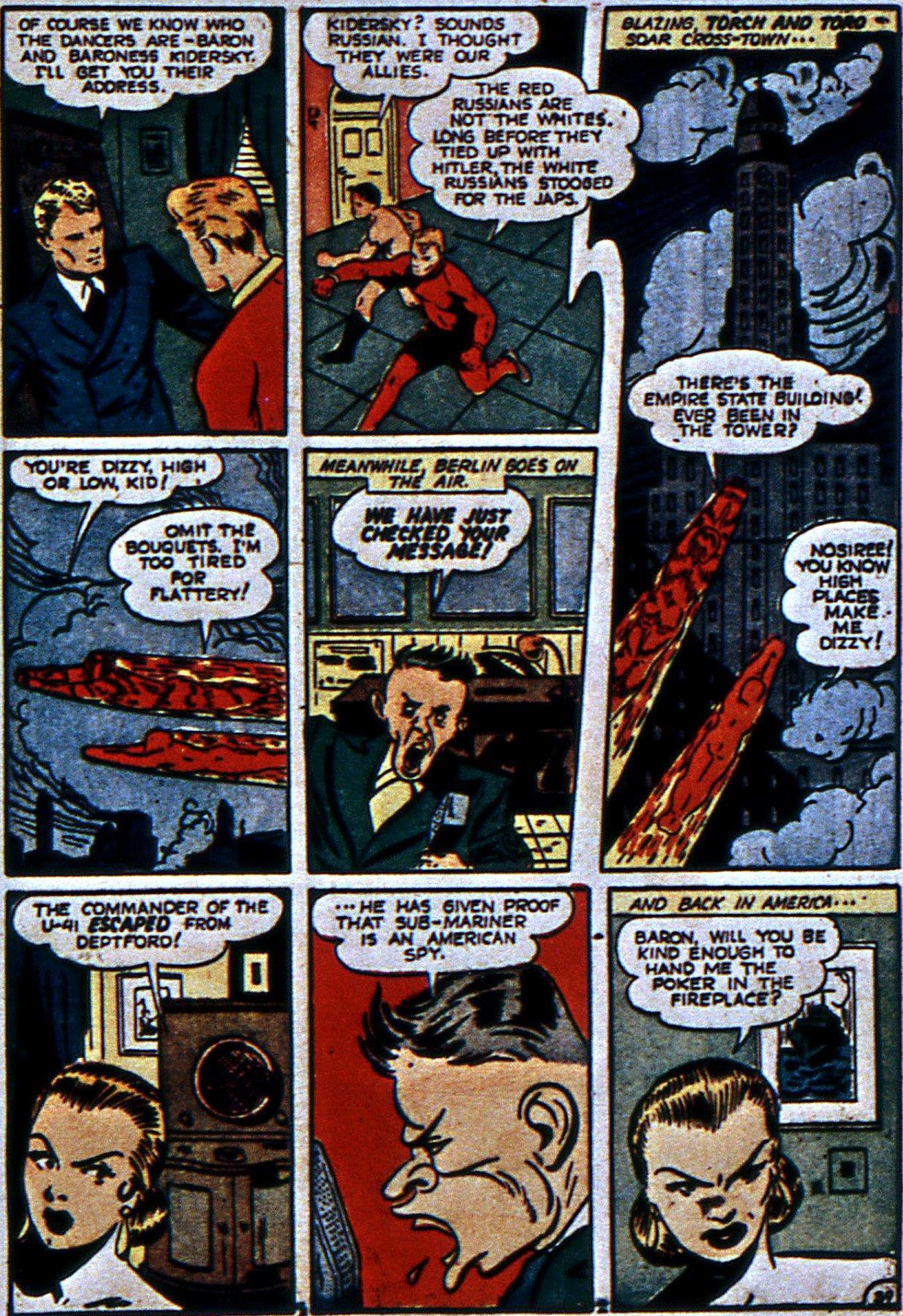

DONNING THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD'S UNIFORM, SUB-MARINER ENTERS THE STUDIO...
THAT DEATH DANCE AGAIN! MAYBE I'M BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE!
MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO KEEP A STRANGE VIGIL NEAR THE ATLANTIC COAST.
ANY LUCK, TORCH?
NOT YET... WHAT'S THIS? HMM— A BALLET DANCE. I'LL TAKE JIVE ANY TIME... SA-A-AY!
WHAT GIVES?
C'MERE, QUICK! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS IS HOW NAZI SPIES GET INFO OUT OF THE U.S.A.!
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
NOTHIN' BUT TWO PEOPLE DANCIN', AND THE DANCE AIN'T SO HOT!
DROP YOUR EYELIDS SO YOU CAN BARELY SEE. NOW TELL ME THAT DANCE ISN'T "HOT"!
WOW! I GET IT!
THEIR BODIES FORM A LETTER OF THE ALPHABET... THE LETTER "K"!

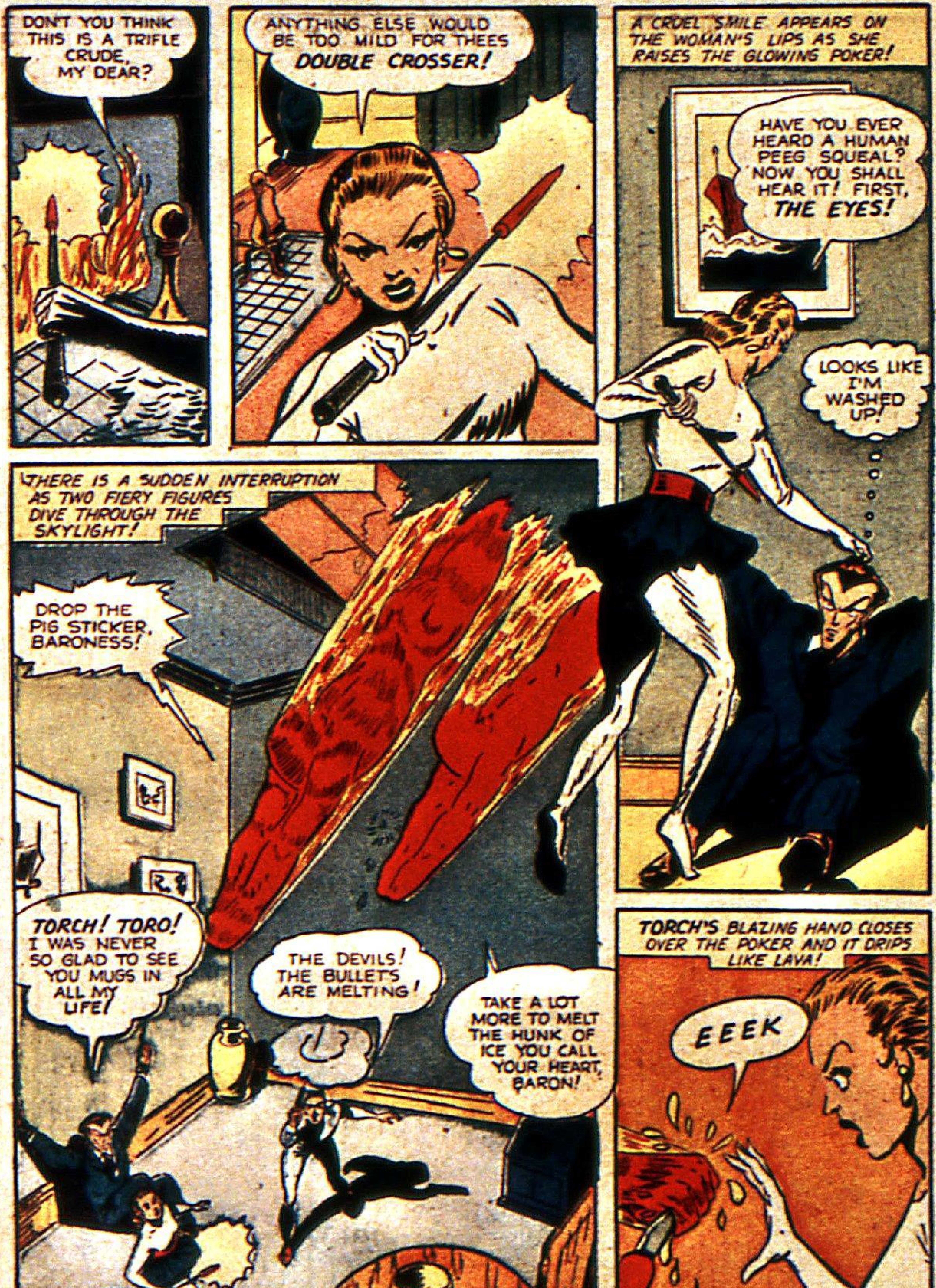

NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE DANCER— THE LETTER 'T'!
TWO DANCING BODIES ON A WHITE SCREEN CAN FORM SOME LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET— NOT ALL, BUT ENOUGH TO COMPRISE A CODE.
WOW, WHAT A GAG!
TORCH AND TORO SHOOT SKYWARD LIKE ROCKETS!
STATION QGR IS THE NEXT STOP. THE STATION OFFICIALS PROBABLY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COOKING BUT THEY'LL KNOW WHO THE DANCERS ARE AND THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!
MEANWHILE··· AS THE PROGRAM ENDS—
I STILL CAN'T DOPE IT OUT. NOTHING TO DO BUT TO KEEP TAILING 'EM!
THERE'S AN EXTRA FIVE-SPOT IN IT IF YOU DON'T LOSE THAT CAR!
OKAY, BOSS!
TAXI
15¢ & 5¢
WHAT EES THE MATTER?
THE PERSISTENT SUB-MARINER, HE EES STEEL FOLLOWEENG US. PERHAPS WE SHALL CHANGE HIS MIND!
STEP ON THE GASS! WHEN YOU REACH OPEN COUNTREE, STOP SUDDENLY. UNDERSTAND?
SURE!

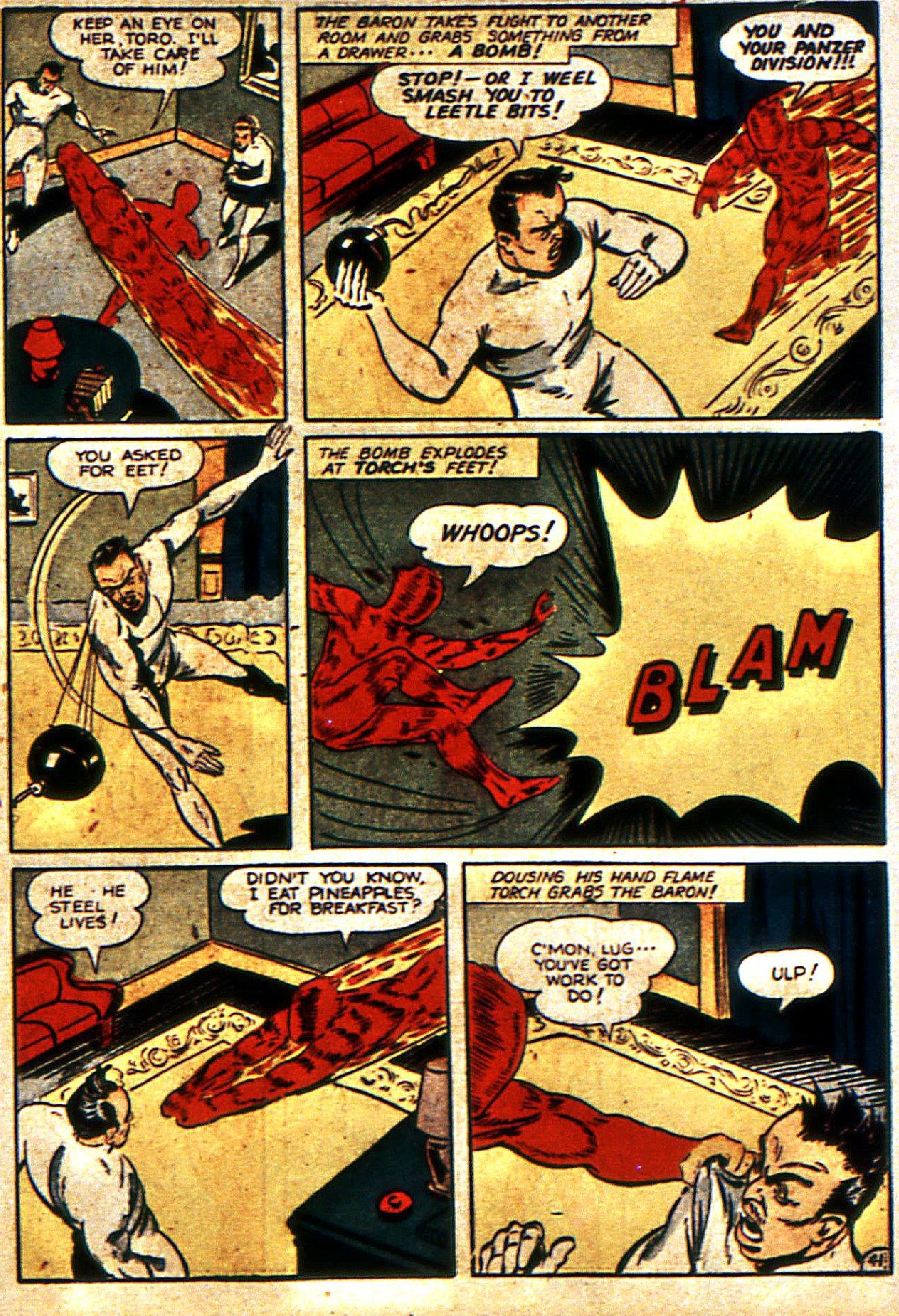

DOGGEDLY, SUB-MARINER'S TAXI REMAINS BEHIND THE OTHER CAR!
VERY WELL, DRIVER, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
AS THE LIMOUSINE SKIDS TO A HALT, SUB-MARINER'S TAXI LURCHES ABREAST OF IT!
WHAT THE-?
SCREECH!
SUDDENLY THE BARON'S GUN SPITS FIRE!
BANG!
THE STEEL SLUG RIPS INTO THE THROAT OF SUB-MARINER'S DRIVER!
AGHR-R-R-
WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, THE TAXI CRASHES INTO A TREE AND SUB-MARINER IS HURLED INTO SPACE!
CAR-A-A-A-M!
HEAD-FIRST, SUB-MARINER HITS THE ROAD!
YEOWEE!
CRACK

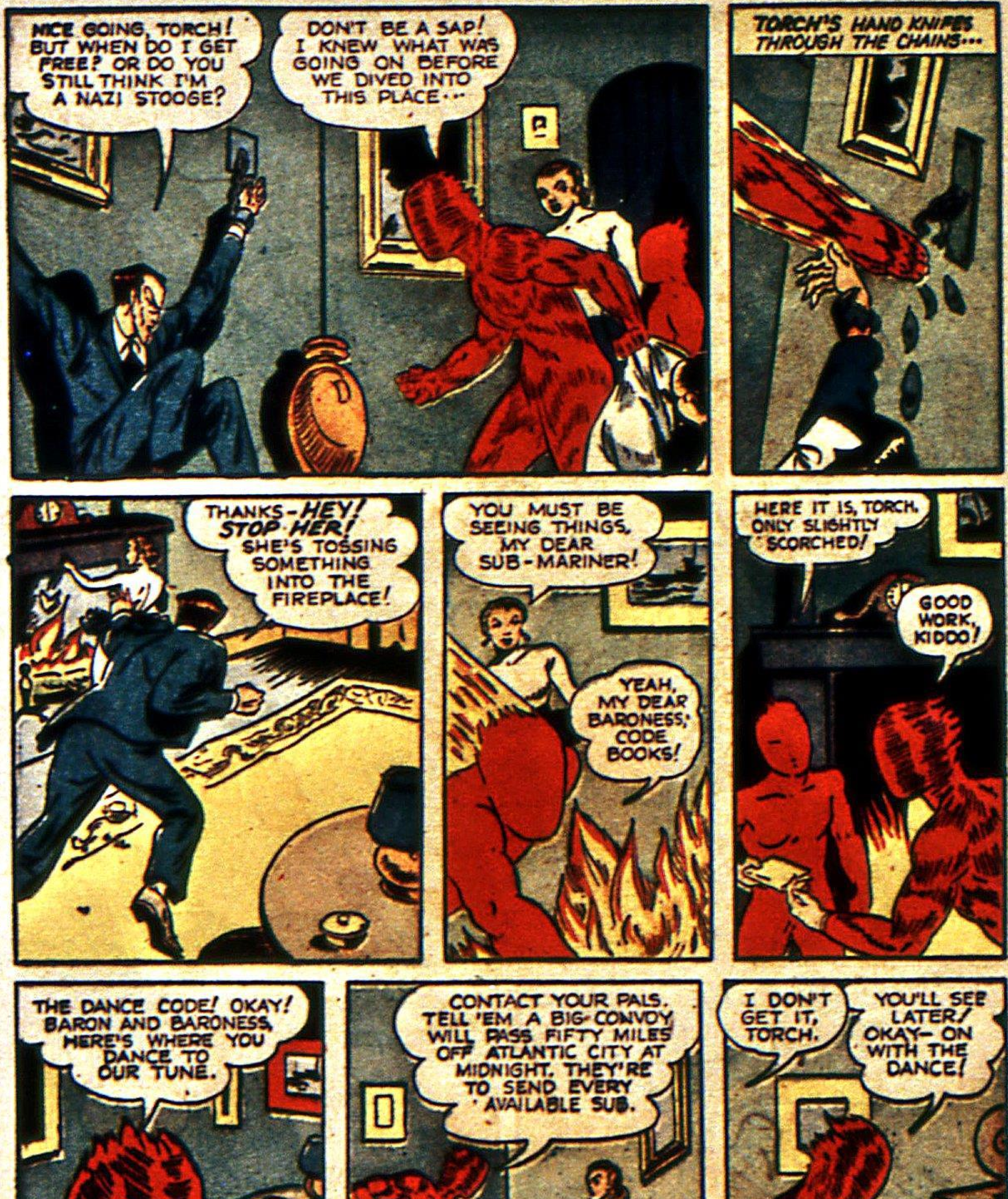

SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED ME TO STOP FAST!
YES. HELP ME TO CARRY SUB-MARINER TO THE HOUSE.
I'LL PUT THE CAR IN THE GARAGE— IT'S ONLY A SHORT WALK.
IT IS POSSIBLE HE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE US SOME INFORMATION—*BEFORE HE DIES!*
HE WEEL!
AWAKENING...
WHAT TH--? I'M CHAINED!
YOU WEEL BE *DEAD* IF YOU DO NOT TALK!
WHY HAVE YOU BEEN FOLLOWING US? *THE TRUTH— QUICK!!!*
I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN DANGER. I WANTED TO PROTECT YOU— UH... *TORCH, IS COMING!*
THE BARONESS GOES TO A TELEVISION TRANSMITTER AND TURNS A SWITCH--
PUT ON THE FLOOD LIGHTS, MY DEAR, WE SHALL SOON KNOW IF SUB-MARINER EES TELLING THE TRUTH!

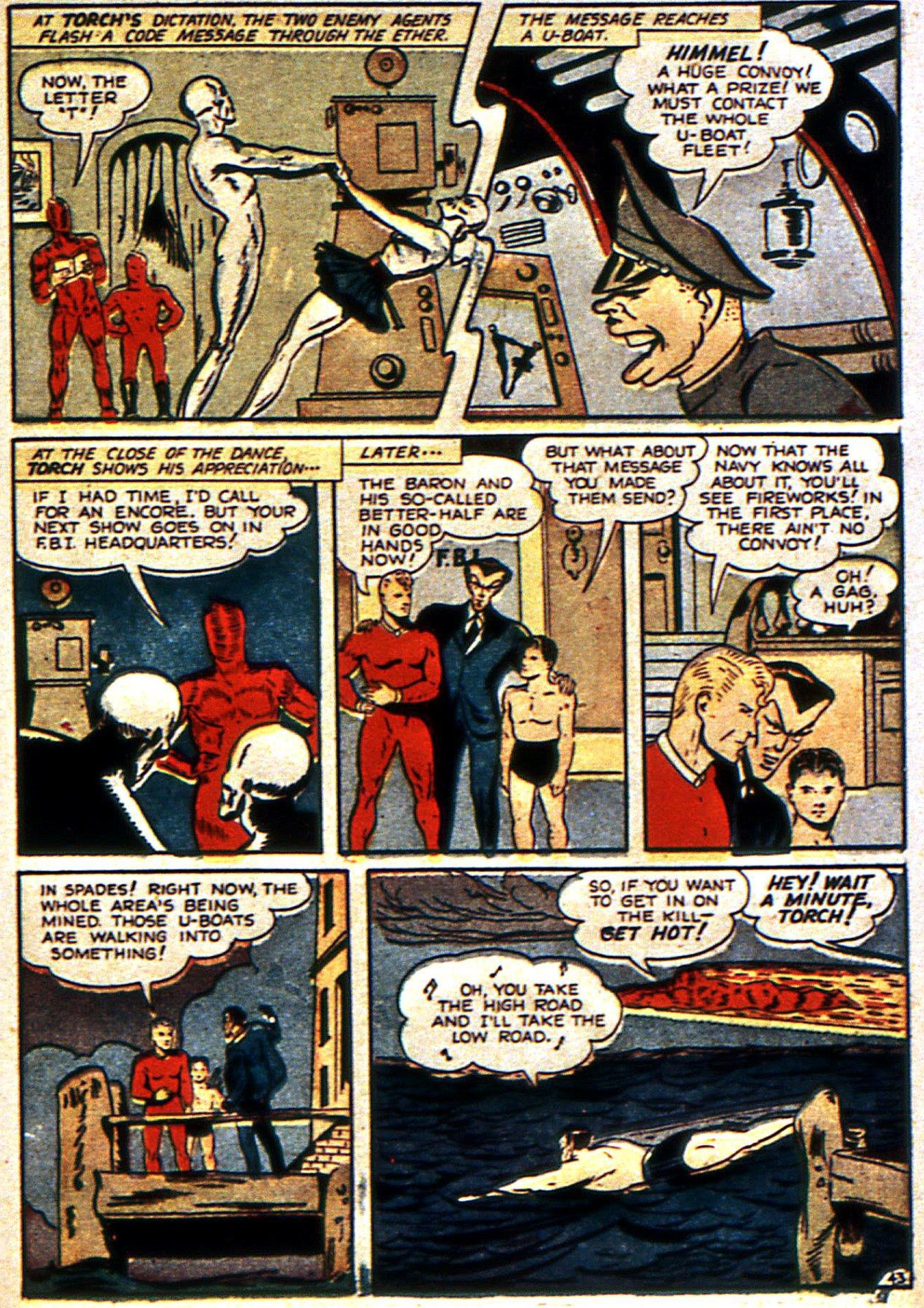

THE BARON AND HIS WIFE GO INTO THEIR DANCE AND LIGHT COMES TO SUB-MARINER.
THAT POSTURE FORMS A LETTER OF THE ALPHABET!
THE DANCE IS TRANSLATED INTO WORDS IN A U-BOAT··· MILES OFF THE COAST.
HMM THIS ISN'T ON THE REGULAR PROGRAM. MUST BE IMPORTANT!
HUNDREDS OF TELEVISION FANS MAY PICK UP THE "SHOW" BUT NONE WILL GUESS IT'S SINISTER MEANING.
SO THAT'S HOW THEY TIP OFF THE SUBS! I WASN'T LOOKING FOR ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
THAT MESSAGE WEEL BE RELAYED BY SHORT-WAVE TO BERLIN. I HAVE ASKED BERLIN TO VOUCH FOR YOU.
OKAY BY ME, BEAUTIFUL!
HE SEEMS CONFIDENT.
WE SHALL SEE! TURN ON THE SHORT-WAVE RECEIVER. WE MUST BE READY FOR BERLIN'S REPLY!
MEANWHILE··· TORCH AND TORO LAND ON THE ROOF OF A NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER.
HERE IS STATION QGR NOW TO CHECK ON THESE CIPHER DANCERS!
···AND DOUBLE CHECK!

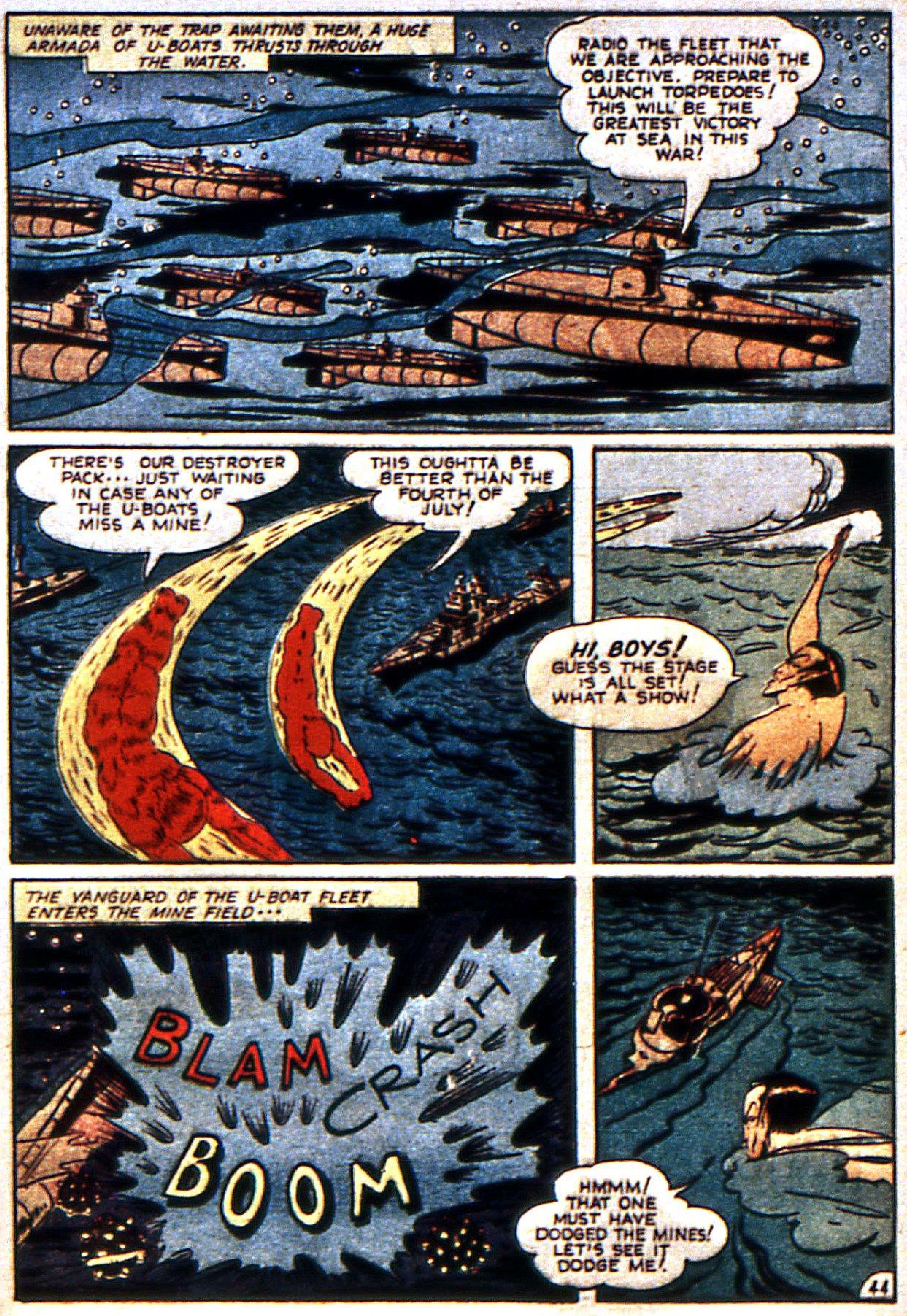

OF COURSE WE KNOW WHO THE DANCERS ARE—BARON AND BARONESS KIDERSKY. I'LL GET YOU THEIR ADDRESS.
KIDERSKY? SOUNDS RUSSIAN. I THOUGHT THEY WERE OUR ALLIES.
THE RED RUSSIANS ARE NOT THE WHITES. LONG BEFORE THEY TIED UP WITH HITLER, THE WHITE RUSSIANS STOOGED FOR THE JAPS.
BLAZING, TORCH AND TORO SOAR CROSS-TOWN...
THERE'S THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! EVER BEEN IN THE TOWER?
NOSIREE! YOU KNOW HIGH PLACES MAKE ME DIZZY!
YOU'RE DIZZY, HIGH OR LOW, KID!
OMIT THE BOUQUETS. I'M TOO TIRED FOR FLATTERY!
MEANWHILE, BERLIN GOES ON THE AIR.
WE HAVE JUST CHECKED YOUR MESSAGE!
THE COMMANDER OF THE U-41 ESCAPED FROM DEPTFORD!
...HE HAS GIVEN PROOF THAT SUB-MARINER IS AN AMERICAN SPY.
AND BACK IN AMERICA...
BARON, WILL YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO HAND ME THE POKER IN THE FIREPLACE?
30

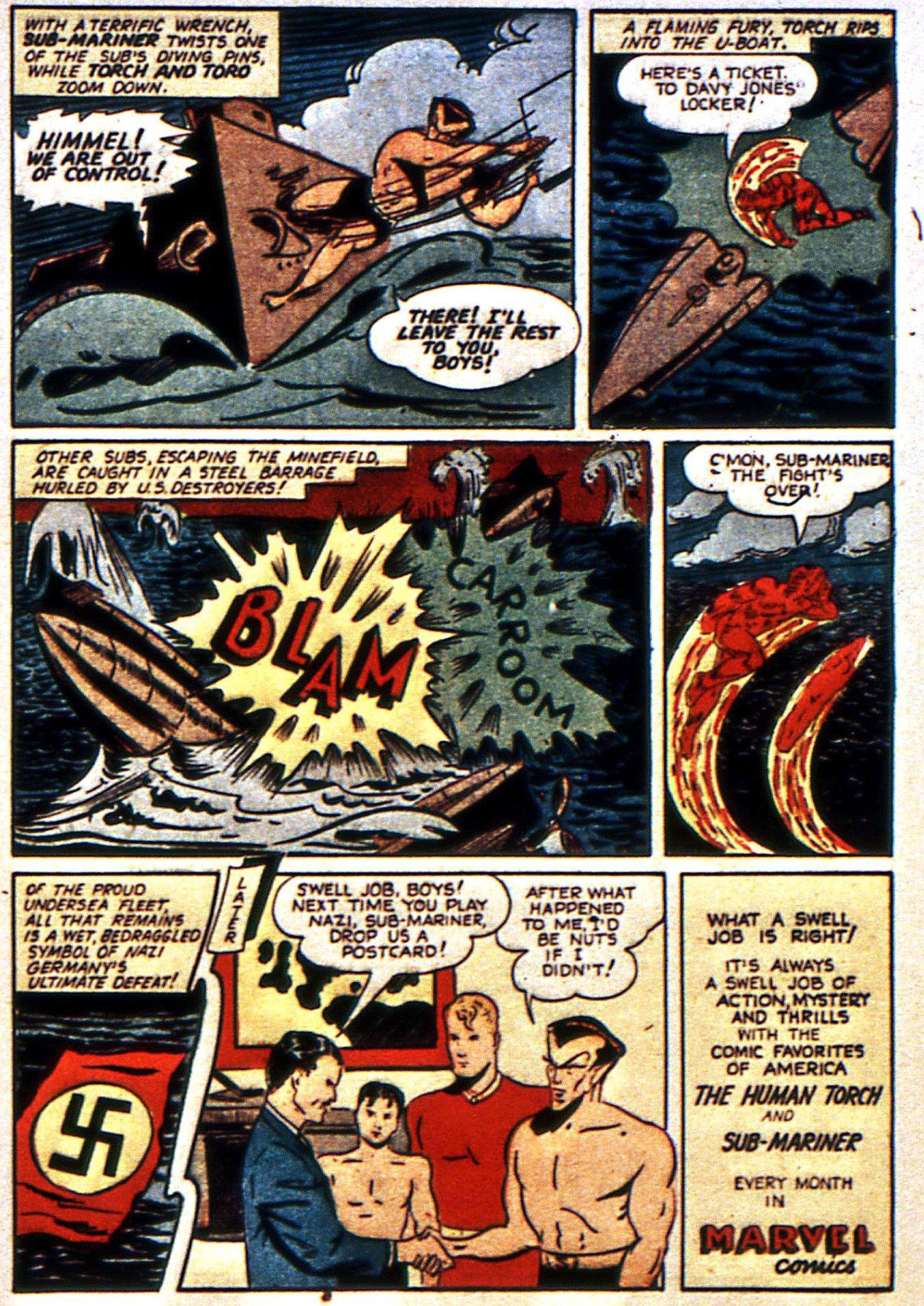

DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS A TRIFLE CRUDE, MY DEAR?
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TOO MILD FOR THEES DOUBLE CROSSER!
A CRUEL SMILE APPEARS ON THE WOMAN'S LIPS AS SHE RAISES THE GLOWING POKER!
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD A HUMAN PEEG SQUEAL? NOW YOU SHALL HEAR IT! FIRST, THE EYES!
LOOKS LIKE I'M WASHED UP!
THERE IS A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION AS TWO FIERY FIGURES DIVE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!
DROP THE PIG STICKER, BARONESS!
TORCH! TORO! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE YOU MUGS IN ALL MY LIFE!
THE DEVILS! THE BULLETS ARE MELTING!
TAKE A LOT MORE TO MELT THE HUNK OF ICE YOU CALL YOUR HEART, BARON!
TORCH'S BLAZING HAND CLOSES OVER THE POKER AND IT DRIPS LIKE LAVA!
EEEK


KEEP AN EYE ON HER, TORO. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THE BARON TAKES FLIGHT TO ANOTHER ROOM AND GRABS SOMETHING FROM A DRAWER... A BOMB!
YOU AND YOUR PANZER DIVISION!!!
STOP!—OR I WEEL SMASH YOU TO LEETLE BITS!
YOU ASKED FOR EET!
THE BOMB EXPLODES AT TORCH'S FEET!
WHOOPS!
BLAM
HE · HE STEEL LIVES!
DIDN'T YOU KNOW, I EAT PINEAPPLES FOR BREAKFAST?
DOUSING HIS HAND FLAME TORCH GRABS THE BARON!
C'MON, LUG... YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
ULP!


NICE GOING, TORCH! BUT WHEN DO I GET FREE? OR DO YOU STILL THINK I'M A NAZI STOOGE?
DON'T BE A SAP! I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON BEFORE WE DIVED INTO THIS PLACE...
TORCH'S HAND KNIFES THROUGH THE CHAINS...
THANKS-HEY! STOP HER! SHE'S TOSSING SOMETHING INTO THE FIREPLACE!
YOU MUST BE SEEING THINGS, MY DEAR SUB-MARINER!
YEAH, MY DEAR BARONESS; CODE BOOKS!
HERE IT IS, TORCH, ONLY SLIGHTLY SCORCHED!
GOOD WORK, KIDDO!
THE DANCE CODE! OKAY! BARON AND BARONESS, HERE'S WHERE YOU DANCE TO OUR TUNE.
CONTACT YOUR PALS. TELL 'EM A BIG CONVOY WILL PASS FIFTY MILES OFF ATLANTIC CITY AT MIDNIGHT. THEY'RE TO SEND EVERY AVAILABLE SUB.
I DON'T GET IT, TORCH.
YOU'LL SEE LATER! OKAY- ON WITH THE DANCE!


AT TORCH'S DICTATION, THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS FLASH A CODE MESSAGE THROUGH THE ETHER.
NOW, THE LETTER "T"!
THE MESSAGE REACHES A U-BOAT.
HIMMEL! A HUGE CONVOY! WHAT A PRIZE! WE MUST CONTACT THE WHOLE U-BOAT FLEET!
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DANCE, TORCH SHOWS HIS APPRECIATION...
IF I HAD TIME, I'D CALL FOR AN ENCORE. BUT YOUR NEXT SHOW GOES ON IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!
LATER...
THE BARON AND HIS SO-CALLED BETTER-HALF ARE IN GOOD HANDS NOW!
F.B.I.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT MESSAGE YOU MADE THEM SEND?
NOW THAT THE NAVY KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT, YOU'LL SEE FIREWORKS! IN THE FIRST PLACE, THERE AIN'T NO CONVOY!
OH! A GAG, HUH?
IN SPADES! RIGHT NOW, THE WHOLE AREA'S BEING MINED. THOSE U-BOATS ARE WALKING INTO SOMETHING!
SO, IF YOU WANT TO GET IN ON THE KILL— GET HOT!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, TORCH!
OH, YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD.


UNAWARE OF THE TRAP AWAITING THEM, A HUGE ARMADA OF U-BOATS THRUSTS THROUGH THE WATER.
RADIO THE FLEET THAT WE ARE APPROACHING THE OBJECTIVE. PREPARE TO LAUNCH TORPEDOES! THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST VICTORY AT SEA IN THIS WAR!
THERE'S OUR DESTROYER PACK... JUST WAITING IN CASE ANY OF THE U-BOATS MISS A MINE!
THIS OUGHTTA BE BETTER THAN THE FOURTH OF JULY!
HI, BOYS! GUESS THE STAGE IS ALL SET! WHAT A SHOW!
THE VANGUARD OF THE U-BOAT FLEET ENTERS THE MINE FIELD...
BLAM
CRASH
BOOM
HMMM! THAT ONE MUST HAVE DODGED THE MINES! LET'S SEE IT DODGE ME!


WITH A TERRIFIC WRENCH, SUB-MARINER TWISTS ONE OF THE SUB'S DIVING PINS, WHILE TORCH AND TORO ZOOM DOWN.
HIMMEL! WE ARE OUT OF CONTROL!
THERE! I'LL LEAVE THE REST TO YOU, BOYS!
A FLAMING FURY, TORCH RIPS INTO THE U-BOAT.
HERE'S A TICKET TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER!
OTHER SUBS, ESCAPING THE MINEFIELD, ARE CAUGHT IN A STEEL BARRAGE HURLED BY U.S. DESTROYERS!
BLAM
CARROOM
C'MON, SUB-MARINER THE FIGHT'S OVER!
OF THE PROUD UNDERSEA FLEET, ALL THAT REMAINS IS A WET, BEDRAGGLED SYMBOL OF NAZI GERMANY'S ULTIMATE DEFEAT!
LATER
SWELL JOB, BOYS! NEXT TIME YOU PLAY NAZI, SUB-MARINER, DROP US A POSTCARD!
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, I'D BE NUTS IF I DIDN'T!
WHAT A SWELL JOB IS RIGHT!
IT'S ALWAYS A SWELL JOB OF ACTION, MYSTERY AND THRILLS WITH THE COMIC FAVORITES OF AMERICA
THE HUMAN TORCH
AND
SUB-MARINER
EVERY MONTH IN
MARVEL Comics

SLAVE DRIVER

STEVE WALKED TO the window and rubbed steam away so he could peer through into the steady down-pour. The wind lashed the heavily timbered hills while a tree scratched the weather-beaten sides of the shack-office. Steve's muscles tightened when he saw the man headed up the trail from the village; a suitcase in his hand, his head and shoulders bowed into the storm. This would be the boss' son!

The stranger entered the office, accompanied by the lashing wind and rain. He struggled to get the door closed. Steve stepped swiftly forward, put his shoulder to the door and heaved it shut.

"Thanks!" the newcomer panted. "Boy, is that wind strong."

"I suppose you're Bert Wilson," Steve said grudgingly. "No one else due up here that I know of."

"That's right," Bert admitted, taking off his steaming glasses to peer about him out of mild blue eyes. His ruddy cheeks were plump—well fed. "You must be the boss, Mr. Oliver—"

"Just Steve. Never mind the Mr. part of it. Your father didn't tell me much. Just that I was to keep you busy for the present."

Steve privately realized that it was more than likely that Bert planned to take eventual charge. Most probably, he'd gone through college, majored in engineering, and was here to "break in". Steve felt anger stir. When you've worked like blazes for years and years to accomplish something, never losing faith in its worth . . . like seeing the road cut through this wilderness to the coast . . .

"I don't know how much good I'll be," Bert admitted replacing his glasses, shrugging out of rain-sodden clothes. "I'll do my best, I assure you."

During the days immediately following Bert's arrival, Steve realized that his only chance lay in pushing them all, Bert Wilson included, in an effort to get the job finished and perhaps make Bert so sick and tired of it that he'd want to go back home.

THEY WERE MIXING concrete. Bert went on a wheel-barrow. It was a tough grind Steve knew from experience, if your hands were soft and plump. . . .

Bert stuck to his job until Steve had to admit that either he could take it, or he was good at covering up. "I've never done much of this sort of thing before," Bert admitted during lunch. "I suppose you get used to it—"

"You do," Steve said grimly. "Or go back where you came from."

That afternoon he was wheeling a barrow along one of the planks when it tipped and threw him off balance. The load of cement went one side, Bert the other. The mud was thick, sticky. He went down full length and was plastered from head to foot when he struggled up.

"My new work clothes, too!" he complained. "What a mess! Mud, mud, mud! Isn't there any dry land around here?"

Steve chuckled. "You get used to *that* too! Get back and clean up." He hesitated, then added, "Too early to knock off! Better come out again!"

"I will," Bert answered. "There's a war to be won!"

Steve didn't say anything. The following day he sent Bert out with the road gang, turned him loose with a bulldozer to clear the road-bed. Sitting behind a grumbling engine, getting roasted on one side and chilled on the other, being shaken loose inside, isn't fun. Bert Wilson took it without kicking. Steve drove the crew hard, telling them they were behind schedule, that they had to get through to the coast before the month was over.

"Where's the parts for the equipment?" Mike Lavel wanted to know peevishly. "If we've got the machinery—"

"I can't get the parts!" Steve snapped. "I've written letters till I'm black in the face. I don't know what's wrong!"

"What're we going to do? Get down on our knees and dig with our hands?"

Steve ignored the remark, walked away. That evening Bert didn't show up with the crew. It was almost seven o'clock and dark when he came in, bedraggled, soaked to the skin, grinning sheepishly. "The bulldozer broke down," he admitted.

Steve groaned inwardly. "That's the third out of whack!"

"What's the matter with ordering the stuff you need?"

"Go ahead and try!" Steve invited angrily. "If you can get it, you're better than I am!"

HE DID. AND, WHEN it came he went to work on the bulldozers and helped to repair them. After sixteen straight hours of work, the whole fleet was tuned up and running smoothly.

Then, one afternoon, later in the week, Spud Evans remarked, "Think you're making a name for yourself, huh, Steve? With the boss' son!"

"Am I working you too hard?" Steve asked. "I thought you were tough enough to take it by now."

"I am," Spud retorted. "Tough enough for anything you can hand out. But if Wilson's our new boss, at least he can get parts and keep the equipment on the move!"

Steve took a step forward but Bert suddenly appeared from the side. His blue eyes were unexpectedly hard, flinty. "Cut it out you two," he ordered. "We're here to do a job and do it fast. When it's over, you can go back into the woods and scrap this thing out. But you can't work with your eyes swollen and your teeth busted. Besides what would you use on Cookie's chops tonight?"

Someone laughed and the tension broke. Steve stepping back, mastered his peeve. In spite of himself, he had to admit that Bert had the right slant. This was no time for discord.

By the end of the week they were well ahead of schedule. The whole crew was working better, was working harder. If only they could keep it up—

They would have too but for the bridge. Steve realized he shouldn't have let repair work on it go so long. Heavy continuous rains had inundated one end and weakened the structure dangerously.

The wind raged in from the coast line, rain splattered down constantly. If only the supplies would come in on time, they might still get them safely across the bridge. Toward evening, one of the drivers got through. They'd dropped the trailer off and come across in the truck. The whole convoy was stuck down in the valley. Steve's mind shied from the thought of what would happen if the storm kept up and there were a landslide or a wash out. . . .

Bert Wilson came along. His face was hard, his pink cheeks less pink than usual. Together, they got to the bridge. It needed bracing in the center before *anything* could come over. A ten ton truck-trailer combination would never make it.

"We've gotta have that stuff!" Steve moaned. "We could finish up with this road. With the bridge out, it'd be weeks before we could get more stuff—"

Bert interrupted, "Is there an empty trailer? Or one that can be emptied quickly?"

"Yeah," someone said. "We can yank the stuff out of one—"

"Empty it!" Bert snapped. "If we work fast, we'll be able to brace that thing up in the middle. It'd hold long enough to get the supplies across at least!"

When the truck had been emptied, Bert drove it to the bank and down into the river bed, going with the current toward the bridge.

Eventually he managed to ram the end of the big trailer under the bridge! Within twenty minutes the whole convoy had crossed safely and was on the opposite side, ready to continue on to the camp!

"That," Spud said later, "is using your noggin!"

Steve nodded, grinning. "Right. Now if you guys'll just get the lead outta your pants, we'll finish up four days ahead of the dead line!—Thanks to Bert!"

THE ROAD WENT through. By the end of the week they had reached the coast and set up their company out-post there. Steve looked down at it watching the combers curling along the rugged beach, the flag flying over the newly built buildings. Inside him, something warmed and made his body tingle all over. He couldn't help laughing. They'd done it, all right. All of them!

"Y'know," Bert said, "this country up here gets in your blood. I . . . sort of hate to leave!"

Bert chuckled. "I've got to laugh at you," he admitted. "I don't want your job, Steve. I only wanted to be sure this road went through on schedule. Maybe a little ahead!"

Steve beginning to feel hot around the ears, turned slowly.

"So I came up here and you . . . rode me!" Bert continued. "You made me work hard—maybe thinking I'd get fed up and pull out!"

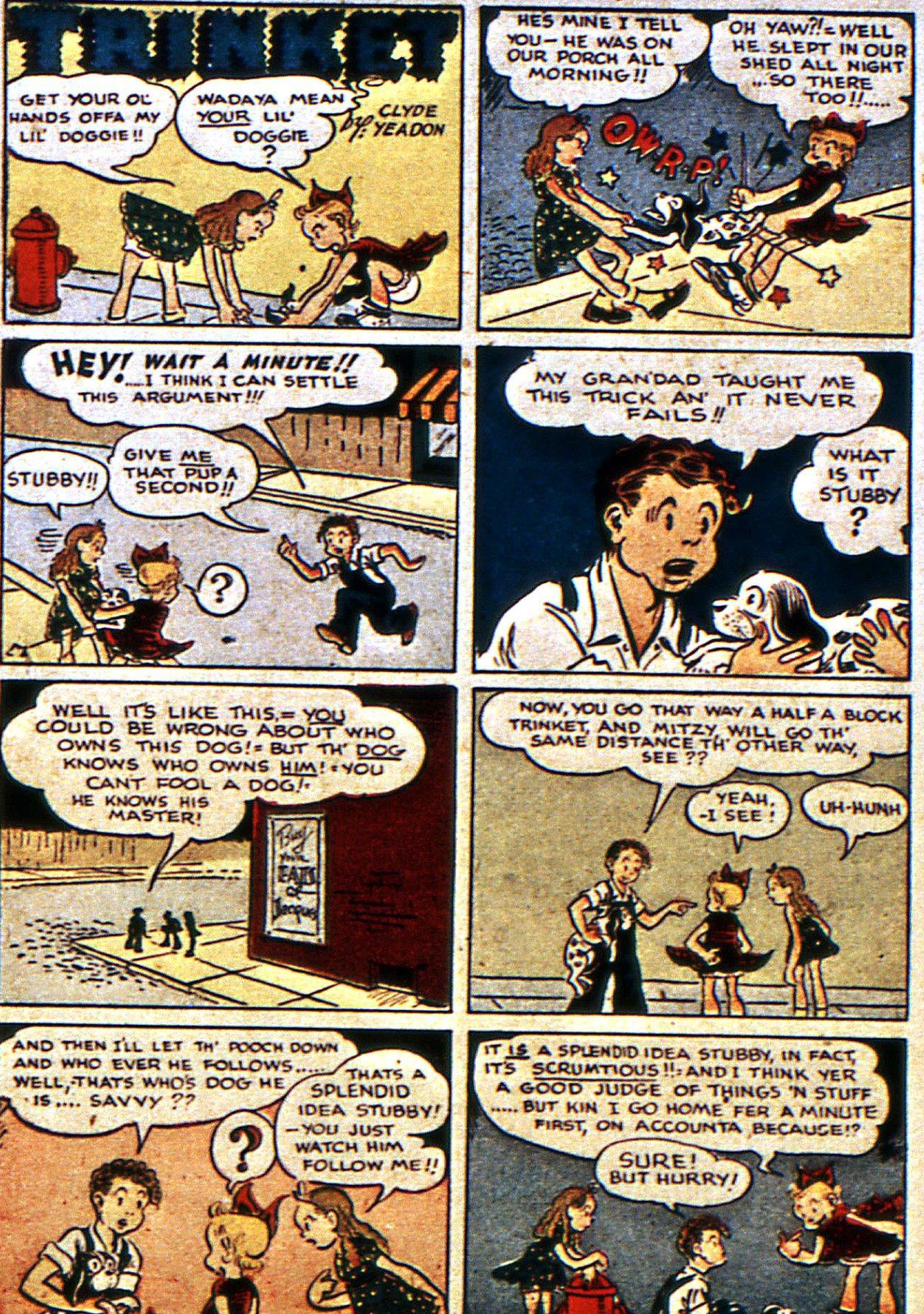
"I still don't get it—"

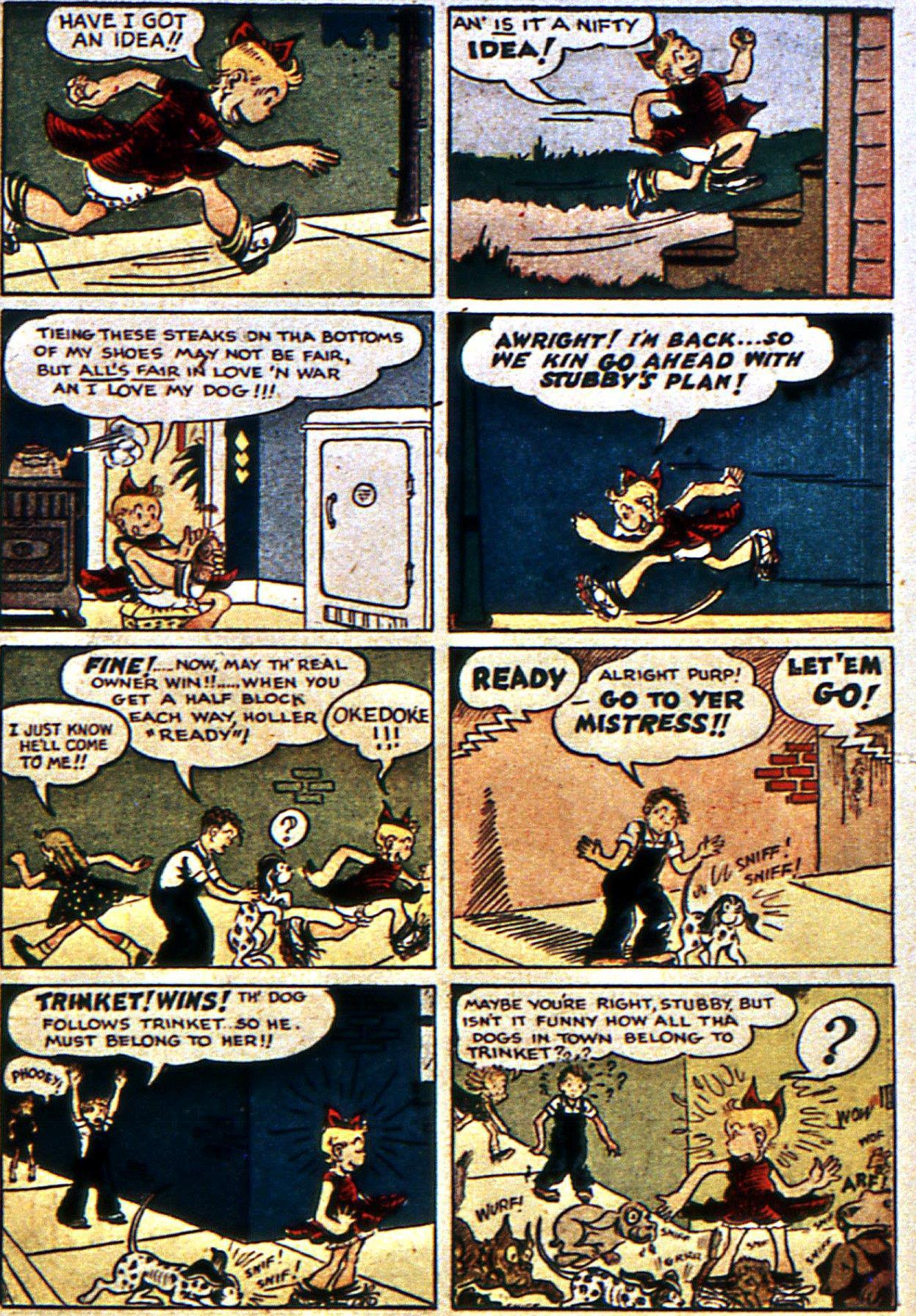
"I looked like a sissy to you, I guess," Bert explained. "I can't help it fortunately! I go around being a 'pepper-upper' for the old man. You rode me, and the whole gang just so it wouldn't be noticeable. As a result—"

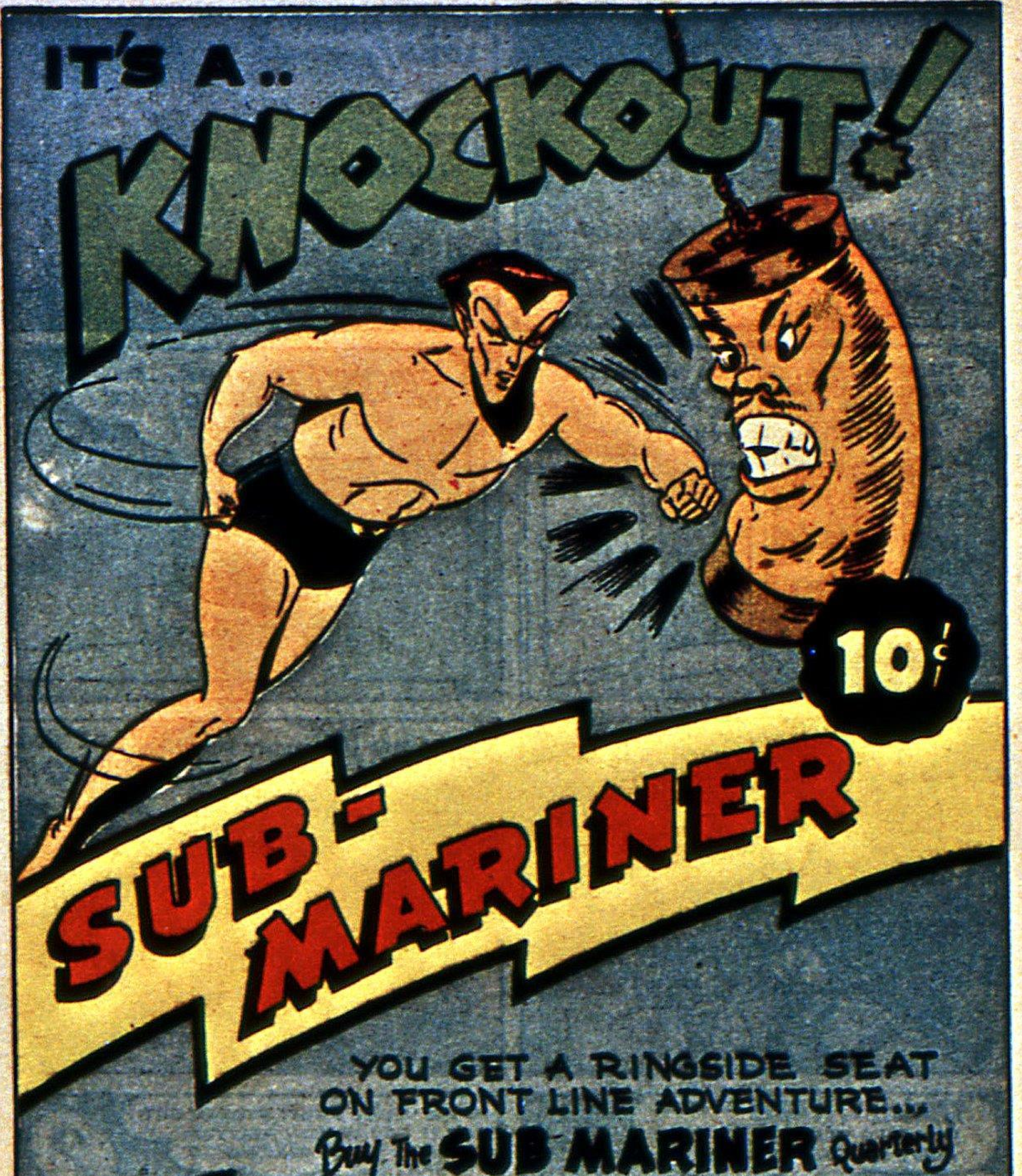
Steve muttered, "Wise guy! Why don't you come along to the next job?"

Bert shook his head solemnly. "And work for you? No, thanks . . . boss! You're a tough guy to work for. You're the only man who ever came so close to making me say *uncle!*"

The End


TRINKET
by CLYDE YEADON
GET YOUR OL' HANDS OFFA MY LIL' DOGGIE!!
WADAYA MEAN YOUR LIL' DOGGIE ?
HES MINE I TELL YOU— HE WAS ON OUR PORCH ALL MORNING!!
OH YAW?!= WELL HE SLEPT IN OUR SHED ALL NIGHT ...SO THERE TOO!!.....
OWR-R-P!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!! ....I THINK I CAN SETTLE THIS ARGUMENT!!!
STUBBY!!
GIVE ME THAT PUP A SECOND!!
?
MY GRAN'DAD TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK AN' IT NEVER FAILS!!
WHAT IS IT STUBBY ?
WELL ITS LIKE THIS,= YOU COULD BE WRONG ABOUT WHO OWNS THIS DOG!= BUT TH' DOG KNOWS WHO OWNS HIM! = YOU CANT FOOL A DOG!- HE KNOWS HIS MASTER!
EATS
NOW, YOU GO THAT WAY A HALF A BLOCK TRINKET, AND MITZY WILL GO TH' SAME DISTANCE TH' OTHER WAY, SEE??
YEAH, -I SEE!
UH-HUNH
AND THEN I'LL LET TH' POOCH DOWN AND WHO EVER HE FOLLOWS..... WELL, THATS WHO'S DOG HE IS.... SAVVY??
THATS A SPLENDID IDEA STUBBY! -YOU JUST WATCH HIM FOLLOW ME!!
?
IT IS A SPLENDID IDEA STUBBY, IN FACT, IT'S SCRUMTIOUS!!: AND I THINK YER A GOOD JUDGE OF THINGS 'N STUFF ..... BUT KIN I GO HOME FER A MINUTE FIRST, ON ACCOUNTA BECAUSE!?
SURE! BUT HURRY!


HAVE I GOT AN IDEA!!
AN' IS IT A NIFTY IDEA!
TIEING THESE STEAKS ON THA BOTTOMS OF MY SHOES MAY NOT BE FAIR, BUT ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE 'N WAR AN I LOVE MY DOG!!!
AWRIGHT! I'M BACK...SO WE KIN GO AHEAD WITH STUBBY'S PLAN!
FINE!....NOW, MAY TH' REAL OWNER WIN!!.....WHEN YOU GET A HALF BLOCK EACH WAY, HOLLER "READY"!
I JUST KNOW HE'LL COME TO ME!!
OKEDOKE !!!
?
READY
ALRIGHT PURP! – GO TO YER MISTRESS!!
LET 'EM GO!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
TRINKET! WINS! TH' DOG FOLLOWS TRINKET..SO HE. MUST BELONG TO HER!!
PHOOEY!
SNIF! SNIF!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, STUBBY, BUT ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW ALL THA DOGS IN TOWN BELONG TO TRINKET?,,?
?
WOW
WOF
ARF!
WURF!
GRRR



IT'S A.. KNOCKOUT!

10¢

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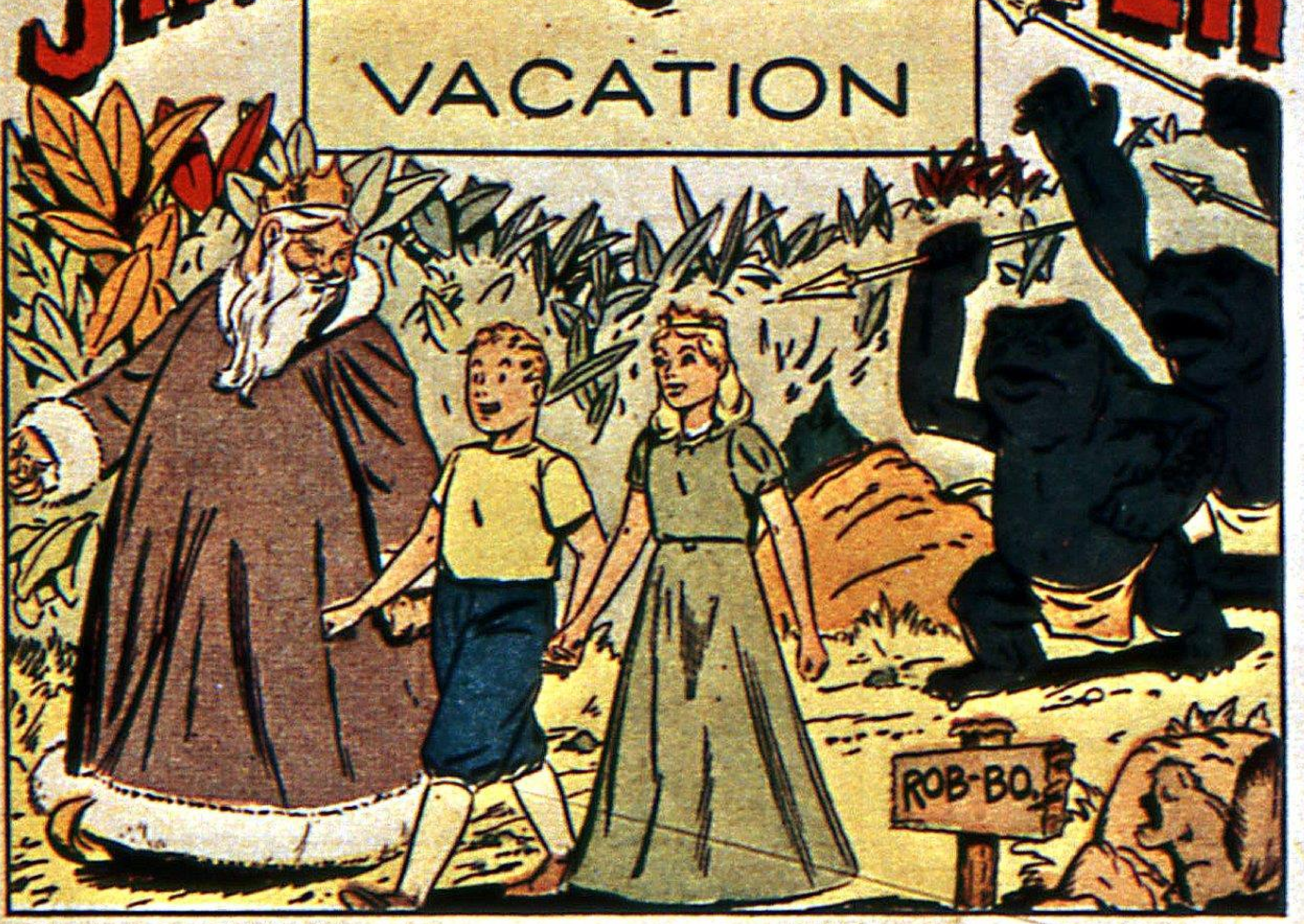
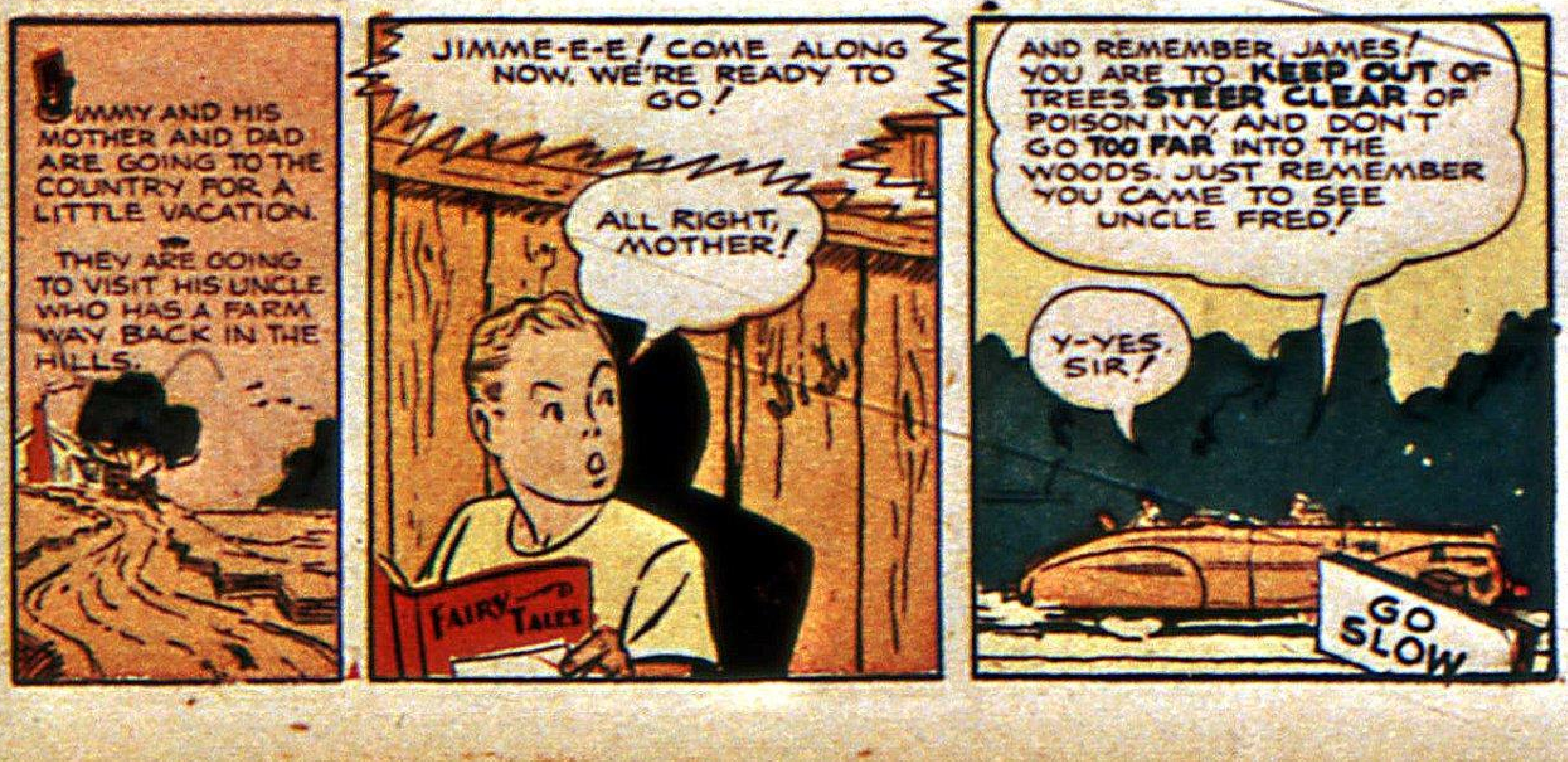
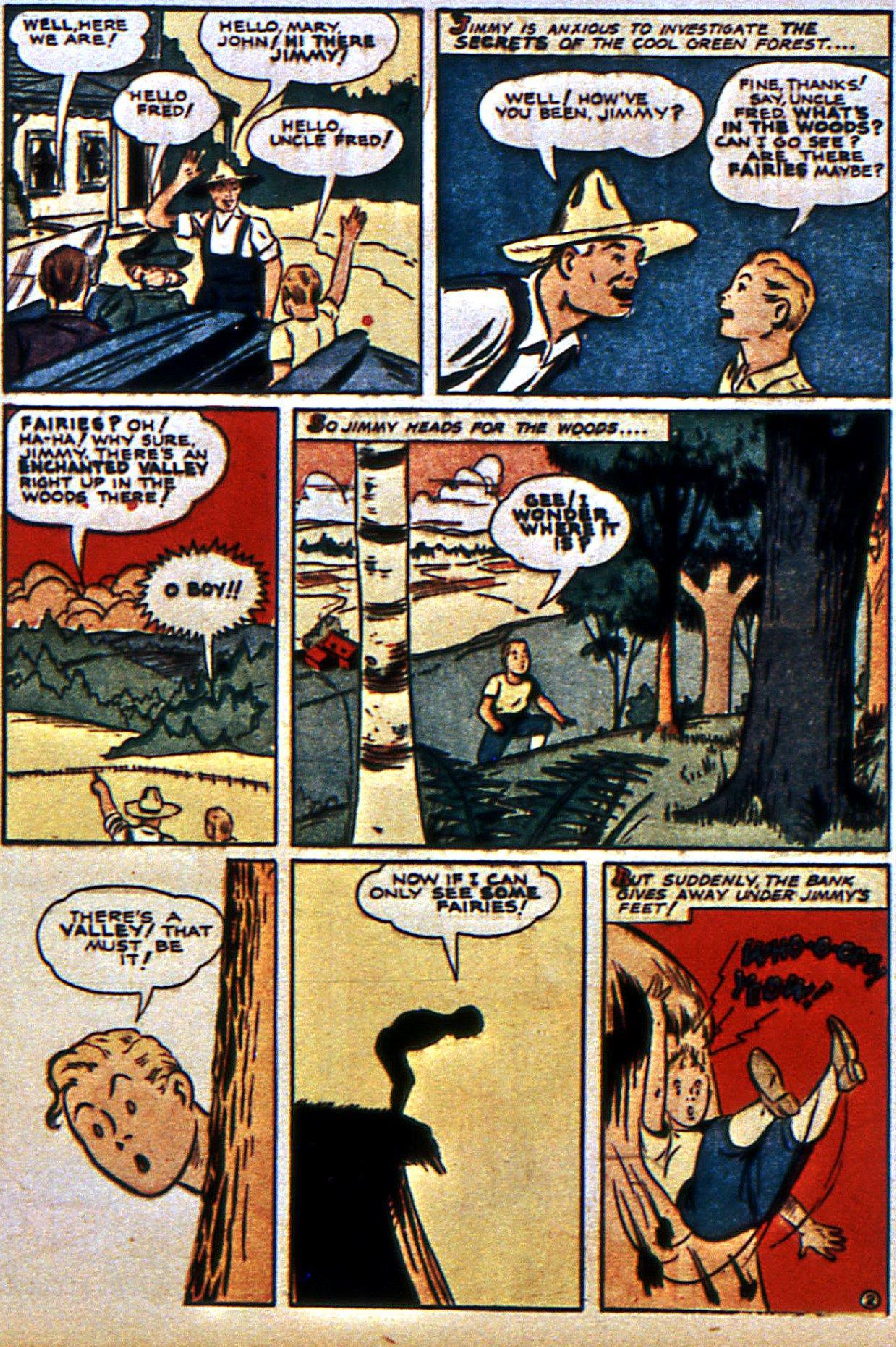
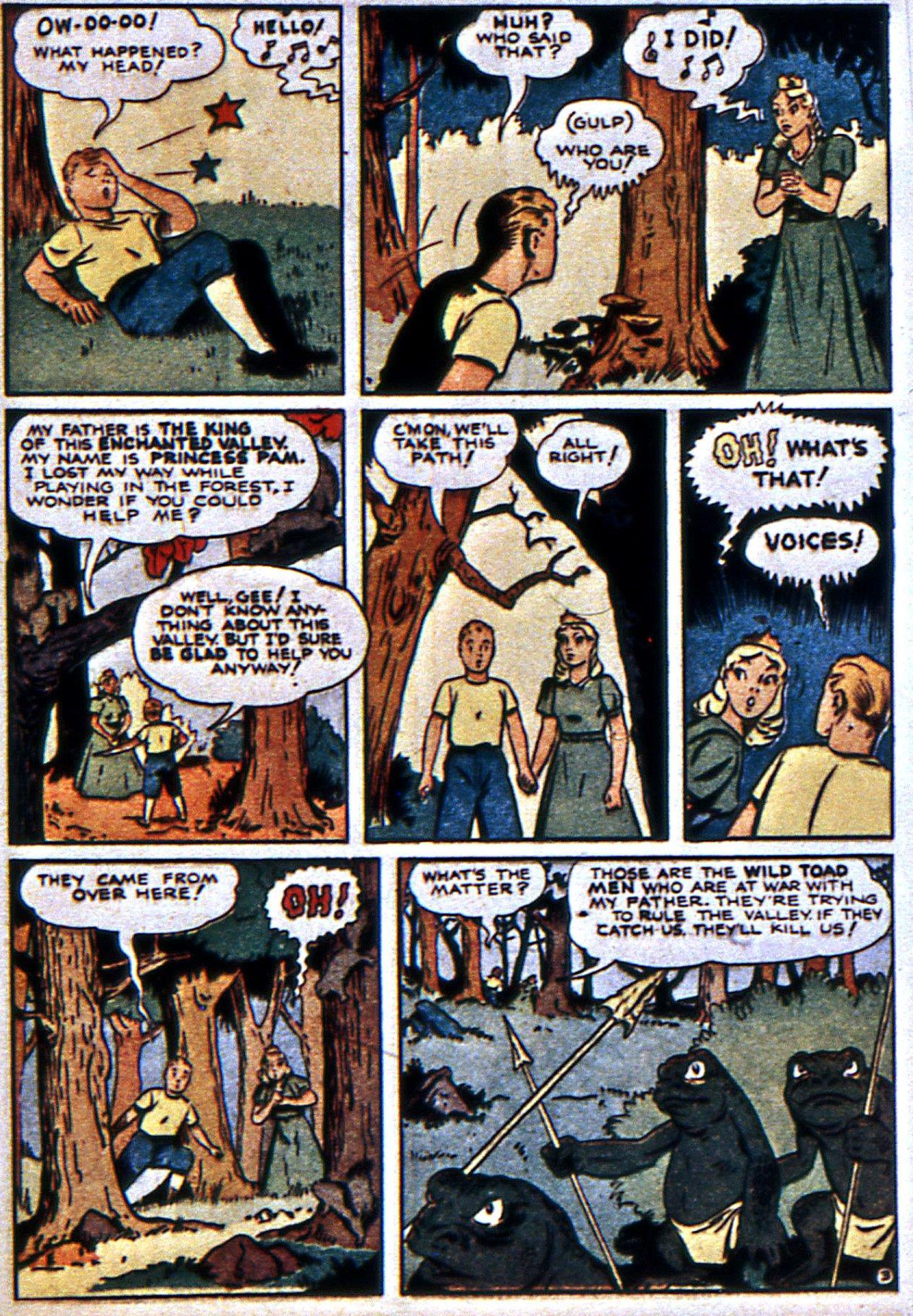
JIMMY JUPITER

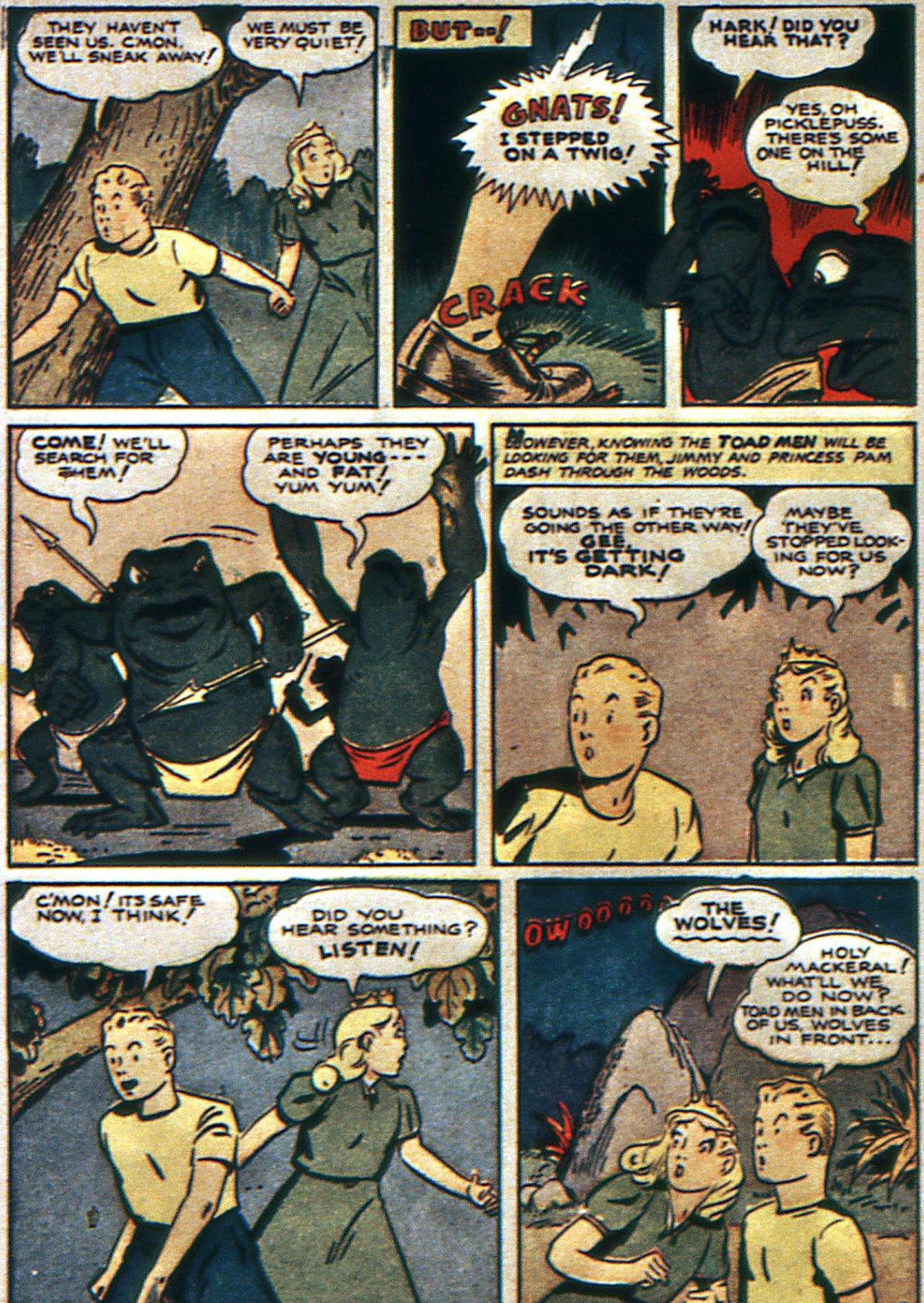
VACATION

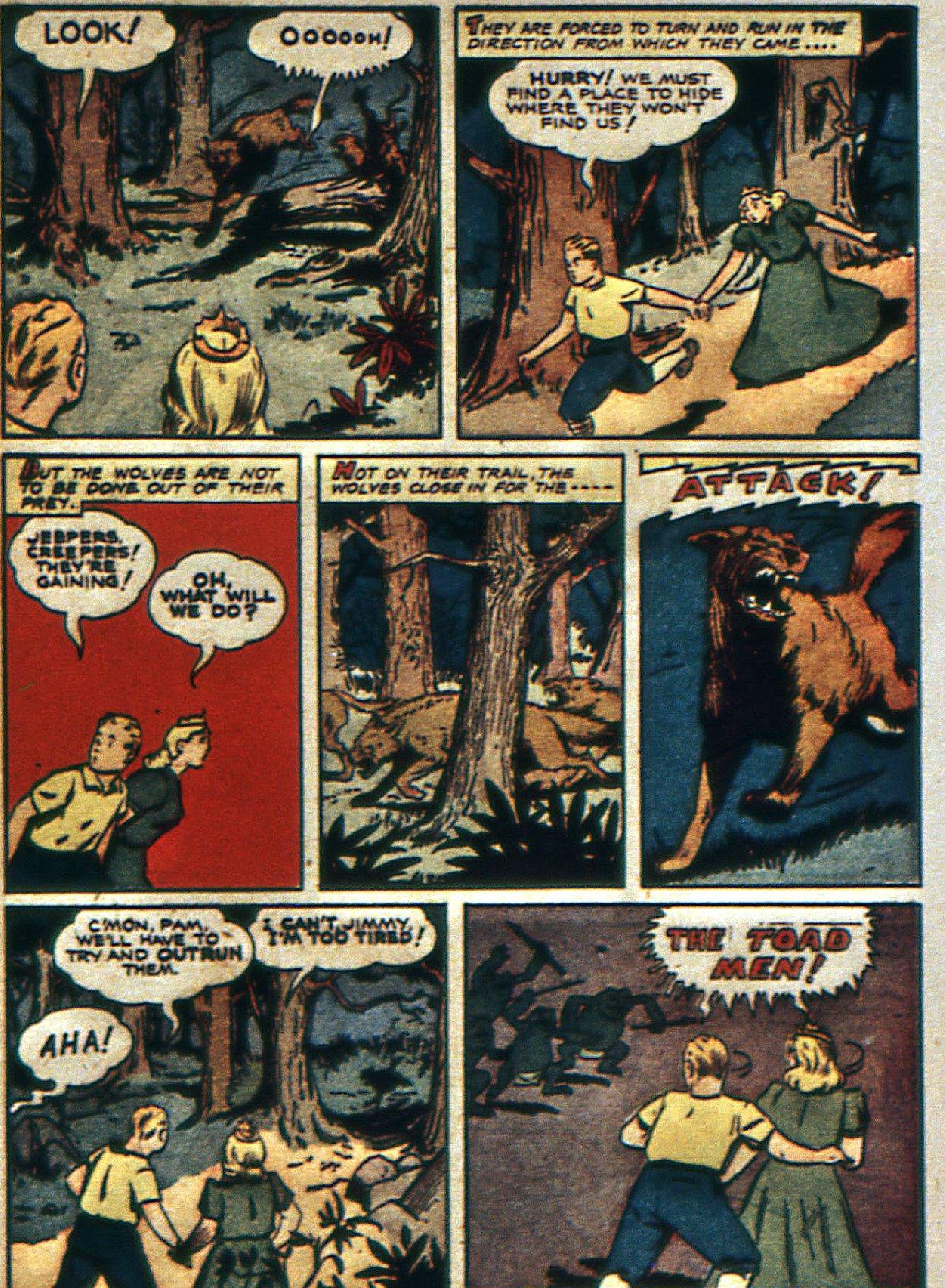


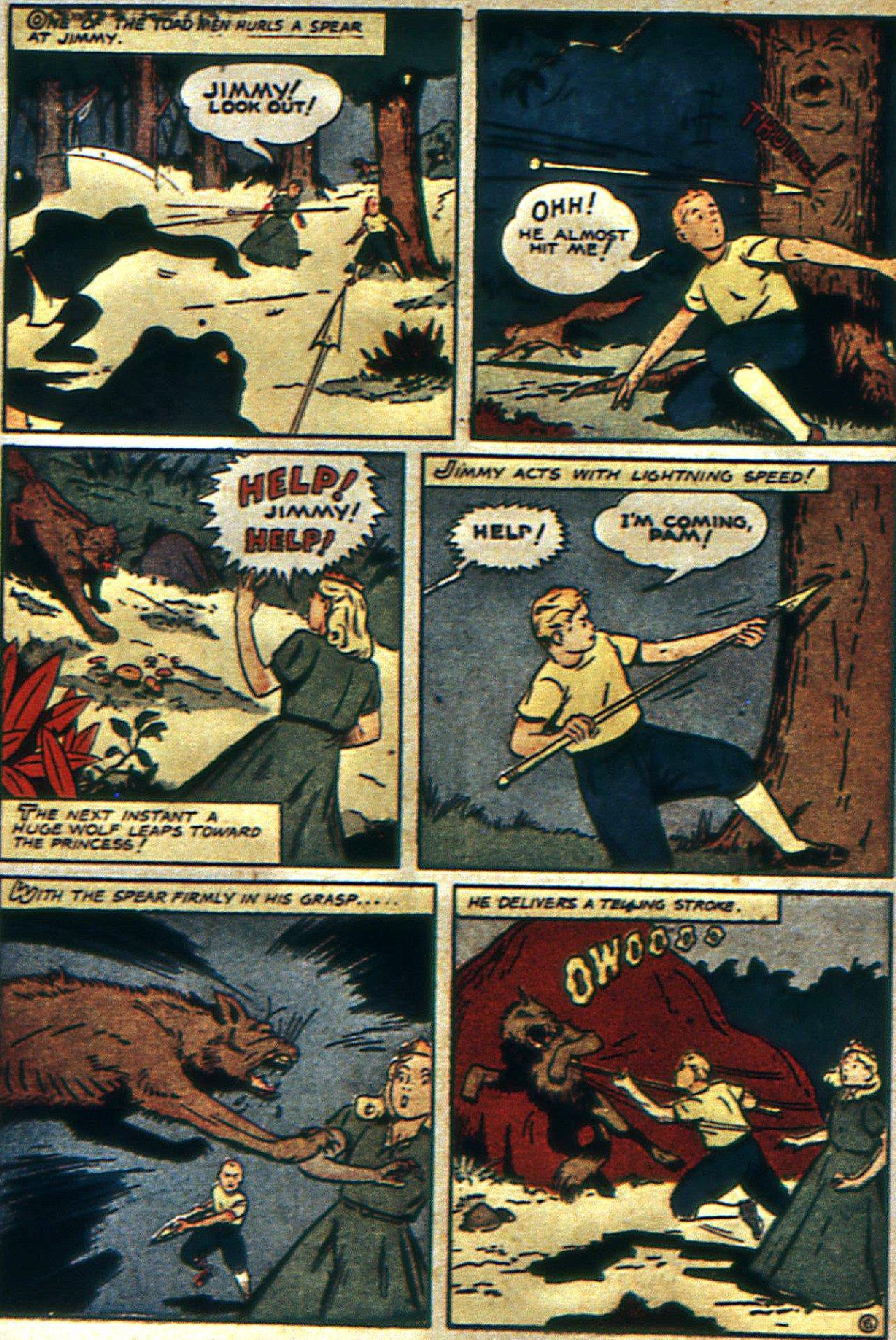

JIMMY AND HIS MOTHER AND DAD ARE GOING TO THE COUNTRY FOR A LITTLE VACATION.
THEY ARE GOING TO VISIT HIS UNCLE WHO HAS A FARM WAY BACK IN THE HILLS.
JIMME-E-E! COME ALONG NOW. WE'RE READY TO GO!
ALL RIGHT, MOTHER!
FAIRY TALES
AND REMEMBER, JAMES! YOU ARE TO **KEEP OUT** OF TREES, **STEER CLEAR** OF POISON IVY, AND DON'T GO **TOO FAR** INTO THE WOODS. JUST REMEMBER YOU CAME TO SEE UNCLE FRED!
Y-YES, SIR!
GO SLOW

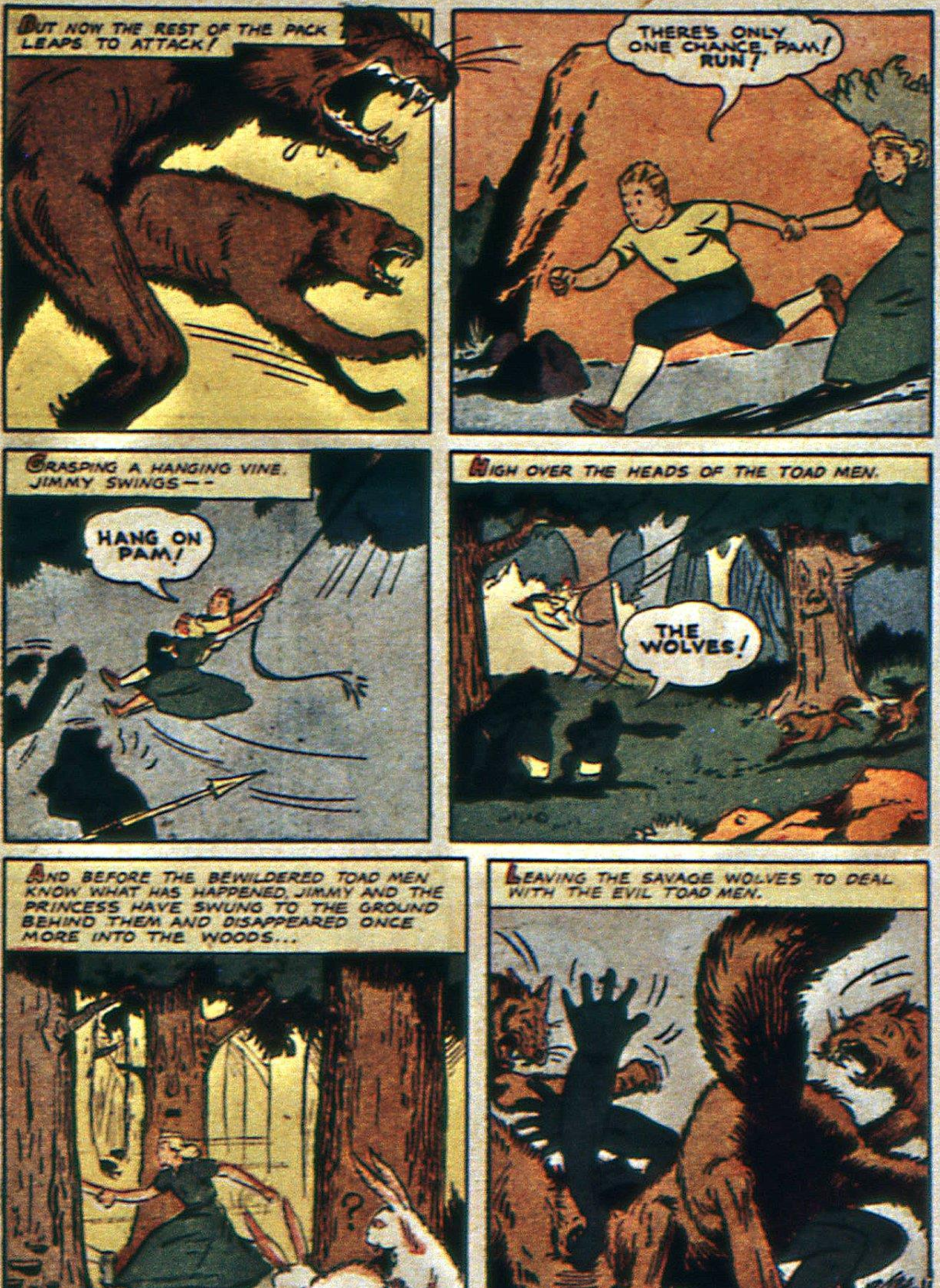

WELL, HERE WE ARE!
HELLO, MARY, JOHN! HI THERE JIMMY!
HELLO FRED!
HELLO, UNCLE FRED!
JIMMY IS ANXIOUS TO INVESTIGATE THE SECRETS OF THE COOL GREEN FOREST....
WELL! HOW'VE YOU BEEN, JIMMY?
FINE, THANKS! SAY, UNCLE FRED, WHAT'S IN THE WOODS? CAN I GO SEE? ARE THERE FAIRIES MAYBE?
FAIRIES? OH! HA-HA! WHY SURE, JIMMY, THERE'S AN ENCHANTED VALLEY RIGHT UP IN THE WOODS THERE!
O BOY!!
SO JIMMY HEADS FOR THE WOODS....
GEE! I WONDER WHERE IT IS?
THERE'S A VALLEY! THAT MUST BE IT!
NOW IF I CAN ONLY SEE SOME FAIRIES!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE BANK GIVES AWAY UNDER JIMMY'S FEET!
WHO-O-OPS, YEOW!

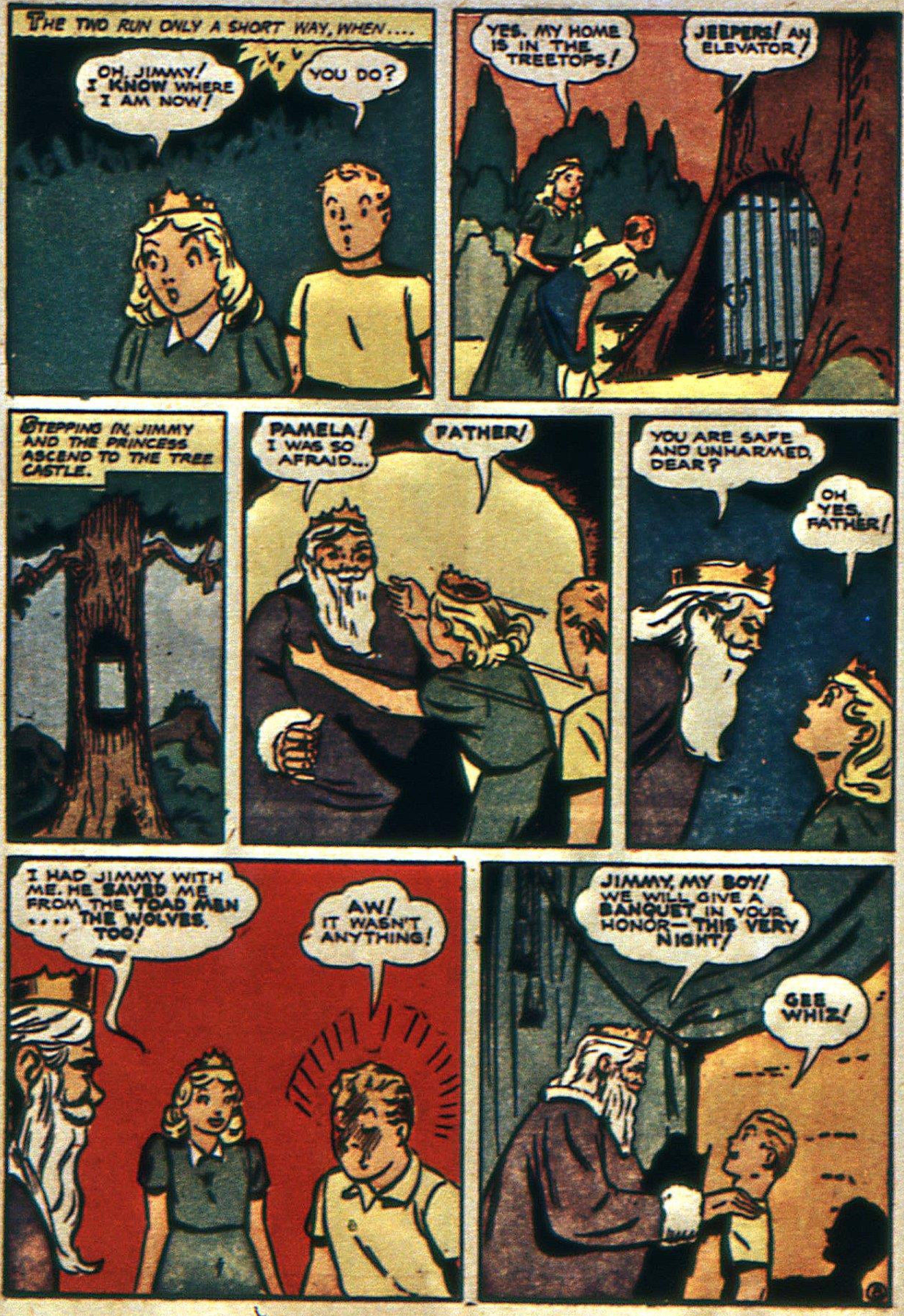

OW-OO-OO! WHAT HAPPENED? MY HEAD!
HELLO!
HUH? WHO SAID THAT?
I DID!
(GULP) WHO ARE YOU!
MY FATHER IS THE KING OF THIS ENCHANTED VALLEY. MY NAME IS PRINCESS PAM. I LOST MY WAY WHILE PLAYING IN THE FOREST. I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME?
WELL, GEE! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS VALLEY. BUT I'D SURE BE GLAD TO HELP YOU ANYWAY!
C'MON, WE'LL TAKE THIS PATH!
ALL RIGHT!
OH! WHAT'S THAT!
VOICES!
THEY CAME FROM OVER HERE!
OH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THOSE ARE THE WILD TOAD MEN WHO ARE AT WAR WITH MY FATHER. THEY'RE TRYING TO RULE THE VALLEY. IF THEY CATCH US, THEY'LL KILL US!
3

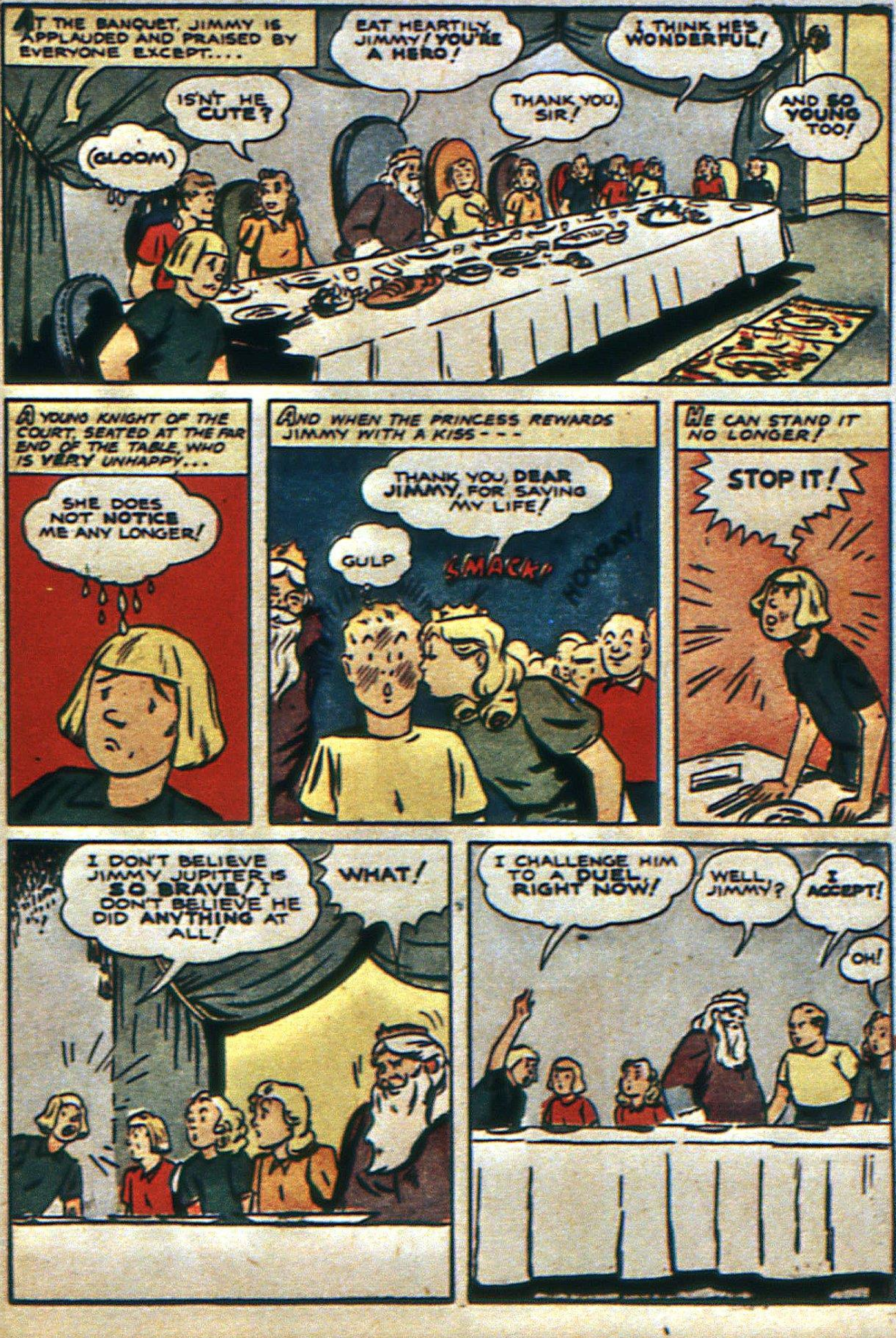

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US. C'MON. WE'LL SNEAK AWAY!
WE MUST BE VERY QUIET!
BUT..!
GNATS! I STEPPED ON A TWIG!
CRACK
HARK! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
YES, OH PICKLEPUSS. THERE'S SOME ONE ON THE HILL!
COME! WE'LL SEARCH FOR THEM!
PERHAPS THEY ARE YOUNG--- AND FAT! YUM YUM!
HOWEVER, KNOWING THE TOAD MEN WILL BE LOOKING FOR THEM, JIMMY AND PRINCESS PAM DASH THROUGH THE WOODS.
SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE GOING THE OTHER WAY! GEE, IT'S GETTING DARK!
MAYBE THEY'VE STOPPED LOOKING FOR US NOW?
C'MON! ITS SAFE NOW, I THINK!
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING? LISTEN!
OWOOOOO
THE WOLVES!
HOLY MACKERAL! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? TOAD MEN IN BACK OF US, WOLVES IN FRONT...

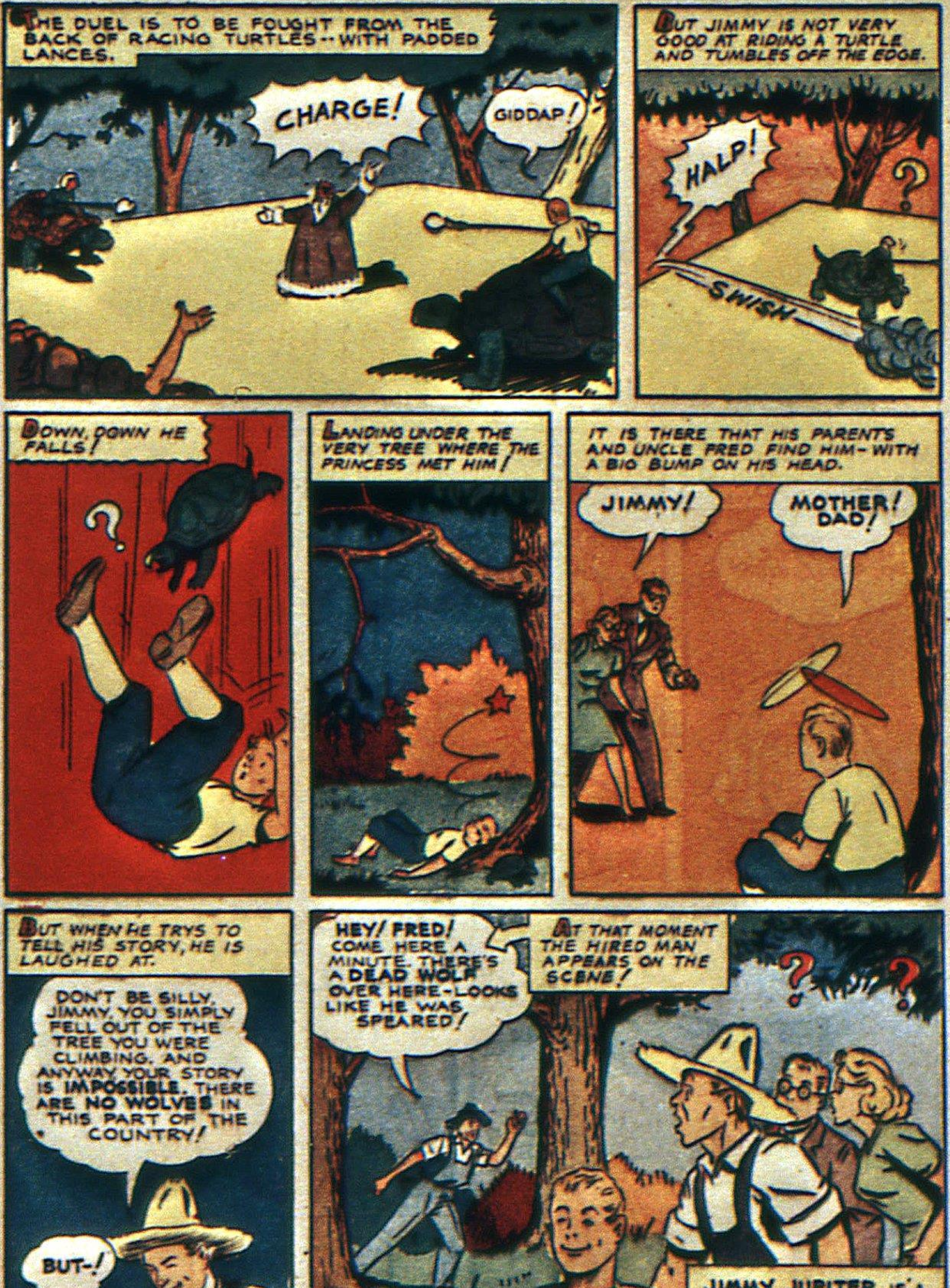

LOOK!
OOOOOH!
THEY ARE FORCED TO TURN AND RUN IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THEY CAME....
HURRY! WE MUST FIND A PLACE TO HIDE WHERE THEY WON'T FIND US!
BUT THE WOLVES ARE NOT TO BE DONE OUT OF THEIR PREY.
JEEPERS, CREEPERS! THEY'RE GAINING!
OH, WHAT WILL WE DO?
HOT ON THEIR TRAIL, THE WOLVES CLOSE IN FOR THE----
ATTACK!
C'MON, PAM, WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND OUTRUN THEM.
I CAN'T, JIMMY, I'M TOO TIRED!
AHA!
5
THE TOAD MEN!
CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES! BEFORE THEM-THE WOLVES.... BEHIND THEM-THE TOAD MEN!


ONE OF THE TOAD MEN HURLS A SPEAR AT JIMMY.
JIMMY! LOOK OUT!
THUNK!
OHH! HE ALMOST HIT ME!
HELP! JIMMY! HELP!
THE NEXT INSTANT A HUGE WOLF LEAPS TOWARD THE PRINCESS!
JIMMY ACTS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
HELP!
I'M COMING, PAM!
WITH THE SPEAR FIRMLY IN HIS GRASP.....
HE DELIVERS A TELLING STROKE.
OWOOOO


BUT NOW THE REST OF THE PACK LEAPS TO ATTACK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE, PAM! RUN!
GRASPING A HANGING VINE, JIMMY SWINGS--
HANG ON PAM!
HIGH OVER THE HEADS OF THE TOAD MEN.
THE WOLVES!
AND BEFORE THE BEWILDERED TOAD MEN KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED, JIMMY AND THE PRINCESS HAVE SWUNG TO THE GROUND BEHIND THEM AND DISAPPEARED ONCE MORE INTO THE WOODS...
?
LEAVING THE SAVAGE WOLVES TO DEAL WITH THE EVIL TOAD MEN.

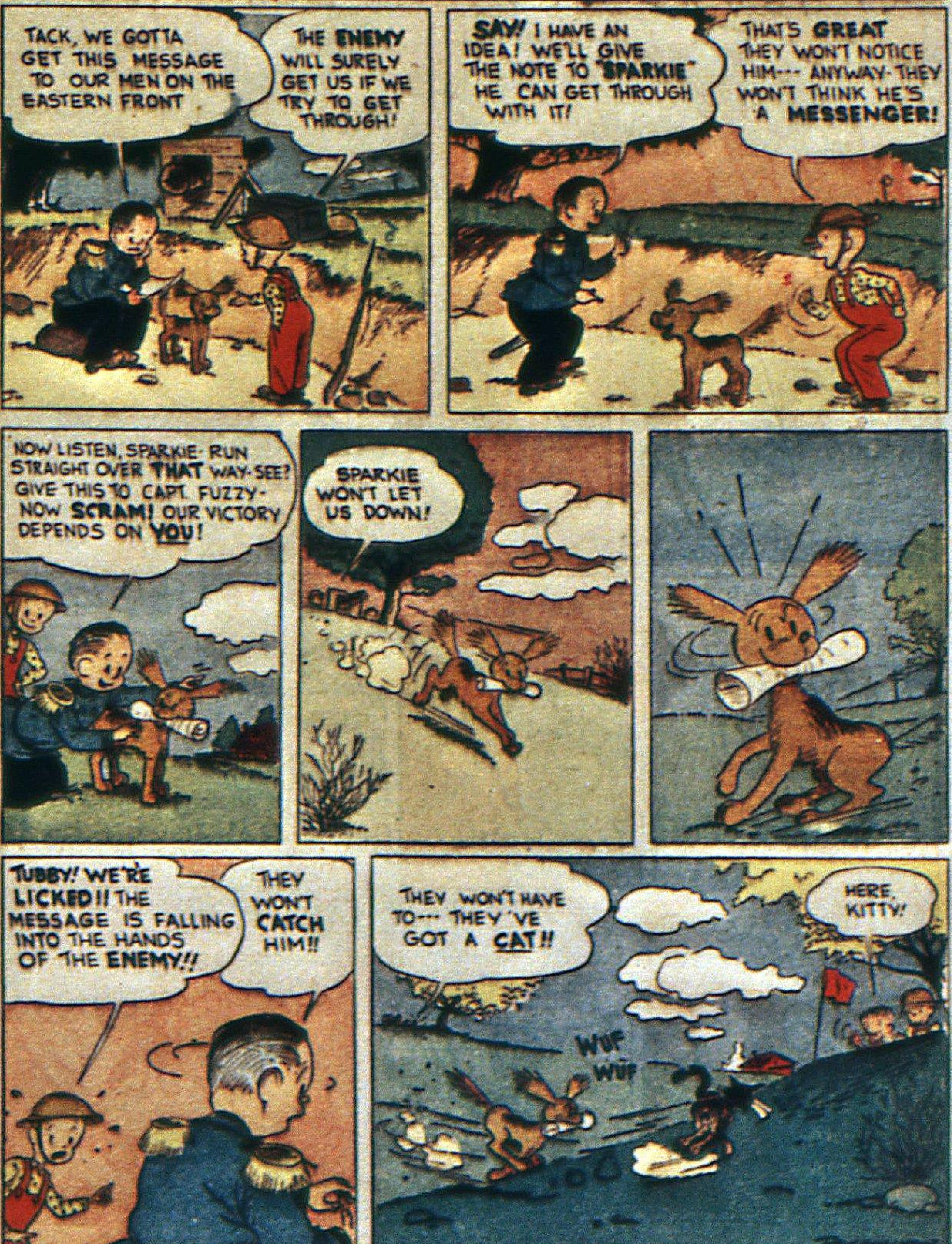

THE TWO RUN ONLY A SHORT WAY, WHEN....
OH, JIMMY! I KNOW WHERE I AM NOW!
YOU DO?
YES. MY HOME IS IN THE TREETOPS!
JEEPERS! AN ELEVATOR!
STEPPING IN, JIMMY AND THE PRINCESS ASCEND TO THE TREE CASTLE.
PAMELA! I WAS SO AFRAID...
FATHER!
YOU ARE SAFE AND UNHARMED, DEAR?
OH YES, FATHER!
I HAD JIMMY WITH ME. HE SAVED ME FROM THE TOAD MEN .... THE WOLVES, TOO!
AW! IT WASN'T ANYTHING!
JIMMY, MY BOY! WE WILL GIVE A BANQUET IN YOUR HONOR— THIS VERY NIGHT!
GEE WHIZ!

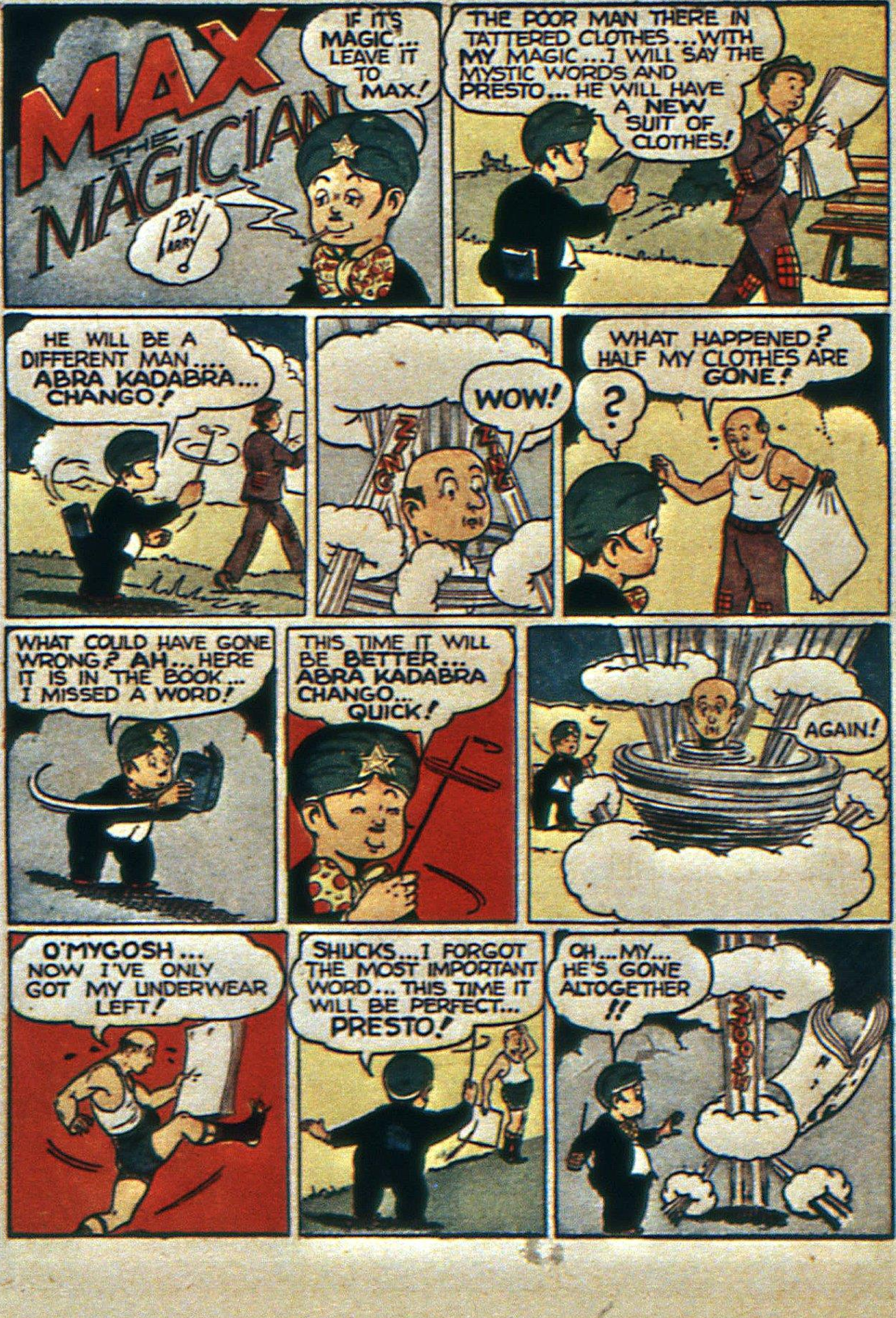

AT THE BANQUET, JIMMY IS APPLAUDED AND PRAISED BY EVERYONE EXCEPT....
EAT HEARTILY, JIMMY! YOU'RE A HERO!
I THINK HE'S WONDERFUL!
ISN'T HE CUTE?
THANK YOU, SIR!
AND SO YOUNG TOO!
(GLOOM)
A YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE COURT, SEATED AT THE FAR END OF THE TABLE, WHO IS VERY UNHAPPY...
SHE DOES NOT NOTICE ME ANY LONGER!
AND WHEN THE PRINCESS REWARDS JIMMY WITH A KISS---
THANK YOU, DEAR JIMMY, FOR SAVING MY LIFE!
GULP
SMACK!
HOORAY!
HE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER!
STOP IT!
I DON'T BELIEVE JIMMY JUPITER IS SO BRAVE! I DON'T BELIEVE HE DID ANYTHING AT ALL!
WHAT!
I CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL RIGHT NOW!
WELL, JIMMY?
I ACCEPT!
OH!


THE DUEL IS TO BE FOUGHT FROM THE BACK OF RACING TURTLES -- WITH PADDED LANCES.
CHARGE!
GIDDAP!
BUT JIMMY IS NOT VERY GOOD AT RIDING A TURTLE AND TUMBLES OFF THE EDGE.
HALP!
?
SWISH
DOWN, DOWN HE FALLS!
?
LANDING UNDER THE VERY TREE WHERE THE PRINCESS MET HIM!
IT IS THERE THAT HIS PARENTS AND UNCLE FRED FIND HIM - WITH A BIG BUMP ON HIS HEAD.
JIMMY!
MOTHER! DAD!
BUT WHEN HE TRYS TO TELL HIS STORY, HE IS LAUGHED AT.
DON'T BE SILLY, JIMMY. YOU SIMPLY FELL OUT OF THE TREE YOU WERE CLIMBING. AND ANYWAY YOUR STORY IS IMPOSSIBLE. THERE ARE NO WOLVES IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!
BUT-!
HEY! FRED! COME HERE A MINUTE. THERE'S A DEAD WOLF OVER HERE - LOOKS LIKE HE WAS SPEARED!
AT THAT MOMENT THE HIRED MAN APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
? ?
JIMMY JUPITER IS A REGULAR MEMBER OF THE GANG APPEARING IN MARVEL COMICS EVERY MONTH.

Tubby and Tack

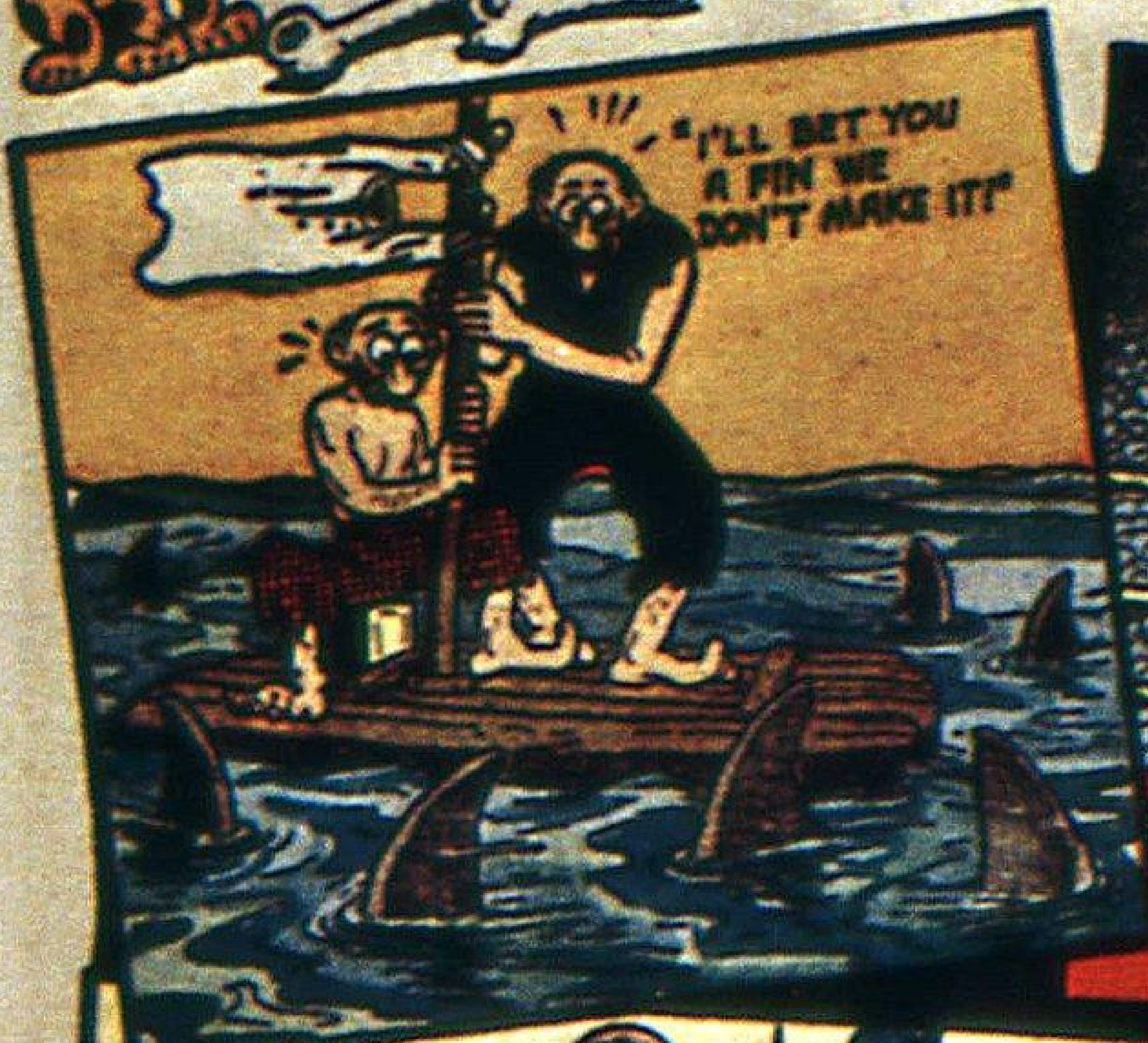
BY Ray HOULIHAN

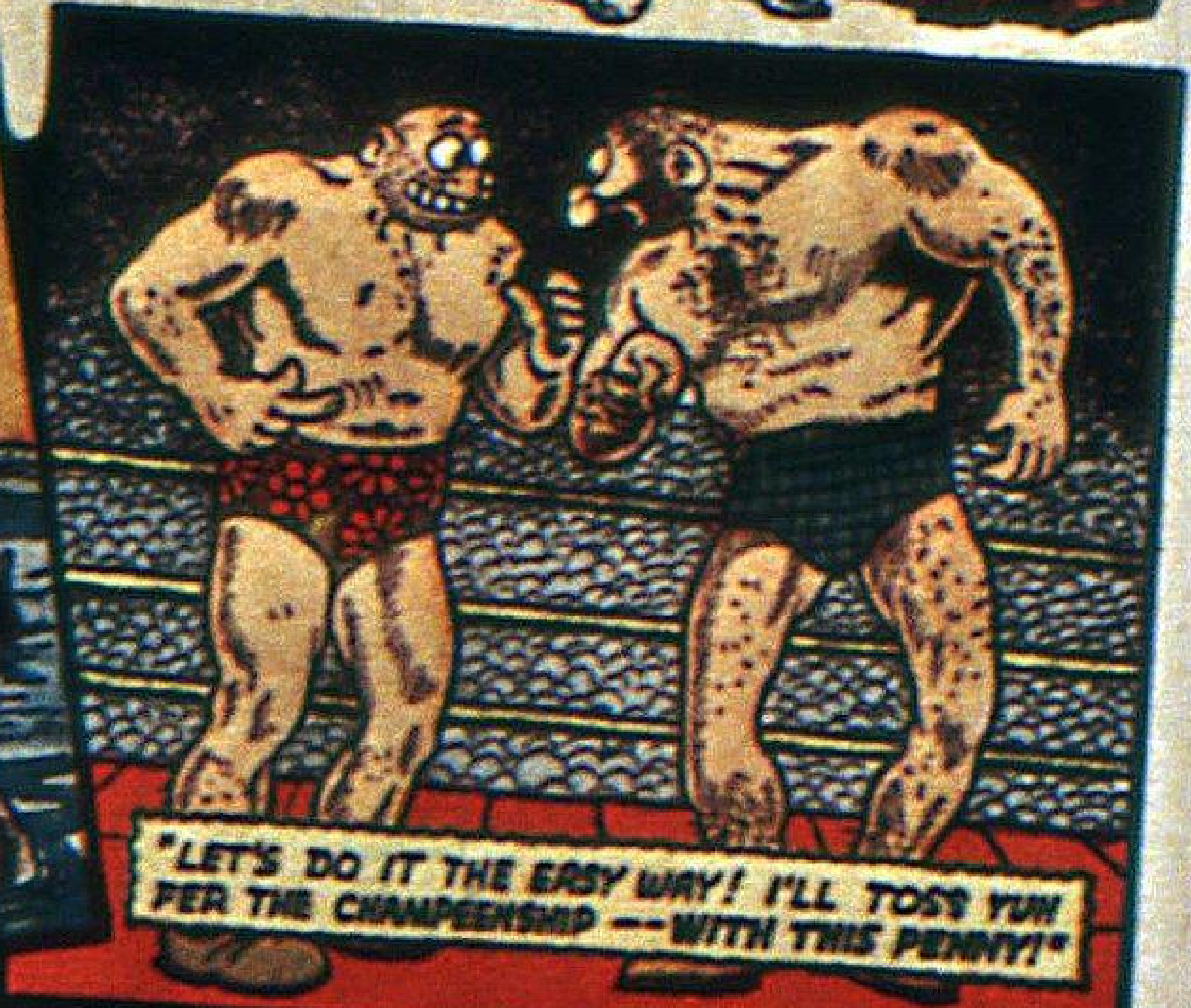

TACK, WE GOTTA GET THIS MESSAGE TO OUR MEN ON THE EASTERN FRONT
THE ENEMY WILL SURELY GET US IF WE TRY TO GET THROUGH!
SAY!! I HAVE AN IDEA! WE'LL GIVE THE NOTE TO "SPARKIE" HE CAN GET THROUGH WITH IT!
THAT'S GREAT THEY WON'T NOTICE HIM--- ANYWAY- THEY WON'T THINK HE'S A MESSENGER!
NOW LISTEN, SPARKIE- RUN STRAIGHT OVER THAT WAY-SEE? GIVE THIS TO CAPT. FUZZY- NOW SCRAM! OUR VICTORY DEPENDS ON YOU!
SPARKIE WON'T LET US DOWN!
TUBBY! WE'RE LICKED!! THE MESSAGE IS FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY!!
THEY WON'T CATCH HIM!!
THEY WON'T HAVE TO--- THEY'VE GOT A CAT!!
HERE, KITTY!
WUF
WUF

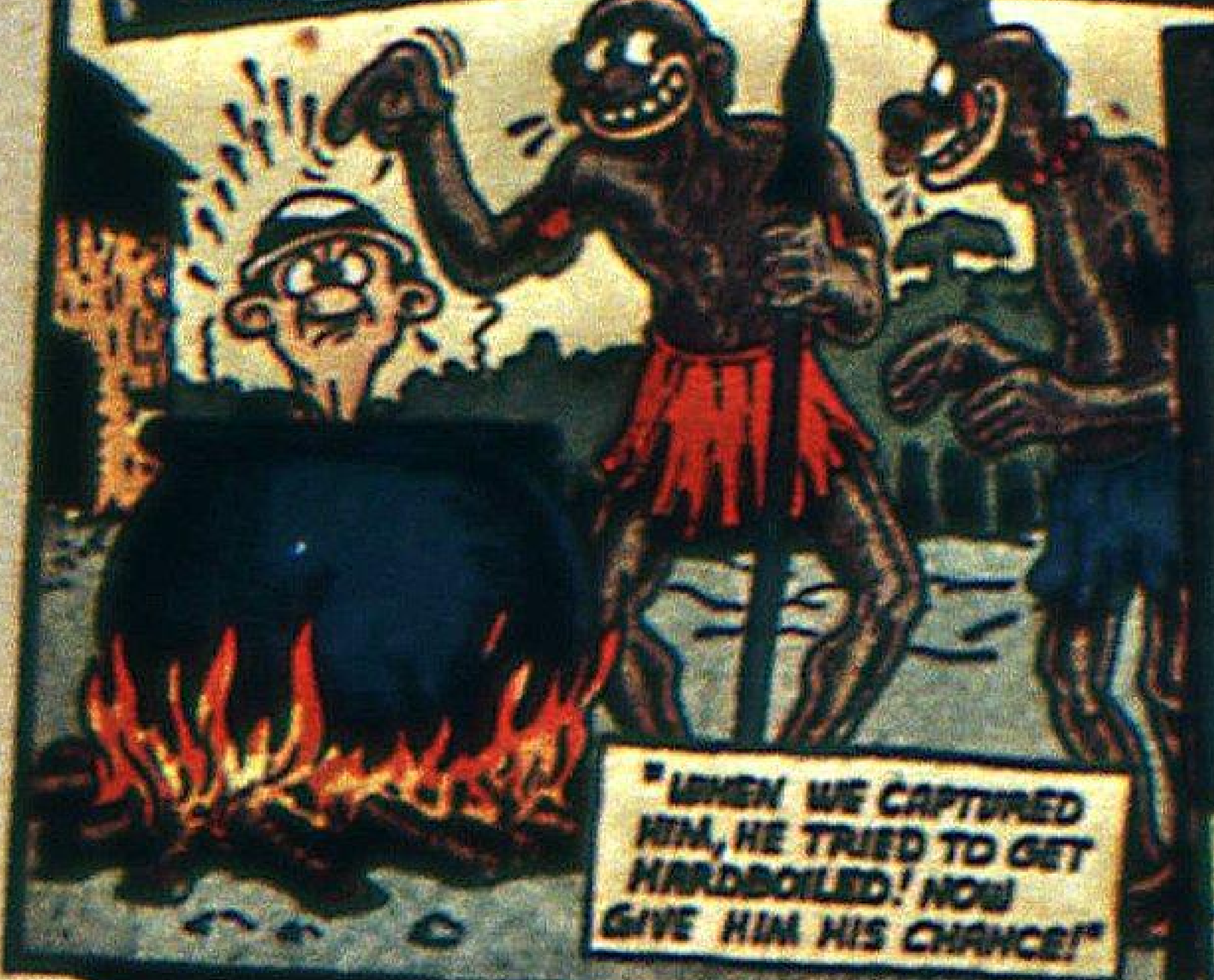

MAX THE MAGICIAN
BY LARRY
IF IT'S MAGIC... LEAVE IT TO MAX!
THE POOR MAN THERE IN TATTERED CLOTHES... WITH MY MAGIC... I WILL SAY THE MYSTIC WORDS AND PRESTO... HE WILL HAVE A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES!
HE WILL BE A DIFFERENT MAN.... ABRA KADABRA... CHANGO!
ZING
ZING
WOW!
?
WHAT HAPPENED? HALF MY CLOTHES ARE GONE!
WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG? AH... HERE IT IS IN THE BOOK... I MISSED A WORD!
THIS TIME IT WILL BE BETTER... ABRA KADABRA CHANGO... QUICK!
AGAIN!
O'MYGOSH... NOW I'VE ONLY GOT MY UNDERWEAR LEFT!
SHUCKS... I FORGOT THE MOST IMPORTANT WORD... THIS TIME IT WILL BE PERFECT... PRESTO!
OH... MY... HE'S GONE ALTOGETHER !!
WHOOSH

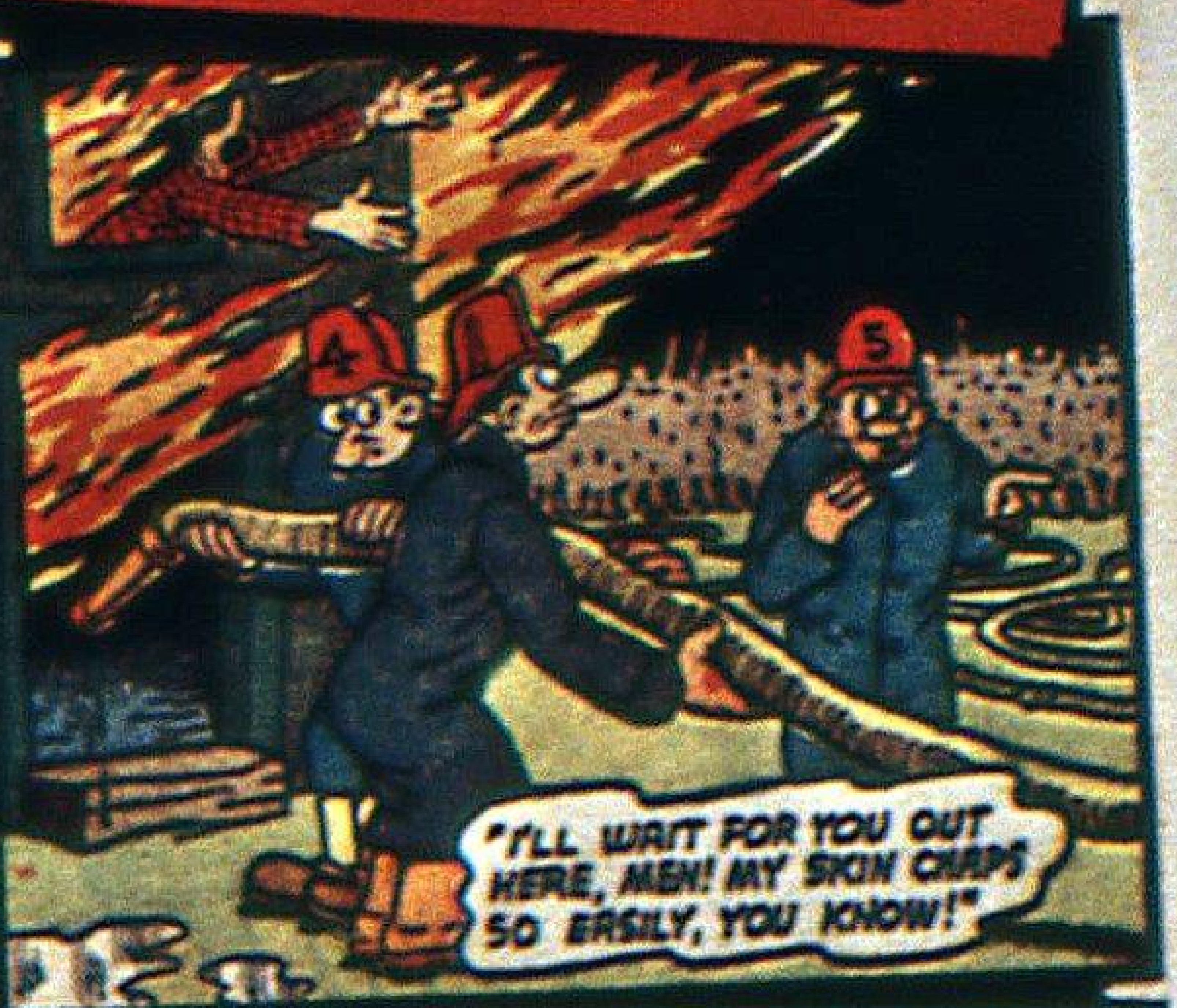
FUNNY BONERS

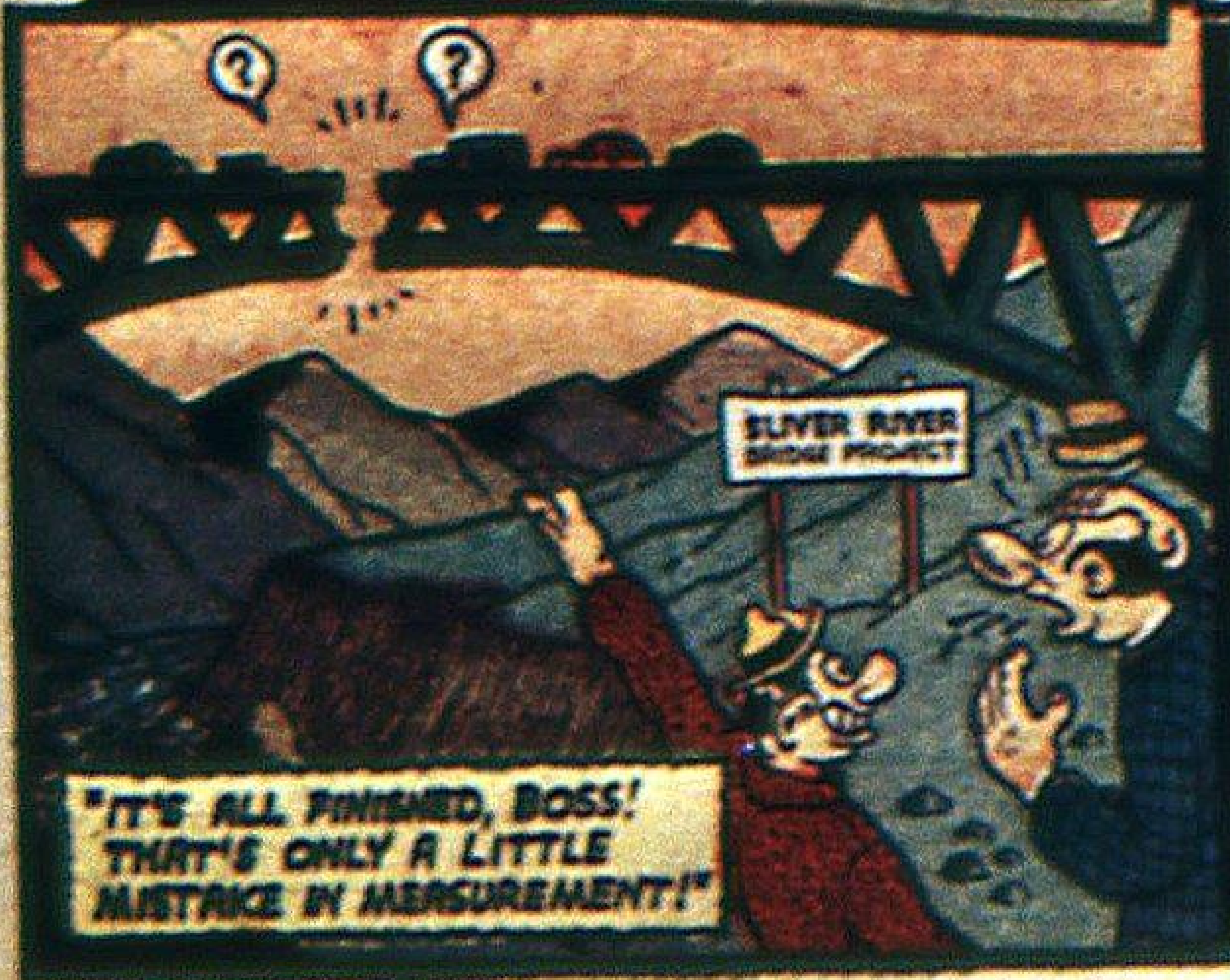
by OLD MAN WOLVERTON

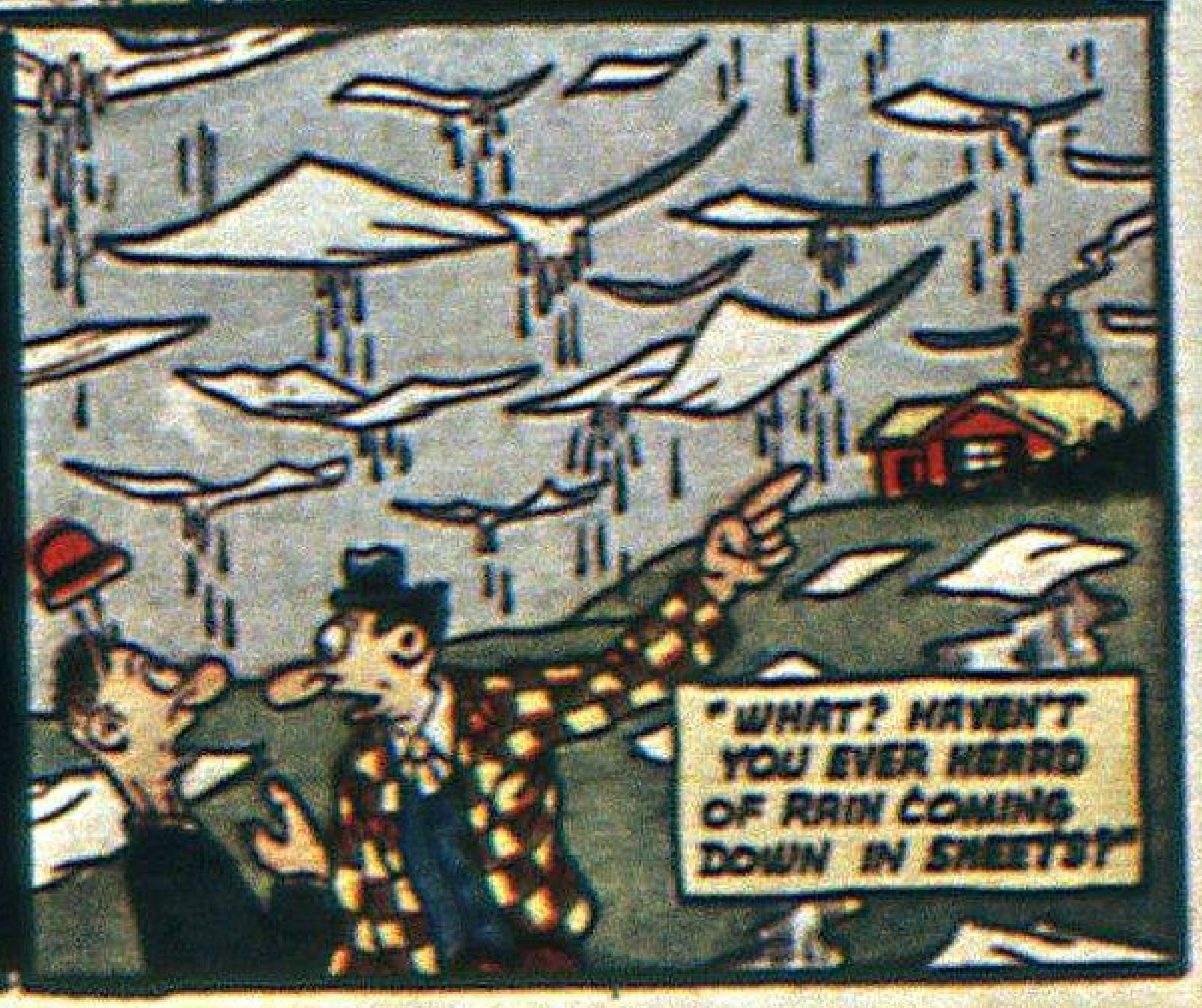

"I'LL BET YOU A FIN WE DON'T MAKE IT!"

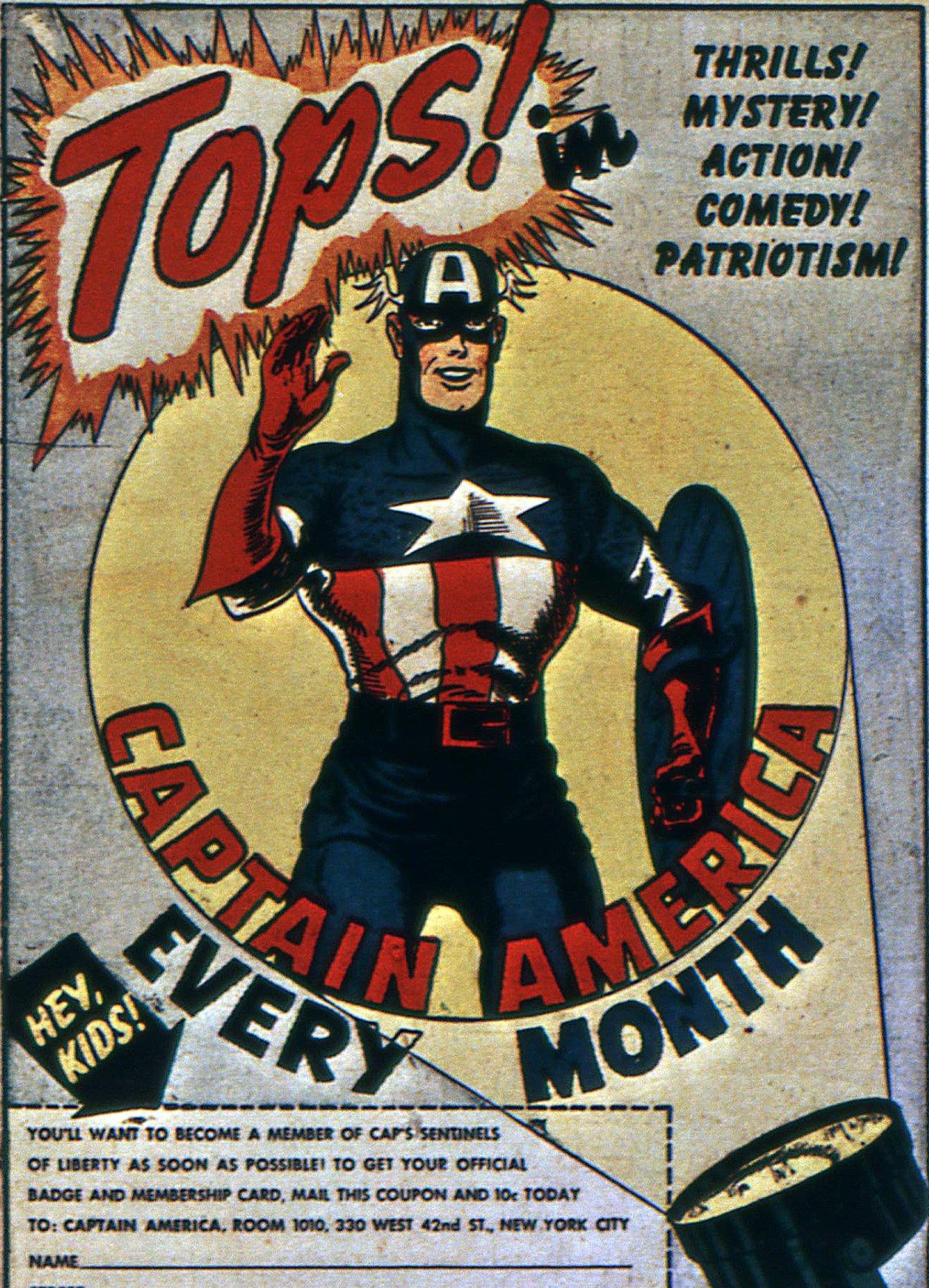

"LET'S DO IT THE EASY WAY! I'LL TOSS YUH FER THE CHAMPEENSHIP --WITH THIS PENNY!"


"WHEN WE CAPTURED HIM, HE TRIED TO GET HARDBOILED! NOW GIVE HIM HIS CHANCE!"


4
5
"I'LL WAIT FOR YOU OUT HERE, MEN! MY SKIN CHAPS SO EASILY, YOU KNOW!"


SILVER RIVER BRIDGE PROJECT
"IT'S ALL FINISHED, BOSS! THAT'S ONLY A LITTLE MISTAKE IN MEASUREMENT!"


"WHAT? HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF RAIN COMING DOWN IN SHEETS?"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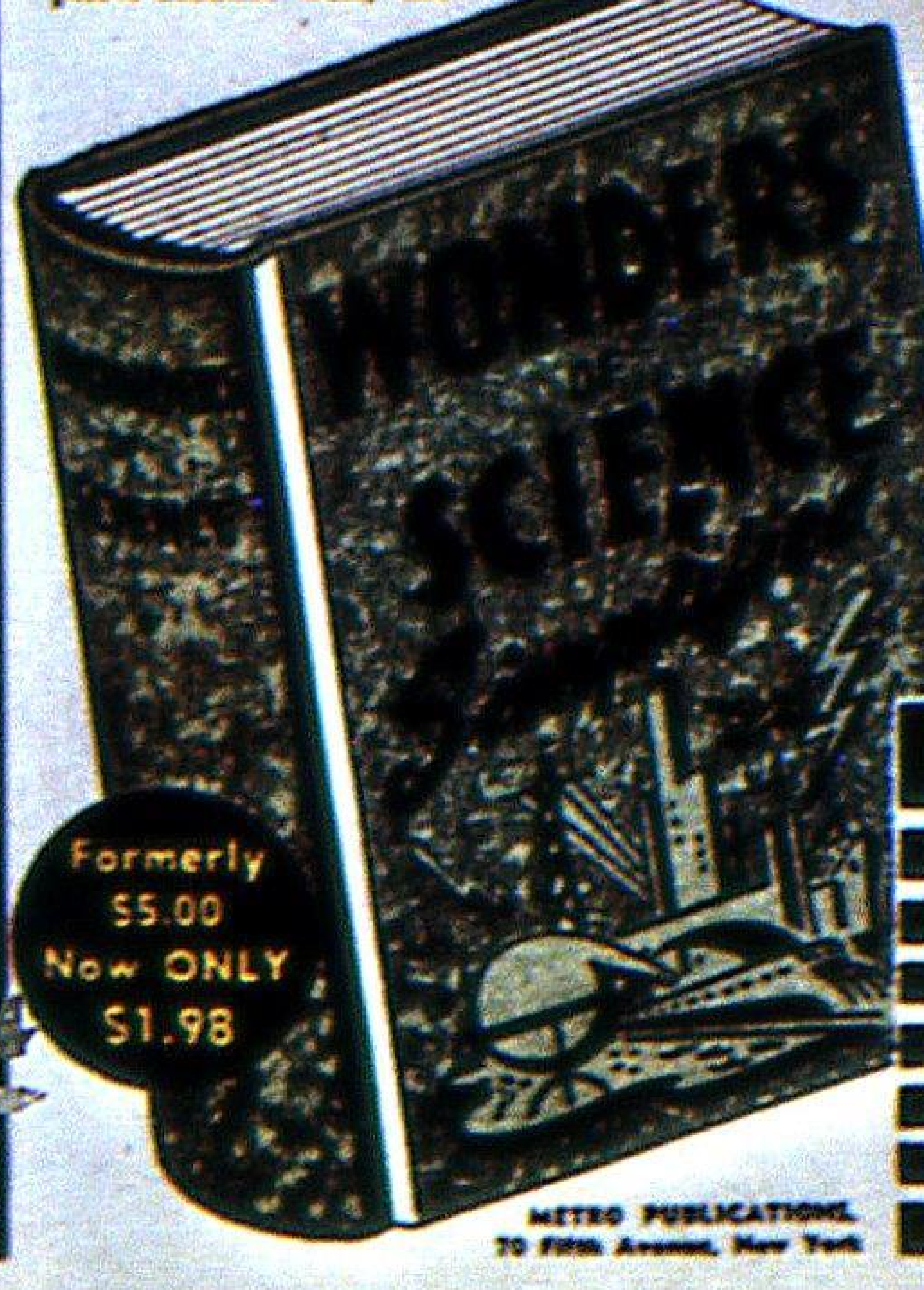

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